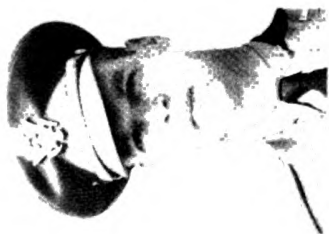




THE OLD SARGE WAS A HANDSOME DEVIL BACK IN 1917
A REAL LIEUTENANT WITH A SMILE WITH HIS OWN TEETH
BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE THIRTY YEARS
SURELY HIS CHEST HAS'NT SLIPPED AND THOSE ARE HIS
OWN TEETH I HOPE???

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Army Class 25-43
Graduated April, 1943.

*This book belongs to
Alice K. Houghton
4235 Brooklyn Ave.
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The Log of the Old Sarge

*To Cousin John
From
Mr. O'Day
July 1st 1951*

BY

ARTHUR K. SERUMGARD.

207 Clark St.

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ARTHUR K. SERUMGARD
Helena, Montana

P R E F A C E

All books have some sort of a Preface. The Old Sarge leaves it to all gentle readers to be kind. He does not pretend to be a writer; however, has set down for your enjoyment and contemplation those things that came to his mind during the days of the late unpleasantness. The pages were written in camp, on the train, on aircraft and on ship, from Helena, Montana, to Utah, California, to Miami, thence to South America, Africa, India and then back home. Thousands of miles -- but the same troubles - the same pleasures and much of the same Army jargon that has been the experience of man since the first Cave Man got his First Lady by force of arms. The pages give you a span of over thirty years -- since 1916 to 1949. From three times mobilized under the Federal Government to just being an Old Soldier. These pages were written from September, 1939, to September, 1949. To the many fine officers he has known and the thousands of enlisted men he has loved, a salute; to those that have had dear ones in the service he trusts that they may see with what pleasures, temptations, and horrors the God Mars sears those loved ones. We are all brothers with many hidden secrets -- perhaps that is why we all do strange things when we meet another G. I.

This year the G.A.R. held its last meeting. When I contemplate the fact that our National Constitution was written by 33 ex-G.I.s out of a total of 55 men on the Committee; that the chief man, George Washington, would often slip out and visit Valley Forge before he met with the group, in order that he might remember what these men were trying to write,--the Old Sarge is sure that if our Congress would visit some of our "Valley Forges" known as Veterans Hospitals, they would not be so dilatory - and make so many silly laws.

The Old Sarge prays that never again will America be forced into another Pearl Harbor, that we will remain great. Because of this his two sons are now members of the Montana National Guard. The Old Sarge hopes that those he failed to mention in his Epic will not hold him in contempt - and by the same token those that were mentioned may not be too irked by what he said about them.

To the Old Sarge's "Good Wife" and True Partner, he can only hope that this in some measure brings a better understanding of what made an Old Soldier tick.

God Bless you all, and as Tiny Tim said, "God Bless Us, Every One".

The Old Sarge.

Army Day, April 6, 1942.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER SPEAKS:

I am he that silent sleeps mid marble wall,
To thee, who spurn that which I gave my all,
When ye shall come and be with me
Our God, thy eyes will never see.
Not for the foolish words ye said
But for the evil ye unloosed instead.
Peace is not bought by words, my friend
But by blood's anguish on Golgothas end.

I gave thee peace, I paid the price;
I played with Death's own crooked dice..
For ye that marched with me that day,
Raise high my torch and light the way.
Ye know the cost, ye paid the fare,
Let not false "isms" foul our air.
Teach then thy sons our precepts right,
That they too may carry on our light.

* * * * *

'Twas not in vain that fearful day
You gave your very all;
We of America pledge anew
To work and strive to heed thy call.
Our sons now carry on that light,
And falter not along the way.
Being watchful of their right --
FOR VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE THEY PAY.

-- Arthur K. Serungard

FOREWORD

There are many, many things that motivate the average human animal. I think that as far back as I can remember the one thing that I learned at the fireside of the Serungard home -- the love of God and Country. Passionately and undying. My father,--a man that had overcome the greatest obstacles that ever beset one man. Poverty, an immigrant, and with bad eyesight, he won for himself an education even with the loss of his eyes.

He gave to his family that passion and love for his adopted home and with his great love also made us understand and love the rugged land of his birth, Norway. With music in his heart he tackled the problems of bringing up his family and at the same time took his share of the problems of that day.

A strong lover of the adventurous, he loved Teddy and was with him wholeheartedly in 1912 and again in 1916. He was for years a strong Democrat and in 1898-1900 and again in 1904 carried the torch the Billy Bryan.

But the soldier Teddy was his true love and so it was no wonder that being the oldest child I went with him as he fought for his ideals. He being blind, we children enjoyed the tales that Mother read to him. Always the joy of a good yarn: The White Company, Sir Nigel, The Crossing, Richard Carvel. At the same time the more serious articles were read. Men came and were treated to this great mind that loved all men. Roald Amundsen, Captain Angle, Morganstjerne, Hambro, Senator Tilden, known as Pitchfork Ben were his guests; Billy Bryan was an overnight guest.

He was on the Platform Committee of the Bull Moose party in Chicago in 1912. He was a partisan politician and he loved a good fight--either a local school election or a good county fight.

We were in a dry state and he was the center of what was known as the Dry forces. I have heard many arguments pro and con. He enjoyed a good table, and a good drink. He believed that a law if good should be enforced; if not good, the enforcing would make people change the law. He believed that the people were the rulers of their own destinies. His fear of Russia was age-old as any Norseman has of a large neighbor surly and grasping. Germany had much to be feared but he loved the order, their music and their warlike qualities. But when they became the bully he was the first to raise his voice against them. I have a card wherein he was recognized for his efforts during World War I, as a Minuteman. He spoke all through the war.

He was proud of his two sons that were in the service. I was overseas with the local national guard, and later was transferred to the 1st Division.

On my mother's knee I learned to admire her people. She was truly proud of the fact that she came from an old Ohio-Kentucky border family. Her grandfather was the first state Governor of Ohio, in 1807. Her father was a steamboat captain on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He captained the Telegraph line of boats and the railroads forced those boats from competition. He died a very poor man. Should I say one word about what the kids used to say about being a half-breed boy, how she would burn;--since I was half-Norwegian and half-white. Granddad was in the Vicksburg siege where he Captained Iron Clad.

She was my father's eyes through their life together and from her lips I first learned to love Uncle Remus and all that was of the old South. I knew the right and wrong from her -- there was no compromise. She was of Scotch-Irish ancestry and a Presbyterian. Believe me, we all knew what was waiting for us once we stepped off the straight and narrow. So I learned and longed for the old days of knights and ladies, of wars that were as we felt, all over.

To Grace Kirker Serumgard, and Siver Serumgard, whatever I may have been, whatever good that I have done, what few small honors I may have received, I owe it all. And to my children, if all that I can bequeath them I feel that it is that unselfish, undying love for these United States, my land, their land, and by God's help, OUR LAND.

Therefore during these fifty odd years that I have moved, lived and loved, carried arms to defend, worked for the peace after that defense; struggled, wept, carried on as I feel that they would have had me do, it is no little wonder that what I add to these pages came to be. It had to be.

I will not tell of the days of School, National Guard, of the Mexican Border, of College, of Beta that Dad helped to found on the campus of Minnesota, or of World War I. My meeting with General Liggett, or with General Parker. Or the years after that conflict to the road back. Neither of the romance that overtakes any normal youngster, the family that came, the years of reaching for the moon, hard times, dry land farming, hospitals, lumbering; always reaching upward.

No, I am going to begin with the days just before and after Pearl Harbor. I am going to write down the things that happened, nearly day by day, to every boy and girl of this present age. Seen by eyes that had seen these things before, so very, very long ago, yet to him but yesterday.

One person that has stuck through thick and thin, the lean and the plenty, with no word of complaint and with an understanding that few men have the fortune to receive: Mary Mitchell, the girl I married; the girl who has given me four children, the third motivating part of my life.

I will not go into the years of happiness, her traveling out to a frontier to marry a broken-down veteran of a war. The days in Port Moody and Port Coquitlam, B. C., Canada; of California; and of Montana and the dry land country of Big Sandy. Or the early days in Helena. But I can assure you that each hour has been a wonderful experience, an awakening and a dawn of that perfect tomorrow.

For these reasons, to dedicate these pages to one person would not seem fitting, and I therefore, with a humble and contrite heart, dedicate to the three --

Siver Serungard

Grace Kirker Serungard

Mary Mitchell Serungard

CHAPTER I

THE LOG OF THE OLD SARGE

An old soldier never dies, so the old song goes, and so it was that one old soldier felt when the drum was sounded for another world conflict. Most of us that had many thoughts about such things were convinced that F. D. R. was merely stalling when the election was being carried on. However, we were too few in number and it was too darn late but to grin and bear it. I used to argue with the good Pro-American ladies at the church and particularly the Choir Director. So one Sunday morning my wife said to me, "Arthur, for Pete's sake, don't argue in church anymore with the good ladies. It isn't Christian." So I, husband-like, promised and I kept it too; only the good ladies pounced on me and before I knew it I made some comment that led to another and I do remember saying that "Small people, in mind and body, usually do terrible things to be noticed. And because of that fact I wouldn't trust a Jap and I always figured that the Dutch were always so darn full of complexes that they were sure to follow any lead that would get them noticed." By that time Mary got me out of the Choir Room and in line and I feel sure that she withered me with a look, smiling all the while. Well, we got home and were about to sit down and of course the whole world and particularly the U. S. remembers Pearl Harbor. About two minutes after we had the terrible news, the Choir Director phoned, and I was pleased no end when she admitted that I must know something and said her good husband when he heard my statement mentioned certain small people she knew and about that time she heard the news.

We were all upset and of course I was most of all. An old married man, the Local Commander of the American Legion, and a father of four small children.

Mary had been going around to the Red Cross and had taken loads of courses all winter and used to go out to the Airport and learned to repair and drive trucks. Was one of the few women that got any grade when she passed the G. I. truck test. I had been very proud of her.

Lord, was it ever cold that winter. We had a collection of Nips in our town working for the Railroad and we were worried sick. The Legion had a duty roster set up and we took turns patrolling in 40 below all night long around the Railroad and Airport, etc. But it was all snowed in anyway. Jack Higgins and I usually paired off and we carried no weapons as I was sure that any saboteur could have knocked either of us as we prowled around in the cold. However, some of the comrades carried everything from Shotguns to Kraggs and one had an old Hoss Pistol about 20 miles long that he slipped in between one of the Airport officials one night. Another time someone not understanding all he knew about a rifle, let one go in the office at the

school and the hole he tore through the wall was something to let all Canada into the building. However, we were soon relieved and the 1st NDNG or 164th Inf. came in from the coast. They had been cut off from the old 41st Div. some years before although they had been in Louisiana maneuvers and served a few months during the Frisco Water Front Strike. These men were quartered in the Civic Center Ballroom but after patrolling the N. P. they were soon sent on to other parts.

One day in January I saw the first of the colored boys sent up from their warm camp in the Southwest, and we had here in Helena several hundred boys cooped up in the Civic Center. I never saw so many youngsters sleeping every which way. I was surely sorry for them. I went down and soon got hold of Norman Winestone and we started our own U.S.O., since all the money we had raised had gone on East. With the help of Jack Haytin, the Mayor, Charlie Pew, and a few colored ladies and with some funds from the American Legion and other groups, we had a small but fairly nice place for these youngsters. They had a quartet that sang at every and any occasion; their chaplain was sort of a nice chap, and we used them at the Legion Birthday Party during the month of March.

Vi and Elmer Bekkadahl came in from Pearl. They had left just before the raid. They spent Christmas with us and it was like old times. Edith Owens and the boys were over. We fixed up a train for the ones we have and was it a success! Those were stirring times down on Peosta Avenue. Folks came and left; each was busy with his own thoughts. Soon the later drafts and registering, not only for manpower but for sugar and all that went with it. Mary and I assisted as much as we could.

Then came the plan that was started by the Legion, - Civilian Defense. Here at last was something for one to get his teeth into - a program, and being the Commander, I was right there when the State School opened at the Placer Hotel. Gene Savage, Bill Ferguson and several more put on the school - not to forget dear Mrs. Goodall. Lord, how we worked and struggled with the program. I still can remember the Gas Course and felt that it was the best that I received in all my Army Training. But too soon was it over with and we had to organize the city and county and with the help of good Paul Henry, and a gang of swell guys, we did a job. No one turned me down and we soon had about 1200 people training with the object of organizing the whole set-up. The Commander used to walk to the schools and it is interesting to note the different subjects studied. We used visual education and I think it did a great deal in helping folks see what we were doing. Not that the program was ever going to be used, but it at least made everyone war-conscious and that was a help.

I had some trouble with the county committee as the dominating force was the Secretary and she was hard to deal with. However, as far as the training went I can assure future citizens this is for sure: don't put a woman in charge of handling men; it won't work unless she is a real live model. However, the training went on apace. We went to East Helena, Townsend, and many other places. Talking, teaching and planning. It was getting to the place where we would have enough folks to assign each person to a job.

The negro troops had long gone, and soon it was a rumor that we were to train troops at Fort Harrison. But just when, no one knew. Jack Haytin didn't give me much help; however, I knew it several weeks ahead. Prior to this time I had made application for any part of the Army and was mixed up with recruiting for the Navy. We did a lot of good I felt sure, and so, it was with no surprise that I was called into the Commander's office and offered a job. However, I was just five years over age. I was 49. We had some talks. I made application for the Seabees and had more letters of recommendation than a bank president, for the job.

About this time we were out at the Governor's when the Army flubbed it and I, as Commander of the Legion, with the assistance of the Navy and Governor Ford presented Mrs. Vanada an award for having six sons in the service and the sixth one was in the Army. The recruiting Sergeant was afraid to show, so I am proud of the picture I had taken in the Governor's Study.

CHAPTER II

A recruiting commission hit Helena - all Post Commanders -- American Legion V. F. W. and D. A. V. were called into conference with the Colonel and his staff; Col. Clausen and Capt. Kindred. They asked for forty men for the Air Corps. I had tried to get into everything including the Seabees and so I mentioned that we only had to get thirty nine men and me. Well, that is how it worked out. I think the saddest thing that happens to a man is that he grows old. Picture for yourselves youth and all it holds -- prancing around being examined mother-naked, proud of their virility; then a 49-er like myself, slipping around trying to be as inconspicuous as possible because we have not the pride of youth. Edith Owens and Mary went over with me to Butte for the examination. I passed, and was soon on my way. I remember as if it was yesterday -- Mary and the girls were peeved because I had gone and taken the Kings Shilling although Mary was happy with all the boys at Fort Harrison doing war work and the girls were making with the V 12's at Carroll College. The boys were too small to make too much difference.

Well, the day came for me to go and I started to wash the morning dishes; it was a darn cold day. Mary was nearly in tears and said, "Arthur, all you ever do is wash dishes." She knew I hated dishes stacked no matter how neatly in a sink.

So we walked from Peosta in the cold. I carried my bag and the children were cold. Why didn't I get a taxi? However, we made the bus on time and Tommy Adamson was going over to Salt Lake. To tell of the trip to Salt Lake and the long hard sitting-up journey we took is just something to remember; however we were fed at the city and thence to Fort Douglas, where we were met by a battery of guys with pencils and paper and the strip tease all over again. I was again slinking around lockers mother-naked while folks did things that shouldn't have had to happen to a dog. My manhood was far from being perfect, but at that I was head and shoulders above one or two youngsters that were even less manly than I and I had reasons of old age. At one point we came around a couple of lockers and there in waiting were two guys with long needles and before we knew it we were raped but good in both arms not only twice but a couple on one.

I ran into Col. Kaiser that used to be in Helena with the Reserve Officers. We passed the time of day and I went up dog tired to work those darn G. C. T. tests -- poor light -- pooped from being transported all night sitting up-with no rest during the day because of physicals we took. However, I worked at 'em and believe it or not made about 129 or something like it. I was then sent to a young P. F. C. that took my family history and what in hell I wanted into the army for. We decided we didn't know, so he took his stuff into a Major and there we did go around and around. The Major wanted to send me into the Air Corps as a mechanic -- and me that can't even pound a nail straight -- ask

my wife. Well, I wanted to go Infantry, or at least as an instructor, but it was nix - he sent me back for another day. I met the Colonel in the other room and threw up to him about this new army of his - where round pegs went into the round holes. He said "Art, you will have to do as we want no matter what hole," so I, after two more days, and most of the gang were shipped, said "yes." I was sent to Kerns, Utah - 'twas the other side of Salt Lake and a reported Hell Hole. The story was that a certain Colonel was making with the graft at the strength of the G.Is., and what with the salt air and the coal dust, men died like flies. I also found that it was nearly true. This old Colonel was everything that I and a million other guys from J.B. to all over the U.S.A. have since testified. I landed there and was put on KP the first in all my life in the thirty years in and out of the army. I learned the China Clipper, KP pushers, our Yellow Brothers, and also a few Ram Rodders from J.B. of many kindreds and tongues.

At long last, and nearly every time I spent many hours on the Clipper, I made the shipment to the Boeing School of Air Mechanics. So bravely marching past the several large kitchens that were closed because of the much, much hush, hush - measles - mumps - pneumonia, etc., we rode down the line to good old California. (Kitchens feed 1000 men).

I will not go into the details but I was at once put in charge of thirty some boys and was class leader. I wet-nursed those boys that hailed from Texas, Missouri, Montana, Idaho and the Bronx. Didn't do too badly myself so in due time was a mechanic. I made bitter enemies with an old Sgt. Repular but the Major liked me and through him went over to Hamilton Field where I met a chap that was from the old 5th Field in charge of the Officers Examining Board. We hit it off swell and I was recommended for a commission. Alas! and alack! Major Roberts went on his vacation and the Sgt. had his innings. I was reshipped to Kerns for overseas and there I got more and more shots and the hikes and obstacle courses - yike! Once a rugged P.F.C., J.B., J.B. meaning from Jefferson Barracks, (most of these were not good enough - from the deep South and couldn't read too well. Some of you gang remember Red and how he used to cry when we worked him over - sounding off to a superior by the name of Sgt. Howard - "Sgt. Howard - Sgt. Howard - I kaint do nothin with dees guys.") Well, this P.F.C., J.B., called me plenty when I tried to go down easy instead of jumping into so-called shavings-me and fourteen foot and forty-nine years.

Went home for a few days and no one believed that I was for overseas, not even the wife. We had a good time and I went on my way back to Kerns and overseas. While in San Francisco had many nice visits with Red and Dorothy, my sister and brother-in-law, and old Charlie, Dorothy's Chinese cook. Also had a chance, even at my old age to make a fool out of myself but didn't. How easy it was for the boys of 1942 to get everything and they really got nothing. Many, when they did get overseas got the "Dear John" letters and most of the youngsters didn't deserve it. The cards that I punched were either husband and wife affairs or girl friends so as I said before it was easy to make an ass out of oneself and I am afraid that I realized that I had to be always in character, therefore so-called hot romance wasn't the part to play. I always played the comedy role and never the juvenile.

So we will say good-bye to Boeing, Oakland and San Francisco - the tough Sergeant, Major Roberts and my commission that I didn't get. To the many boys

that I helped during those days, I met some of them again, served with several and took a few with me across the States to Miami Beach and the hotel we stayed in. Dates, why worry, I can date it all from November 22nd, 1942 to June 1943. I still remember the mutiny at Boeing and the part that I played in it and I am sure that many of the youngsters that were at Boeing at that time will remember it too.

The fact remains that as a mechanic I was always the Old Sarge with the salad dressing on his blouse and a fighter for his boys against all oppression. The fact is that many of them came through my home town and have met the wife and have told her the same thing. Brass, that is the phony brass, didn't like me, Miami Beachers hated me, true brass respected me and the boys all swore by me so I feel that I did do some good "For God and Country."

Yes, I spent my first Thanksgiving dinner in Oakland. I still see Pland Evans and his spread, the running of mess, etc. I also remember an earthquake, the gang that stole the street car and went for a ride during New Year's Eve -- yes, and many more funny things. Of Snider and his present, of seeing folks from Helena, of the visit from my brother Bill, who was a Major in Santa Ana -- all these things and more. I also remember the parade in Salt Lake City on the 30th of May, Memorial Day, rain and all. I also remember the big rifle range of Col. Converse Lewis -- yike -- and they want more war.

I submit the list of the class of 25-43, my class and my boys, also the grades and the best one that I got there. It is herewith attached.

My records state -- 1st -- 11-6-42	11-11-42	Fort Douglas, Utah
		Col. Kaiser, CO.
11-24-42		614 YSS AAFATC
		Col. Lewis CO.
4-6-43		Boeing School
		Major Roberts CO.
6-8-43	502 Trg Cp	Capt. J. F. Kuhns CO.
6-16-43	2nd Staging A	
7-7-43	En Rt	
7-7-43	ICWATC APO 629	Major Cavin CO.

CHAPTER III

I feel that no war memoirs are complete without a few yarns, mostly bull and what not. So I am bulking in one chapter several yarns beginning with and before W. W. I. and taking into consideration the funny things of W. W. II. Not that any of them are funny. I know that I don't have to be stopped in any of these yarns. Back in the dim past when we were all much younger, in fact much, much, President Wilson's son-in-law visited us on the Mexican border. His name was Sayer and he was a very religious young man and a real eager beaver of that day. He has been mentioned many times since and he still smells just as he did then.

Our Y. M. C. A. hut was near the mule corral and the old timers will vouch for this statement: before the 6 x 6s were invented mules did all that type of work. Instead of gas most of their efforts were enhanced by talking to "God." We didn't use Skudda High on 'em, either.

Well, young pure boy came, saw and heard the language, and so in due time from Papa comes a directive - "Due to the offensive and obscene language, particularly the 1st North Dakota National Guard, we hereby order such pernicious practices cease. Those that fail to observe this directive will be prosecuted as the Court Martial shall direct." We were down there fighting the first war to save the Democrats and we loved it.

The Company Commander of the supply company was a counter jumper from East Grand Forks by the name of Capt. Holm. His English could have been revamped, for he used to say "Now vid lots of Peep and Yinyer."

When Sgt. Edwards was brought before the good Captain and the Y man had really caught him red (tongued) for the Sarge had called Jenny Mule of all things a G---D---S---O---B--- when Yenny had stepped on the Sarge's tootsies. The Captain looked the poor lad up one side and down the other. "Did du Sargant Edvards call Yenny Mule a G--D--S--O--B--?" The sarge was attending the University of North Dakota and was real sharp. His reply ended all cases against the peace and safety of the Y Secretary. "Yes Sir, Yes Sir, I used it merely as an ADJECTIVE and as long as you use those words as an ADJECTIVE you are not swearing, Captain Sir." "Vell, yust as long as du juse it as an ADJECTIVE, I guess it is all right. Case dismissed." We moved the Y. M. C. A. away from the mule corral that night.

The good captain when we got to France was still in there pitching. We were shipped across France with a detachment of the 163rd from Montana. The boys would yell "Powder River, a mile wide and an inch deep! Let'er buck! Youeeeee!" He stood on the station platform of Orlean, France, one early morning. He shook his fist at the train, and yelled with an awful voice that you could hear up and down the platform, in fact, to Paris itself,

"Now is no time to jell oorah, oorah, de French skall been fighting dis var for four years and dey are getting sick and tired of dis oorah business." Translated he said, "Now is not the time to yell hurrah, hurrah, the French have been fighting the war for four years and are getting sick and tired of this hurrah business."

A WAR STORY

It was down on the Rio Grande, back in 1916. We had a rugged Captain, Barney Boyd, about as tall as he was broad. I later served with Barney overseas. Barney was strictly G.I. when it came to Guard Mounting and as Sgt. of the Guard, when Company L or Snuce Ell, as we were known up and down the Regimental area (all officers and nearly all non-coms were skoweigan 'cause we all came from North Dakota and the Red River which in them thar days was nearly little Norway.)

However, there were a few white men (that is, they said so) Irish, etc., etc. We had one poor devil - how he ever left Butte, Montana, we never knew; he was some sort of a Serbian, or Austrian with the company name of Dutch John. Poor John couldn't read English and he could hardly be said to speak it fluently. However, he managed. One day I had the Guard, as Sgt. of the Guard, and woe is me, I had Dutch John on guard. Knowing Capt. Barney's bad points, that of asking for the Sentry's General Orders etc., I tried to teach poor John but to no avail. I at last got John to "Halt - who's there - advance one, to be recognized." I told him that I would be at the Captain's right and to his rear when the inspection of midnight would be made, and he was to halt us as I had taught him. Then I prayed for the best.

I posted John the farthest away from H.Q. behind the Hospital Corps Tentage, guarding oil barrels. These were used for burning out the G.I. latrines of that day. Why they needed guarding I never could understand, but they did.

So at midnight, as I had feared, Capt. Barney Boyd made his inspection. I managed fairly well without too many bawlings out until we hit Dutch John. I tried to tell the Captain what a problem John was and tried to smooth what I feared the most - that John would become so frightened he would spill the things I had taught him in his strange tongue.

We approached the Hosp. Corps Tentage, and neared the barrels. John was a short, stocky, swarthy chap. Barney stalked on majestically while I approached with much consternation. Thick clouds hid the moon; the humid night beat upon us; the teeming life of the border was heavy as we came around the bend.

I think that Barney Boyd got the scare of his life as a short squat figure, whose trembling bayoneted rifle swung on him and these awful words rang out in the deadening night: "Halt - who de hell is dot is - stood where you God Damm are," and John meant every word of it. I laugh about it often and have kidded the now Ex-Captain and Ex-Colonel Barney Boyd, but I will never forget it.

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure to introduce to the Republican National Convention here assembled a Great American."

The radio makes the world very close these days. We hear at home great events in the making, we pick up bits of news, odd situations; the year that

is passing is indeed important to those of us that live within its borders. As I sat that summer evening and heard the speaker intone those words I thought of another year and another place.

We all know and love Caesar Cavalliri. No man or woman can dispute his patriotic and loyal Americanism. For many years Caesar has awaited THAT CALL. A grand little fellow, cheerful, happy, and withal generous to a fault, Caesar is truly a citizen of this Republic of ours.

Born many years ago in Italy, and as a young man was, through the free enterprise of this country, a successful business man. He was of that age when we all did our best to serve our beloved country. Caesar enlisted and went with some thirty others to camp, and finally joined up with that most famous 91st Division. His comrades could always get a buck or so from Caesar, he was most accommodating to any story of need. To those of another war let me say here that when allotments were taken, the usual pay was in those dim days about \$5.00 per month. Caesar had a kitty and therefore none of his squad suffered long, for smokes or an occasional bottle of Vin Blanc.

The 91st had come a long way, some were still in the Argonne and some were in the Belgium front. And as was said before not only was the pay poor, when and if you ever were paid, but food was always at some other spot. So on this dreary fall day no water; no food; and D.D.T. wasn't invented as yet. Scooped out holes afforded the only means of catching the misty rain that chilled the scratchy, tight fitting, cootie infested clothes. A bit of water was all that could be gotten from these holes and the bodies were so dirty and vermin-infested that it was enough to cause a man to blow his cork.

Into the trench where Caesar, was "standing to," came a most dejected figure of a dirty, tired soldier. Cut away from his own outfit he was seeking water to clean up and rid his body of those slow-crawling, gray, many-legged lice. He paused for a moment and said, "Say, can any of you guys tell me where I can get enough water to take a bath? I am nearly nuts with these darn Cooties." Caesar pointed to the shallow places that held the water, shook his head and said "Mister, I gotta clean suit of underwear, some clean socks, maybe you change. We ain't gotta no water. We have only green tomatoes and a few green apples. You take underwear change there." The man did, and soon was feeling a bit better. Munching a tasteless green object known as an apple, picked from shell-torn garden, filled with gas, he made his way back into the misty future, to his own outfit.

Caesar always remembered and cherished that meeting. A few years later he saw his hero become a most famous man. But that is another story. Caesar was hit shortly after this meeting and from that day on has lived on borrowed time.

The sequel happened shortly before World War II. The American Legion was trying to stimulate a love of Country and with a main object of stimulating a greater effort in the teaching of our young people in the love of American Institutions. The National sent several famous men around the country with this in view. The V.I.P. that came to Helena was dined and given the keys to the City. A small party was held for him at the Montana Club. The local big-wigs were there and we that were of the smaller fry went to a boxing card given in his honor.

Coming into the Civic Center the first man he spied was none other than Caesar and Caesar's wife, Sofia. The warm robust welcome that this very common great man gave Caesar warmed us all. They can never forget that gracious friendly spirit. Nothing was too good for Caesar but all our friend wanted was the remembrance of that meeting.

Caesar is a volatile, grand Italian-American. He makes all funerals and during the Past Department Convention carried the American colors many blocks, his wisp-like figure proudly erect, in step. He defied all those horrid "ISMS" that infest our country with sneering contempt for the wholesome homely things of "Doing to others" and loving your country. It seems to the writer that it is from these Americans we can get a new strength. Forgetting the selfish, for selflessness, forgetting "what's it getting me" for "what can I give," and remember always that in this Great Land of ours no one race - no one color - no one religion has corralled all LOVE OF COUNTRY for themselves. We all must give, cooperate and with courage face all odds.

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure to introduce to you Gene Tunney."

HEADQUARTERS MONTANA RECRUITING DISTRICT,
321 West Galena Street, Old H. School Annex, Butte, Mont.

October 19, 1942.

Mr. Arthur K. Serumgard,
Helena,
Montana.

Dear Sir:

Authority has arrived at this station for your re-enlistment in the Army of the United States.

You are requested to report at this station any morning except Sunday for your physical examination between 8:00 A.M. and 8:30 A.M. It is necessary that your former discharges are in your possession at that time and you must also have a release from your local Selective Service Board.

For the District Recruiting and Induction Officer:

(Signed) W. C. Robbins,
1st Lt., Inf.,
Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS MONTANA RECRUITING DISTRICT
321 W. Galena Street, Butte, Montana.

September 17, 1942.

C E R T I F I C A T E

In the event that I am accepted for reenlistment in the Army of the United States, I hereby waived Compensation given me by the Veteran's Administration at Fort Harrison, Montana to the amount of \$30.00 per month.

ARTHUR KIRKER SERUMGARD

WITNESS:

WM. C. BREEN,
1st Lieut., Infantry,
Dist. Rctg. Officer.

HEADQUARTERS TRAINING DETACHMENT
ARMY AIR FORCES TECHNICAL TRAINING COMMAND
BOEING SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
OAKLAND AIRPORT, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

NOVEMBER 26, 1942.

CLASS LEADER 25-43

SGT. ARTHUR K. SERUMGARD:

PLEASE REPORT TO THE ARMY OFFICE FOR INSTRUCTIONS
IN KEEPING THE WEEKLY ATTENDANCE SCHEDULES FOR YOUR
CLASS.

ALSO CHECK WITH YOUR MEN AND SEE IF THEIR NAMES ARE
CORRECT.

THANK YOU,

HJO.....

PHYSICAL TEST BLANK

CLASS 25-43 WILL PARTICIPATE IN TEST NO. 4,

IMMEDIATELY after CALISTHENICS 1/13/43 AT 10:30 O'CLOCK.

MARCH YOUR CLASS TO THE Obstacle
course WHERE YOU WILL BE GIVEN A CHART.

DIVIDE THE CLASS INTO THE GROUPS CITED THERE AND HAVE THEM PARTICIPATE IN
ALL events LISTED THERE.

THE FIRST MAN IN EACH GROUP WILL ACT AS GROUP CAPTAIN. THE MEN IN
RESPECTIVE GROUPS MUST STAY TOGETHER UNTIL EACH MAN HAS COMPLETED THAT
PARTICULAR EVENT. THE MEN ARE NOT TO LEAVE THE FIELD UNTIL EACH MEMBER
OF HIS GROUP HAS COMPLETED ALL EVENTS. INSTRUCT THESE CAPTAINS THAT THEY
ARE TO PARTICIPATE FIRST AND SEE TO IT THAT THEIR GROUPS STAY TOGETHER
AND NOT WONDER ABOUT THE FIELD.

CLASS LEADERS NEED NOT PARTICIPATE UNLESS THEY SO DESIRE. JUST BE SURE
THAT ALL MEN PROGRESS IN THEIR RESPECTIVE GROUPS AND CLOCK WISE. HELP
OUT WHERE EVER YOU SEE HELP IS NEEDED. HELP TRY TO KEEP THE BALL
ROLLING AND TO GET THROUGH IN THE ALLOTTED TIME.

THE EVENTS IN TEST NO. Obstacle ARE AS FOLLOWS::

EVENT ONE _____ EVENT TWO _____
EVENT THREE _____ EVENT FOUR _____

THANK YOU:

ARMY AIR FORCES TRAINING DETACHMENT
BOEING SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

CMS INSPECTION & MAINTENANCE _ _ _ _

STUDENT GRADE REPORT

COURSE AIRPLANE MECHANICS _ _ _

CLASS NO. 25-43 _ _

SUBJECT 25 HOUR INSPECTION _ _ _

WEEK ENDING _ _ _ _

NAME	PERSONAL RATING				Prac. Cr.	Exam. Cr.	Final Cr.
	Apti- tude	Appli- cation	Relia- bility	Co-op- eration			
1. MIZELL, JOEL					75		
2. NAVALINSKI, JOHN W.							
3. NELSON, RICHARD G.					85		
4. NICMAN, JOHN					85		
5. OLIVER, ALBERT T.					90		
6. PHILYAW, FRANK D.					80		
7. PIEHL, LONNIE G.					80		
8. REED, HAROLD L.					85		
9. REHOR, EUGENE A.					80		
10. REICH, GEORGE M. JR.					75		
11. RICE, PHILIP D.					80		
12. SALZER, HAROLD O.					80		
13. SANDERS, CLARENCE W.					85		
14. SCHOPP, WILLIAM T.					85		
15. SCOTT, LESTER L.					80		
16. SERUMGARD, ARTHUR K.					90		
17. SEXTON, LOUIS					85		
18. SMITH, CLYDE F.					85		
19. SNYDER, RAYMOND K.							
20. SOUTHER, PERRY D.					80		
21. STANDLEE, WILLIAM R.					85		
22. STEVENS, CLARENCE E.					80		
23. STEVENS, TRUMAN F.					85		
24. STRIEGEL, ISAAC F.					80		
25. TAAFFE, RICHARD L.					80		
26. THURSTON, CHARLES E.					75		
27. WELLS, RONDALE E.					90		
28. WINDHORST, RAYMOND H.					85		
29. RICE, MIKE					80		
30. SPIEKER, FRITZ					75		
31. NELSON, JONES P.					80		
32. BABIN, IRVIN					75		
33. HUFF, CARL F.					85		
34. HAWK, CHARLES M.					80		
35. HOWARD, JOHN W.					75		
36. TEICHELMEYER, EUGENE E.					85		

Rating Scale

SUPERIOR.....1 - (95 - 100)
EXCELLENT.....2 - (90 - 94)
VERY SATISFACTORY....3 - (80 - 89)
SATISFACTORY.....4 - (70 - 79)
UNSATISFACTORY.....5 - BELOW 70

INSTRUCTOR _____

SEN. INSTRUCTOR _____

"BARRACKS CHATTER" from The Slip Stream April 4, 1943

FAREWELL FROM 25-43

Here goes a happy-go-lucky gang from this school. There have been some wonderful classes on before us and there will no doubt be others come behind us. We hope to have set some good examples and do truly know we have enjoyed the whole school.

We of 25-43 wish to thank each of our instructors from Basic and all the way through for teaching us all within their power in our short stay here. The permanent personnel rates a great big thank you. We won't be forgetting any of you soon.

K.P. may be our next job, but we feel quite well prepared to do it and almost ready to meet the Axis.

This is our class:

Mizell, Joes, Texas, Big John.

"Have you seen Eugene?"

Nelson, R. G., Washington,

"Dickie".. The T.O.Says-----."

Philyaw, T. D. "Tank", Texas.

Come on bys build up my personality.

Piehl, L. G., Texas. "Got two dollars for a half."

Reed, H. L., "Pappy", Colorado.

"Listen, Rehor, this ain't a John Deere."

Rehor, E.A. "Dry Farmer",

Colorado. "Gimme that pipe wrench, Pappy."

Reich, G. M., Texas. "Hey you all guys, I got a letter from Betty today."

Rice, P. D., Missouri, "Personally girls, I aint the least bit excited."

Slazer, H. O. "Salty", Washington.

"The way the do it at a saw mill is--."

Sanders, C. W., "G.I.", Missouri.

"Glad to hear you testify."

Schapp, W.T., "Shorty", Illinois,

"Do you want to donate to the cause?"

Scott, L.L., "Jiggle-off", Washington. "Throw him a herring."

Serumgard, A.K. "Der Fuehrer",

Montana, "Now hold everything and I'll see what I can do about it."

Sexton, Louis, "Suction", Iowa.

"Confidentially, I don't think, period."

Souther, P.D. "Pat", Texas. "My wife signed her maiden name last week, I don't know what that means."

Standler, W.R., "Red River Kid", "I didn't say anything."

Stevens, C.E. "Bullet Head", Wyoming. "Watch out, Cody, here I come."

Striegel, I.F., "T.B.", Missouri, "You'se guys ought to come to St. Louis sometime."

Taaffe, R.L. "Brittle-brains", Texas, "I wish I were lucky enough to live with my mother-in law."

Teichelman, E.E., "Tickelman", Texas. "Somebody has to ball up the works."

Thurston, C.E., "Sgt. Lard", California. "Shoot, you're faded."

Wells, R.E., "Arson", Wyoming. "That's not the way they done it in the R.A.F."

Windhorst, R. H. "Farmer", Missouri. "I'll take on any 10 Texans."

Rice, Mike, Washington. "I don't care whether I have a pass or not."

Babin, I.M., Texas. "Now listen, boy, I don't want nothin' out of you."

Nelson, J. P., Texas. "Shut up, Babin."

Spieher, F. W. Texas. "I think I'll go over to the kitchen and see my wife."

Hawk, C. M., Texas. "##&\$"*@ I got another card for make-up today."

Howard, J. W., Kansas. "I wish I had graduated with 21."

Poynter, R. C., Missouri. "Hey, Dickie, I found it."

From Texas north, the Chisholm Trail
Once more is on the run.

Along the rugged milestones

A cowboy's chant is sung.

For Round-up time has come again,
These sons of men of yore,
The Fur Brigade of mountain men,
Are on the prod once more.

From deep in Texas' shore line,
From Missouri's peaceful land,
Colorado's winding rivers,
Wyomings Mill Iron brand.

Montana and the Two Dots,
And Washington has her share,
All sworn in solemn covenants—
"To end the Axis dare."

The Pacific shore at Oakland,
California Too did send,
A mighty band did gather
of angry fighting men.

The Chisolm Trail flowed full and strong
To Aero School they came;
The best damn bunch of fighters
To bring the Air Force fame.

Whereever men die fighting
On far and distant goals,
Old 25 will do their part
As did their sires of old.

Here's to you lusty crew men,
Here's to old 25,
We'll stick till Hell is Frozen
And the Axis has been fried.

Class 25-43--Pfc. Dickie Nelson runs a
close second to a Gob these days where
a weaker sex speciman is concerned.

Bill Babin thinks that a Pfc. is a
non-com. Wise up Bill.

"Geese Herder" Oliver doesn't associate with females. It is because he's too busy telling the instructors of his vast experiences.

Is there any witness who can confirm that Pfc. R. Taaffe is mentally balanced.

Does Pfc. Huff ever dirty his hands?
None of us seems to remember.

We wonder if the recent engagement of Pfc. Thurston will have any reason

for him to start taking showers.

Randall "Orson" Wells seems to be under a slight illusion. He thinks that he was a military leader in the R.A.F. Does he mean Randal's Air Force?

Philyaw is going to be a leader of men. He has found out he can't lead women so it has to be men.

"Ting" J. P. Nelson likes the BIO. It is large enough for him to hide in.

"Farmer" Windhorst has been a failure with California women, hence, he is loyal to his wife.

California women don't seem to suit Striegel. He has never gone with one of them twice.

Who are all of the mystery phone calls coming from that Lonnie Piehl has been getting.

MEMORANDUM)
NUMBER 12)

HEADQUARTERS
13TH. FERRYING GROUP AMEW, ATC
WADI SEIDNA, A.E.S.

CEH/kj
May 8, 1943

INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL TRANSIENTS
PASSENGERS & CREWS

1. This is Wadi Seidna, Anglo Egyptian Sudan.
2. KHARTOUM AND OMDURMAN ARE 20 MILES AWAY AND ARE OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL TRANSIENT PASSENGERS AND CREWS. NO GOVERNMENT TRANSPORTATION TO THESE CITIES IS AVAILABLE.
3. The currency in use is the decimal Egyptian Pound, value \$4.14. Exchange can be made at the Post Finance Office.
4. All passengers and crews will register at the ATC Billeting Office. Transient personnel must occupy quarters assigned.
5. Departure list is posted at Billeting Office in camp between 2000 and 2200 hours. Passengers MUST initial the list and INDICATE BILLET ASSIGNED. This must be done before 2200, at which time the list will be taken down. Passengers who fail to do this will not be called; will be cancelled from the Aircraft; and will lose priority. Cancelled passengers will not be reinstated on the waiting list until they have reported to the Base Commander. There are NO EXCEPTIONS. ALL PERSONNEL, LOCAL OR INTRANSIT, REGARDLESS OF NATIONALITY, MUST INITIAL THE LIST BEFORE 2200 HOURS.
6. In the morning, all passengers will report to the Traffic Clerk at Billeting Office to check in at least 3/4 hour before departure of connecting bus. Passengers will then have breakfast at the respective messes, and will be ready luggage in hand, IN FRONT OF BILLETING OFFICE, at the time of connecting bus departure. All passengers must be aboard the bus in front of Billeting for roll call. Those missing the roll call will be cancelled and will forfeit priority on the same basis as persons who fail to sign the list.
7. Upon arrival at the Airport, passengers will wait in the waiting room, and will not board the aircraft until instructed to do so.
8. Meal hours at the ATC mess:
Breakfast - 1st departure to 0900
Luncheon - Noon to 1400
Dinner - 1730 to 2000
- a. TIPPING of dining room personnel and roomboys is strictly forbidden.
9. Payment of messing and billeting charges must be made the night before departure. Do this at the time you sign the list. Rates are \$2.50 per day, 3 meals and lodging for Officers and civilians, \$2.00 per day for enlisted men. Individual meals, \$0.50 each.
10. Inquire at Billeting for location of PX, Post Office, and Recreational facilities.
11. Ties, long sleeved shirts and long trousers will be worn at all times after 6:00 P.M.

By order of Lieutenant Colonel KERR:

(Signed) JOHN T. HILL, 1st Lt., A. C., Adj.

OVER THE HUMP

Oh, history's page through every age
Tells of men who accomplish things,
But few there are, shine a brighter star
Then those of whom this bard sings.

I've flown up and down the airways
From Hartford to Cooch-Beah,
And have been on instruments for hours on end
with a line from a single star.

Up where the oxygens needed
Down where it's gusty and rough.
When the radio compass is bouncing around
And the going is really rough.

I've flown from Natal to Ascension
When the scum wasn't drained from the sump
But it's nothing compared to the thrill that you get
In a ship flying over the "HUMP."

Half 'round the world from home and Nell
Living in bamboo huts,
(Bashas they call 'em) the heat and the bugs
And the damp almost drives you nuts.

To the boys in the Thirteenth Squadron
It's like saying your A B C,
Cross the "HUMP" to the Lake and Mount Tali,
Then over to Yunnanyi.

We take off down by Dum Dum,
At a place called Sookerating,
With twenty five drums of gasoline
To the "HUMP" to Kunming.

First there's the Fort Hertz Valley
And before the Long Pit that is green,
We cross the yellow Mali
Then the third, the dark brown Salween.

We're getting to eighteen thousand
And the engines are singing a song.
As the fourth, a red river, slips by below
The Lantsang or Mekong.

Across the grim Himalayas
There's a million rocky peaks,
And you're sweating at twenty thousand
If your engine as much as squeaks.

For there's no landing up in the mountains,
And the Japs are at Suprabun.
And those widow-makers crowd on you
Like tenement homes in the slum.

In the best of weather the hazards
It would take me a year to tell.
But on instruments up in the soup and the ice
The going is really Hell.

Rocky evil and awful
So you're scared if you have to jump.
Crossing the ocean was easy
Alongside flying the "HUMP"

And what if you downed in the mountains
With thousand rocky defiles?
If the tigers and cobras don't get you,
A days work will net you ten miles.

And what if you get to a river?
A raft gets you down to the Japs.
And you know that for home or for flying again,
For duration (at least) it's Taps.

Did you say that you had met Bushy?
Well, in case you didn't know,
He went down on his first trip over
A week and a half ago.

Looking? Hell no, they're not looking.
Combing those rocky shelves.
A hundred years wouldn't be enough time.
They'll have to walk out by themselves.

Over the Pan Shan we're still going great,
To the South lies the town of Yangpi.
And we hit the South end of Lake Tali
And then on to Yunnanyi.

There's many cumlo-nimbus
That's turned a hair grey in my head.
And too many times have I trembled
When I thought the right engine went dead.

'Cross the veldt up at Tanganyika
Each foot brings a rocky bump;
But it's nothing compared to the ride that you get
In a ship flying over the "HUMP."

It's great to hold control
On that giant man made bird,
Pratt and Whitney engines are singing the sweetest
concerto that you've ever heard.

For your heart must be in your flying
And you swell with intrinsic pride;
You see, I'm a Navigator
And I just go along for the ride.

Most of the danger is over
And we feel pretty safe with our load.
When we spot that old ribbon of Freedom,
That's known as the Burma Road.

"Oil for the lamps of China"
Was it that the poet said?
Oil and gas for American Boys.
They need it like butter needs bread.

We follow the road 'cross the mountains
And the air speed goes up as we wing.
Through the valley that leads through the last hundred miles.
To our destination, Kunning.

Yes, I've crossed from Natal to Ascension,
When the scum wasn't drained from the sump.
But it's nothing compared to the thrill that you get
In a ship flying over the "HUMP."

Oh, history's page through every age
Tells of men who accomplished things.
But few there are shine a brighter star
Than the boys with the Silver Wings.

JAMES D. BROUGHEL.
2nd Lieut. Air Corps.
13th Tr. Sq. 1st Trans. Group.
Air Transport Command.

CHAPTER IV

OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER.

We all remember the songs we sang on the march with the Army Air Corps --- I've got a sixpence, a Jolly, Jolly sixpence --- I've been Working on the Railroad --- but of them all, Off we go into the wild blue yonder - seemed to thrill more than any other piece - when played by Converse Lewis's Band all decked up in their wild blue yonders - it was indeed a thrill.

6/8/43: Left Kerns, Utah at 6:30. The band had played off another outfit but we were too late as per usual to have a sendoff. 6/9/42: Passed Salida, Colo., at 11:50. We were in old Pullman Cars with funny oil lamps along with electric lights - really seemed like 1917 again. We had a baggage car for a cook car. As per usual I was a left wheel, saw that all the boys were in bunks and was supposed to share an upper, so I went into another car where the night cook had his bunk and found a place to lay the body down. Had one meal last night and a cup of joe at midnight. We were in No. 2 car but I bunked in No. 1. At 1:20 we first saw Pike's Peak about 40 miles away. It had snowed and the Peak shone with its covering of whiteness. We went through the Royal Gorge and under the highest Suspension Bridge in the world; passed through Canyon City, saw the Colorado Pen, Florence, Colo. At 1:22 P.M. we can still see the Peak.

Syracuse, Kansas, 6:36; Dodge City at 8:20; arrived at Kansas City about 5:00 A.M. Elmore went AWOL. We rolled 153 miles in 132 minutes; lost front car with burned out bearings - Weber and Don Walsh were in that car. They caught up with us in Kansas City at 9:39 A.M.; ate two eggs, two slices of bread, jam, coffee, went into the yards. We have the usual car of drunken sailors across from us. The AWOLS were all back. Left Kansas City at 12:50 A.M.

I am on K.P.; had roast pork sandwich, also apricot juice, no water for coffee. Everything around here is nice and green. This is June 9, 1943, at 3:15, Fort Scott. 6:00 P.M.: Left Springfield, Mo. 6-10-43, the home of the Missouri Mule. 6:47: Saw first water lilies. One farmer's fence had deep red roses twining around the fence. Saw cherry trees filled with cherries, loads of scrub oak, wheat already shocked, some being cut. Had apple fruit cocktail, wienies. Some talk of Mobile, some say Alabama, some say Florida. It is sure getting hot. Both the weather and the rumors.

Willow Springs at 8:12; about 9:15 we crossed the Arkansas line. We went through Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, during the night. Crossed the Mississippi at Memphis. Carbon, Ala., at 7:50 in the morning. Quinton, Ala., at 9:09 A.M. Had breakfast - scrambled eggs, three pieces of bread, jam, two oranges. We don't know if it is Tampa or Jacksonville.

The next stop in Birmingham, Ala. The country is green. Watermelons, corn not very good. Must be mining. Hills look like knolls back home, mostly limestone.

Rivers filled with silt. Elmore is still under guard. We left Birmingham at 10:22; I was door guard. Elmore tried to get off, also several E.M. including Howard. This is an industrial city; loads of steel plants. We didn't see Florian Slappey, but colored boys sold popsicles and a small piece of pie. Many folks, both colors and sexes, wave at us as we go by. Their cabins are small and dirty; don't seem to be racial as far as squalor is concerned. Hit Avondale, Ala. The boys bought popsicles. It's so darn hot. Nice buildings and plenty of colored folks. Alexander City, 1:45; just finished dinner - roast beef, baked spuds, bread, butter, loganberries, tea. 3:00 P.M.: Peplaka, Ala.; Columbus, Georgia, at 4:00. We still don't know where we are going. Changed time to 6:00. Fort Valley at 7:48. Macon, Georgia, at 8:40 P.M. We still are wondering where. Slept on the jump seat in the drawing room. Jacksonville, Florida, at 9:10. Headed for Miami. This is the 11th.

Now the 12th - We were in Savanna, Georgia, early in the A.M.; Jacksonville on the 12th of June. Note palms, all around like weeds; corn is higher here - I mean the plants. Loads of Old Maid School Teachers getting on the trains; one cute colored girl in blue and did she ever wiggle IT. It was a nice dress and she knew she filled it just right, and was the best dressed girl we saw getting on the train. Saw two WACS - one a Sgt. and the other a Cpl. Met a Paratrooper who had been down in Panama, trained many chuters at Benning, said part Special Force - thinks that at least three or four he trained went to Helena, but didn't know where they went from Helena. He was on another train. I pointed to his wings and he came over and we had a nice talk. Finished breakfast - three slices of bread, jam, coffee, oranges.

6/12, Hawthorne, Fla., 11:03 - 11:36 Ocala, Fla. Summerfield at 12:10, Avon Park at 3:12. I forgot Wonder Haven at 2:25. We went through citrus groves, passed several lakes - it is raining and cooler. Had half a water-melon - it was sure good. We took up a collection for the colored porter - seven dollars and six cents. Agram at 4:58 P.M. For the past two hours we have been going through the Everglades - a barren country - very flat - a few scrub trees and strips of swamp and tall grass - Herons and other long legged birds. Saw several buzzards. A Royal Poinsettia - we are heading for Miami. West Palm Beach at 5:04 P.M. Beautiful spot - the boys bought ice cream, it was supposed to be cherry but was raisins and jello. The Conductor said it was poor enough for ice cream. The Conductor was under the belief that I was in charge of the train, but there were two Sgts. and a Medical Officer. He wanted me to sign the tickets. It was on the Rio Grande - St. Louis - or the Frisco Lines - Southern Lines - Seaboard - we are running late, came 205 miles and were 1:17 late. We have made this all up now. Some speed - these old pullmans scream in protest. We arrived at Boca Raton at 6:00 P.M. What a sandy place!

Here is where we leave this troop train. We went over to the officers mess for evening chow, as we were late. Went into musty quarters - among the trees and sand. We were split up - but the gang was still with me that I started with many months ago from Kerns, Boeing - Kerns and here. We stayed there Saturday and Sunday - were processed Sunday - had a hair cut from a local barber - don't get any of the take. Washed clothes Sunday and Monday - what a job! - no hot water, a big G.I. barrel and we thumped them good, hung them on bushes. We got ready to move on Tuesday. However, before we left, I think it was Monday, we went over to another base for more clothes??? this was Monday P.M. and at a Q.M., they took some away and gave us more than they took away. The gang teased

an old timer all the time - not me however.

We all left at 9:00 A.M. for Miami via truck. The country is beautiful but all man made. Gardens, etc., homes - wow! We arrived at noon, the Battle Creek Hotel, and we all signed in - a beautiful large place - a PX theater. We ate and proceeded to the field for processing. Elmore got drunk again. He had cut his leg in K.C. and was limping around. He didn't make his shipment, and did I have trouble with him. He was on 3rd floor - locked himself in the can - they woke me up every hour trying to find him. I wasn't in charge of that cluck, but you know how it is. This place had the most beautiful gardens and all that; a wishing well. I was throwing pennies into a beautiful pool that had goldfish and large water lilies. The bottom of the pool was covered with pennies. I threw a bunch, you can just bet - I hit a real one - a large lily leaf. It was supposed to be the right one - I hope. We left the hotel, but before we did, they took a bunch of junk away from us that had been just given us at the Q.M. I met young Casey from Helena. Before we got on the 54 we were given a carton of cigarettes by the General Motors Corp. We sat three in a seat - that is, the E.M. It was a real ship - the seats could be lowered so one could sleep. As usual I was in the middle; there were eleven officers and twenty E.M.

I will skip back as the pages were sort of mixed. Let me turn back to the 13th of June - before we left Boca Raton. Sunday A.M. we were divided into three groups; went for a physical - passed eyes, ears, teeth, and E V E R Y T H I N G - then went to an office in re-allotment. There I was told Mary would get about \$40.00 from my insurance as long as she lived - or six months pay or about \$300.00 and also \$33.00 for her and \$10.00 for each of the children or about \$113.00 all told. I washed clothes and bathed. It was sweatingly hot. Several of the E.M. were just in from where we are heading - they were all on flight pay - we are ground forces. After a good supper, to bed. We had breakfast and after a good lunch we got stuff for the Gas. The flying Sgts. all have B 4 bags while we have only barrack's bags.

Now back to the trip. As the big 4-motored ship started down the runway at Miami we were all strapped in our seats. I have never been up in the darn things before in my life; there is a throb of power and surge as we rush down the runway - we zoomed along and then - O F F - just like that - banking as we rise - the gulf is below us. We went over Miami and then turned into the Great Beyond. Before we got into the 54, which was at the 30th Street Airport, we stayed outside the Terminal Building and milled around. Now we were free and at least on our way. The officers as usual had liquor on board. Mizell was air sick but mostly from the party he was on the night before in the hotel. Scott and Schoop were with me. Sgt. Hoss was in charge, that is, he had our Service Records. I now looked around and got the final tabulations - there were 19 E.M. on board and 12 officers besides a crew of 7 men with all our bags and luggage.

The water under us looks shallow and then from the purples and greens, it broke off sharply and we could see the depth. From the height, the world from a porthole looks strange indeed. Picture the old Pirates of Porto Bello - of Morgan-Kidd and Blackbeard - with their top-heavy sailing vessels, filled with men all bent on gaining what wasn't theirs. We arrived at Boringuen Field in Porto Rico. Spent the night there in a large barracks. This was one of a group of three-story concrete buildings. Had supper and watched a group swim in a lighted pool. The electric lights were along the sides of the pool and caused a greenish sheen as the folks dived and splashed. I saw my records for the first

time. Sgt. Hoss had them and we peeked - gee, was I burned up - or am I - the lights of the gulf stream - a sickly peacock green - what they said about me - and how I got fixed with the commission stuff.

We were called at 4:30 A.M. and had breakfast. It wasn't so good but I suppose we will have worse; had hot cakes. We left the field 6/17/'43 for Georgetown, British Guiana. Had a nice box lunch and off again over the teeming jungles; had motor trouble and soon were trying to find a spot to land. We were forced down in Sanirey Field, Dutch Guiana, at 2:45 P.M. Natives were a dark color and a mixture of Taki Taki meaning Indian, negro and other racial strains. As you know, there are three of these countries: British, French, Dutch, and with that is the Portuguese. We spent the night in some very poor barracks. We could see that the jungle was but a step away - large trees that from the air looked like bits of bush rose many feet in the air, and towered above us. We left at 5:20. When the pilot came out he made the mechanic take the coiling down and looked in; as the runway was short it meant another problem - of taking the large 54 off. However, we did a Roman Chariot race and went around the field twice - then away over the jungles. This is jungle country and we slept under mosquito netting. Motor was still acting up, and so when we reached Balem, Brazil, we had to wait awhile. We crossed the Equator and the Amazon about the same time. Trees are very large, but from where we sit they were very bushy - there is a lot of underbrush, it takes a man a day to clear a mile. Bought a box lunch at Balem. The Amazon was so wide that it took quite awhile to fly over it - series of islands and gobs of muddy water. At Balem, the Para River - was it ever hot. We saw where the Nazis had installations. There were British and American Craft of all types here and it was indeed a busy port.

We left at 9:00 P.M. but changed time to 10:00, one more hour. Arrived at Natal, Brazil, for the grand take-off at 4:10 P.M. There was a large PX where you could buy anything you wanted. Everyone bought wrist watches, and mosquito boots. They didn't make my size shoe, cost \$4.00. Got a bottle of beer; they had a merry-go-round, and all you did was to stay in line and by the time you had downed the bottle you were in line for another. Many of the boys were pretty tight before they could find their way away from the line - remember? We stayed until 12:30, and on the landing strip we saw one plane return with engine trouble - were we ever praying. Guess what - we are going to try and hit the Ascension Islands??? One of the boys has a grey colored monkey, in fact, there were several of these strange little monkeys - then it was our turn to take off.

All through the night we flew - we strained our necks for the island and sure enough away down below us was a tiny speck that became a bigger speck - just a tiny spot in the ocean, over a bumpy runway among a couple of hills. It is said that there are a few trees on the island. One of the hills was being torn down for an extension of the runway; a group of dirty tents. We stopped and had a very poor lunch; we were early by Natal Time, but our 7:00 A.M. was really 10:00 A.M. here.

After a quickie, we boarded and as the officers had to pay sixty cents and we paid forty cents for the same nasty chile-beans, etc. - phew! were we happy. After my quickie I was in place on the plane. We left at 11:00 A.M. and arrived at Accra, Gold Coast, 4:30 P.M., adding the usual hour making it 5:30 P.M. Remember "The Sun is My Undoing," we were right where the hero got his colored gal, but these didn't look so good to me. They were as in every base from

Porto Rico on - carrying dirt in baskets from or to the runway - literally thousands of them and the farther we go the more carry for Uncle. We were billeted in tents a long way from the field. A good PX where I bought tobacco, blades, soap, sunglasses; had suit washed and pressed by natives. They use a charcoal iron, cost 25¢. Spent Sunday here and hope to get off Monday. This is the base. I understand that the guy that really runs it was like myself, an officer very high in W.W.I and a 1st Sgt. and I understand he tells them all what to do.

If we don't get off Monday we will get paid. Monday 21st, didn't get paid; we went down to headquarters but no soap - we were too something or other - at least we didn't get paid. Wrote a letter to Mary Sunday night. Was it ever black outside - the day room was nice and we stayed there for quite a spell. I nearly broke my neck trying to find a mail box to mail the letter. Talked to a native boy from the Gold Coast; we had a pleasant evening. He was black and very intelligent. He was studying to be a doctor. We left Accra at 4:15 A.M., 12 officers and 9 E.M. in a C 47 - we had to say goodbye to our C 54 - whose spaciousness will always be remembered. There were bucket seats and were supposed to fit your seat. We rode $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before we could smoke. The officers got out their chutes and made beds on the floor of the cabin. The plane roared over the desert. I remember as we approached Accra, the seacoast met us and we swept along it for a long time before we landed at Accra, but as we hit for the distant parts, we saw a flat desert for miles. I had no blanket, it had been taken from me, and so I froze over the darkest Africa and darn near on the Equator. I thought of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn when they rode out the storm with the crazy professor.

9:00 we arrived at Keno Nigeria, left at 10:00 A.M. Just a windy spot in the desert - loads of natives working for Uncle Sam. Had a drink of brackish water. The natives here are tall black fellows, with long, darn clean, white gowns and have an iron pot on their heads. We carried our lunch from Accra. Our bill was \$4.00 and I had no money so had to sign my life away. Under the natives' pot hat they have another, a black cap. They are building more runways. Arrived at Maidugari at 12 noon, stayed until 11:30 P.M.; had a swell room and a shower, also a motion picture show; we were in the officers barracks block D and bed 15. One of the officers broke a bed spring, which was a slat, and the bearer pouted. At Accra, one of the officers refused to pay his bill because it was too steep. The movie was "The Major and the Minor." In the P.M. went down to the native quarters and bought an ebony carved head and some knives. Mizell took sick and was sent to the hospital. I went down there and met a dowdy woman - Red Cross - did a bit of brown nosing and got some quinine and some lotion for mosquitoes. I got the stuff not from the woman but from a nice American Medic. The hospital was nice and clean so we didn't feel too bad about poor Mizell. We met a Catholic Priest, and he was a grand fellow. We are on our way again across Equatorial Africa.

11:35 P.M. 6/21/'43. We have eight hours ahead of us. 6/22/'43 we, that is, I spent a cold night sitting up - the officers were all comfy on the floor. I was on the bucket seat and froze. No warm clothing, and we were up about 10,000 feet. Flat and strange did the country look - here and there during the night I could see bits of light where a tribe was roasting marshmallows or something; once we saw a camelcade. We arrived at El Fasher on time, 5:00 A.M., set watches to 7:00 A.M. and took off at 7:45. Now we began to see the camelcades - long lines of them. A very flat and sere country with a few lumps that were like our buttes in Montana. No grass; a town of many native huts - each hut walled and a grey

green nearly leafless tree. Mountains have strange forms - it makes one almost forget about the beauties of his home country.

We hit Khartoum at 11:00. The Nile River??? winds its way. Dirty and smelly but still a stream. Here the Blue and the White Nile meet. This was indeed a large base and the field was quite a distance from the base. There are three deep wells that furnish water. We were assigned to G Barracks across the road. We were in an Egyptian type of building, with a Courtyard. This houses the finance officer. A show (picture show) was held here. Saw a large party of natives and camels at 11:30. We had something to eat - had a chance to go to the PX and this was an experience. It was a real PX, uses a disk for money - we got paid, you can always see the connection. Left field at 1:09. I was amused at a chap I met. They were tearing up the center of the runway to put in a drinking fountain for the General. Had an ice cold drink there; must have spent thousands of dollars to do that. On our way now to Adan Arabia across the Red Sea from Khartoum. At Khartoum we were paid \$37.50. Paid bill of \$2.00, saw the picture "The Bad Lands of South Dakota" - did it stink.

We hit the coast about 4:35, started to cross at 4:52. Coast reddish color and between Khartoum and here the battle of Eretria was fought. We missed going to Gira - this is supposed to be a paradise - British have a large amount of trucks and jeeps at Khartoum. Douglas has a place at Gira near Ashmara. At Khartoum the Americans after building the buildings turned them over to the British. The pipe line I was telling about cost, for the pipe alone, galvanized, \$35.00 per length. Just so that the A.T.C. travel officer could have a cold drink.

Actually started to cross at 5:10; other time was only the arm or bay. Lots of islands - water snakes and sharks and these waters are very dangerous. We are still on the C 47. Adan Arabia at 8:15; arrived and changed time one hour. We got across the Red Sea that the Jewish Nation walked across dry shod those many centuries ago. Salalah Arabia, 12:22 P.M., had dinner at 1:20. Water well was down and they had a man from Khartoum to fix it. He was formerly from Bakersfield, California, and was he burned up over the whole deal, he was at the first bombing of Rangoon and was still a private. This is Salalah Oman, Arabia. We are over the Red Sea. Natives are much bigger than anywhere we have been but are poorer workmen, even the Wog pushers are poorer. The dry heat and endless days gets them. Note a ditch digger and the pusher trying to get him to dig.

Off again - we are to hit Karachi, India, and all out for parts unknown - we will await orders. We will lose the officers and they were nice chaps at that. Going over a high flat-topped mountain - the plane is riding like Hell - guess now we are over the Arabian Sea. We arrived at an island, called Masirah, we called it Missouri Island. As per usual, we had warm Spam, greasy. The boys all wanted to go for a swim and I volunteered to guard the plane. I thought that they needed some fun. The boys went to some barracks but I stayed. A Scottie came over and we smoked and talked during the dusty evening. I gave him some cookies and Old Golds and he came up with a bottle of ale. We gave him another can of Old Golds. We left the Island at 5:25, 6/24/'43.

We arrived at Karachi 12:00. Windy and dusty - on a desert. Speaking of desert country - over Arabia it was the worst bit of land that I have ever seen. Dante's Inferno has nothing in comparison - red, rough sand, blowing all the

time - Lord, what a country.

Karachi was one drifting mass of sand - sweepers with their little wisp-like brooms are sweeping the sand away from a wonderful building that houses the Headquarters - a sort of an Administration Building. The airport is huge, and we stuck around all day after we went into quarantine. Native M.Ds. very greasy and fat. Went past Zeppelin Hangar, a large steel building, to eat at a smelly, dirty dining hall. We were then shipped out to Milar, where we had quite a ride - via truck, passed many tile built barracks; it was said that if Rummel chased the British out of Egypt they would have come here. It was said to be able to house one million men. There were some five or six thousand Polish refugees that landed here - came overland and the English let them come here. Most of the men were in the army or working elsewhere but the women and children were here. They had guards around them as we rode through their camp. We saw the young girls drilling - had some sort of a uniform on. Loads of small children.

We were billeted in E area and the last barracks - we had no bedding as it was all taken from us in Boco Raton. Had a shower, we also had cots. We were near a place called Piccadilly - about a mile or so - some of the boys walked over and said it was nice. Near a compound for prisoners - and guard house - also electric lights. We didn't have any in our barracks. They woke us up early and at 5:00 A.M. we hit the deck. We stuck around all A.M. at the Terminal Building - it was huge - and the officers had rooms there. The town is several miles away. We left at 1:00 in a P 24 - that they call a C 87; it was a flying coffin - the fussy pilot was burned up because we were all E.M. and no officers. He had 16 seats and instead of taking us to Chabua he dropped us at Guya, a holy city and a holy fright to get out of. We flew over the Taj Mahal and saw its beauty from 10,000 feet. He was cruel in his trip and tried to scare us by flying like a loon.

Guya was quite a place. It was a holy city as the Lord Buddha was born near here. We were transported from the field quite a distance and arrived at a wet, damp collection of barracks. They were building a well. The barracks were the usual native construction but had tiled roofs. We stayed all night and we ate in a stinking mess - drank a drink of lukewarm water with Christmas candy soaked up in it - lord, what a mess! They also had large screens that a boy pulled with a master rope to fan the flies away. More Spam - yike!. Stayed all night; watched the women and children carry mud from the well in baskets on their heads. They were very graceful in their movements, but they also had ungraceful movements.

I had a Bush Coat made, also some other things fixed, and my washing. The coast was made in about three hours. The Indians were also rebuilding the roofs of the buildings. They had a shoemaker - all craftsman are Mohammedans. Now it is the 27th. Met a Jesuit Priest, Father Kennedy. Had been in India 27 years. Held Mass on Sunday and I got all the Catholic boys up, and went back to sleep. The Lieutenant in Charge was a pill. Somebody stole my pen and scissors. Birth-place, as I said before, of Buddha. The city is very large and very dirty - out of bounds. We went over and watched the potter make tile and jugs - just like they have done for thousands of years. The potter's wheel: I thought of the Bible story - am I cracked.

We are still here - Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday - I thought of W.W.I and if the army dared to let any of us away by ourselves like this. Times have changed and the kids are easier to handle. Saw two pictures "The Major and the

Minor" - follows us wherever we go - also the Barrymore girl in it and did these two stink. We are to leave Wednesday. A swell crew came through on their way to China, and they will take us, as I asked them - have to bum your way out of here - hitchhike so to speak.

July 1st, a beautiful day when we took off, we thought of the primitive means of locomotion here - either Holy Cows and yoked to a cart or by shanks mare. The Ghurka Guards would put the fear of God into the natives here. Hundreds of children would come and eat from the garbage cans - starved - these truly had no papa or mama. These guards carry a curved knife and it is said that before they can become a fighter they have to throw the knife and knock off the head of a holy cow or water buffalo. The pilot would buzz the natives plowing in the rice paddies with their water buffalo, which have a heavy blue-black hide like an elephant and with a large span of horns. We would hedge-hop and got several thrills as the pilot was high. The weather was getting worse right along and soon we were up 14,000 feet and we couldn't climb anymore. The 47 was in a bad way and here and there a rock would nearly come at us, so near were the mountains. The pilot got worried and called us to him and stated he was going to turn back, but he did have enough to get us to Calcutta, where he would stay the night and take off in the A.M.

We landed after three sweating hours - with a darn low tank of gas. Calcutta at last. Boy, were we glad - we landed at Dum Dum Airport and took a lorry to Calcutta. We could see the docks and all. The Grand Hotel was filled up so we went to another place just around the corner - the Aurburge. Spent the night there. Smells, beggars, no Papa, no Mama, baksheesh. They were funny rooms - bed had no springs - but we had a fan and needed it bad. A large park is around the corner. We saw cars with a funny thing in back to produce a sort of a gas, out of some material. Large Indians with fierce whiskers and turbans drove the taxis. We saw naked men marching down the street. The room cost ten rupees. Bought a couple of bracelets and a set of earrings for Mary; also the God Vishnu, a sun helmet, got these in a large market - had everything and smelled to high heavens. The boys wouldn't ride in the Rickshaws and the funny horse drawn buggies.

We left the hotel as our meals went with the room, at 8:00 A.M. A taxi was found and we went to the field. Saw large numbers of natives getting their rice ration. Some were so sick that they would fall down. We saw one that the vultures and buzzards were eating on the street. No one seemed to mind except us. The odor was awful. Natives were sleeping all over. At 8:10 we left. Lost one of the snooty officers - he didn't get up in time - good. We followed the Brahmaputra river all the way - a wide stream - green jungles and patches of tea plantations - we saw a group of buildings that seemed to sit in the river. We bank and soon we splash to a landing, then we waded out of the plane and into a truck where once more we are taken quite a spell to the base, where we were indeed in the middle of water, for this is the Monsoon.

We had arrived at the polo grounds, Chabua, India. Here is where we were going all the time. We were peeved when we read our orders at Porto Rico, and we were heartsick when we landed here - the rain was endless - and the mud everywhere. Hit here 2 P.M., July 2nd, assigned to barracks 5, bay 1, bed 1. We had a big ant hill behind my bunk. Sgt. Gulliver interviewed me and was interviewed by Major Townsend; had a meal in the dirtiest mess hall I have ever

been in and the worst food. Greasy place to wash our mess gear.

Assigned 1st Sgt. and a promise to rate Sgt. at once. Moved into building 1, bay 4. Schoop and Scott were shipped to Mohanbari about ten miles away; July 5th, the rest of the gang caught up. P. D. Rice, Rehor, Elmore, Sanders, Mizell caught up, had the measles. Mizell and Rehor are on trucks, Rehor put in charge of Malaria Control. Lieutenant Wiltner, nice man - but fancy pants is Adjutant. Lieutenant Hawks, Mess Lieutenant Hawks, Utilities; a long drink called Hungry Hank. Lieutenant Bradshaw, Supply and Transportation. Went into Dibrugarh, the big town, bought some things for Mary, went over to a tea plantation near Diccom, got the rest of my per diem. Many things are transpiring and I will try and tell them as I keep this going, I hope for a while.

INDIA.

To understand something of this land that boasts of seven thousand years of culture, and with written records of visiting this land we call America more than three thousand years ago,--we must first think about India, geographically, to get something of a foundation to build upon.

India is, in fact, a Continent. It is the Central Peninsula of South Asia and lies 8 degrees, 4 minutes and 37 degrees North Latitude and 61 degrees and 97 degrees East Longitude. The natural boundaries are on the North, the Himalaya mountains which separate it from Tibet and China, and Turkestan; on the West the Suleman mountains dividing it from Afghanistan and Baluchistan. On the West and South the Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean. The Indian Ocean on the East and the Hill Ranges separate it from Burma. It's area is 1,318,346 Sq. miles, and with the native states some 500,000 square miles more. Hyderabad, the largest native state has 82,000 square miles. The natural divisions are the Himalayan Ranges, the plains of the Ganges, Brahmaputra and the highlands of Hindustan, Vindhya and Satpura Ranges and the peninsula south of those ranges.

The Himalayas run 1500 miles in length along the northern part of the country, in several deep parallel chains of deep valleys and tablelands, the highest mountains in the world. The great valleys teem with life. There are the rainless deserts of Thar or the Indian Desert east of the Indus river. A third division is the triangular plateau of the Deccan from 1600 to 3000 ft. above sea level.

The climate there is usually two seasons. Dry and wet, northeast monsoons and the southwest monsoons. But, in most of India these terms are inapplicable for the winds are from the directions nearly opposite. For many generations India has suffered famine due to failure of the monsoons.

The central tableland is fairly cool. The population is about 330,000,000. However, in Assam and along the Holy River Ganges, the temperatures are not too high, but the hot winds hitting the lofty mountains cause a wall of preheated rain that at times makes living unbearable to the whites. It was little wonder that these folks with not much need of clothing, and with a lush overflow of the two life givers, the Brahmaputra and the Ganges, had little to worry about food. Their houses grew around them and therefore they became thinkers. Dreamers, you call them, but it was from India that the great flux of religious thought flooded the world. It is claimed by them that the Lord came to them and studied and is called the great Yoga. They even point to his grave in Darjeeling.

For ages the boundaries kept them free but a great invasion started in middle Asia. The Aryans flooded through the Khyber Pass and soon took over from the primates that once populated this country. Alexander the Great came

in and again was lost. However, the Aryan folk divided into two main lines of march. Those that went into India and those that kept down to the west and went into Europe. Around about 600 years ago the great Mongol invasion came and again through the Pass country. These were the hordes and they too settled. From them we have the greatest of historical tombs, the Taj Mahal. It was not until the Portuguese, the Dutch, French and then the English came that India was invaded from the sea.

The fights between the French and British for control culminated in Plassey in 1757 and won Clive dishonor at its conclusion. But he gave England the domination of Bengal and Behar and by 1828 India was quiet. Then came the Sepoy rebellion of May 10th, 1857, and the siege of Lucknow of June of that year lifted India for that time, until the present, as a jewel in the crown of Britain.

CHAPTER V

AN AUGUST IN ASSAM.

Stateside Brass had arrived. Already orders had been issued for school of the squad, school of the soldier, gas bags hung on the dripping sides of the enlisted personnel. The helmet also was added. In the dripping heat of the waning Monsoon, the gripes were loud and long. The Miami Beachers with their per diem ribbons, and caps pooched to look like "Flying Humpers" with here and there a silver wings not too skillfully concealed, were in contrast to the 200 men doing their best "By the Right Flank." These men had on the customary shorts, and bush jacket, for already T-Shirts were out.

The temperature was 84--84 that was 84 degrees with 84 percent moisture in the rotting jungle - the bamboo bashas smelt even worse.

The old First Sergeant (Acting, of Course) who had many years in acting as a buffer between newly made officers and his boys, already had the situation well in hand. And thereby comes this story that was as true then as it is today. He used the old tactics of those days before the Argonne when he kept his men in fighting fit and on his side. By posting guards in strategic positions all of the 200 men were seated as nearly cool as could be and he took over with a lecture. This was the lecture and I am sure that all comrades will recall that what he said in 1943 at the Polo Grounds, Chabua, Assam, India, are as true in Helena, Lewis and Clark County, Montana, U.S.A., August 1949.

"You men have asked me what you will do when this so-called war is over. Well, here it is (as they say on the troop ship) and remember this, there is only one person that will be glad to see you when you get home. I don't care if you have a wife, chick or child, the only person that will greet you; honor you, and give you love, will be your MOTHER. Why? Because every other man Jack will feel that you are a competitor and will be jealous; that goes for dads, brothers, sisters and the general run of folks. Sure, the first ones home will be given the old glad hand - but men, you will have to go to work - you are therefore in complete competition. Sure, there will be laws passed, Guilt-Conscious Laws, Job Security, Schooling, Job Placement - they (the politicians) will see that you will get the world with a ring around it. Maybe even a bonus. But as the years go by and the war falls off the shoulders of the general public, they will soon forget - THE WAR - but they won't forget YOU. Before long you will be called Treasury Robbers; you will soon hide your face and believe me when you ask for a job, just as I did when I was an old man of 31, the employers will say - Oh, you were in the service - we can't use you - why don't you contact the V.A. - Veterans Administration to you. Your family will need food, and you will either take charity or work as I have for \$52.50 per month, or bootleg whiskey. The gang that stayed out of the war with high wages will hate you because you may have a few rights. The bulk of society will see that those rights are taken from you, one by one. Now here is

something I want you to know: GET INTO A NATIONALLY KNOWN VETERANS' ORGANIZATION. There are two that I know of. Get in there and learn their program. Sure, it is selfish for you but brother, unless you protect the few rights that you have you will be high and dry with an economy-minded Congress, and the myriad of politicians that we say SIR to today. Don't forget the real reason that they strut their stuff is because they know the angles, and when this war is over they will again follow the angles. For me, I ask not where the man served - but how he served - remember what I say and recall that you may be fooled by soft nothings from the ballot-seeking, and when he takes his oath of office has a connecting door to those that don't like you worth a damn."

A whistle is sounded - a runner slips around a corner - and the Old Sarge takes his pipe out of his mouth. "Attention", "Sir", "Yes, Sir", "No, Sir", (Inside #####), Sir, I have been giving a "Gas Lecture." "Very Good, Sir." "First squad to the rear, march - second squad to the rear, march" and so it went on for about five minutes and again there is a rest and another lecture. (Where Inside #####) (Kiss My --- Sir)

* * * * *

A POST-WAR ANECDOTE

I don't remember when Joe came to us. I always thought that Jimmy Arbour won him playing poker in #3 Basha. But getting a good bearer was always a deal. Joe was small, wiry, very thin, pock-marked, black, pure Aryan, with fine thin features. Joe was a darn good bearer and had cooked for a British Major once, he said. So he managed to keep our room picked up, clothes washed and ironed with his funny charcoal sadiron. He could talk pretty good English too, and during the cold days of December, 1943, would build a fire in our little iron brazier and in his perpetual squat fan the small charcoal fire with his bamboo-made broom, until the smoke and pungent odor would tell us it was time to get up.

He was forever hanging bananas of the small native kind on Jimmy Arbour's mosquito net, and sometimes in addition, one of those horrible things that they fished out of the Brahmaputra. He found a large iron kettle and would make with the hot water and being the Ram Rod of the Squadron, I soon got a large tub from the mess hall and we had dandy hot baths. There were four of us,--Meador from Texas, Arbour from Ohio, Snyder from Cal. and myself. Joe would sweep and sweep and talk and talk, in that fascinating mixture of pure British-Hindu and American cuss words. We knew Joe was married and often saw his progeny complete with G-strings. Papa Joe had a long, very dirty dhotie and shivered with us around the tiny fire smoking one of Arbour's cigarettes, all for 30 rupees a month.

One day Joe told us of the Jap raid about six months before, when the Japs laid a few; missing the Base but hitting the tea plantation where Joe worked. Many were killed but Joe was badly injured. To this helpless son of Mother India it was quite a blow. Peace-loving in the main, he couldn't see why it had to be Joe. Taken to a local hospital, mistreated and uncared for until someone wanted to take off his leg, Joe rebelled. He hid out in the jungles and one thing about Mother India, she might not be a good mother, at least you either died or else. Joe didn't die. He rolled up the dirty dhotie and showed us the horrible scar, half-healed and dirt incrustated, from hip to heel. It was pretty rugged and young Snyder was all sympathy. He said, "Joe, me sorry, you hurt now". Joe never blinked an eye, but thumped his thin chest. "Malum Sahib, me strong now". I guess he was afraid we would can him. Snyder looked pretty grim and said, "Joe, you have Complications". Joe looked funny over that word and again thumped his chest. "Me no complications, me MOHAMMEDAN".

T/Sgt Arthur K. Serumgard 19124057,
1333 AAFBU APO 629, Chabua, Assam, India

INTRODUCING THE ORDERLY ROOM AT THE POLO GROUNDS.

The Orderly Room at its Best.

Serungard, Newman, Funk, Pokrant, Jawerski, McCanta, Sala, Green, Evans.



Joe E Brown and Bradshaws Monkey
Joe is the one that has the other
on his shoulder. He was one swell GUY.

**Major Robinson, beloved
by the Hump Happy Gang**
GOD BLESS THIS GRAND
SOLDIER, WHERE EVER HE
MAY REST.



MORE SHOTS IN ASSAM.

GHANDI DIDNT LIKE US

THESE ARE TEA PICKERS

WITH THEIR UNBRELLAS



JOE E PLAYED BALL

AND HOW

THE TWO MIKES ON LEDO.



CHAPTER VI

MY FIRST TWO MONTHS IN ASSAM.

We filled up our strength with men coming in from the states. It was a madhouse. I was moved into #1 Bay 4 - Arbour, Gulliver, Dodds and myself. Gulliver was bamboozing and looked real bad; had to wet-nurse him, and clean up some of the messes. Lieutenant Wiltner was Adjutant - Gulliver had Pocrant, Jacques and Arnold to help in classification. A bomber buzzed the river and lost his doors and with it four men, came back, left the bomber running and he and the co-pilot jumped and ran - were brought back and I don't know what they will get. However, the poor devils that they lost were dead.

The 308 Bomb Squadron are in barracks 3. Project 7 is in and we have as many as 500 men. We also have the AACS and ATC. Weather, and the transients, and we have our own group of about 80 men. Excitement over the building program - the Bamboo Theater - Supply rooms - and the Transient Headquarters. When I arrived we only had the Orderly Room, Mess Hall, and the four officers' barracks and 6 E.M. barracks. We used porches, day room, and tentage to house the thousands that came through. We would have at times as many as 2000 men waiting transfer. The 308 moved out and we got 1-2-3 of permanent party. Had trouble moving out the AACS but the 10th Weather stayed, barracks 2, bay 1. Wiltner went to billeting, Hawks to Adjutant, Pool, Mess Officer - a short fat Texan, all big wind. We didn't like him and he went hunting with all his 1917 equipment and got a leech on his ---, we all laughed and laughed and laughed.

Owens, Utility; Bradshaw, Transportation; I don't know why since the brass has all the cars. Pool got in a jam in August and was relieved of command. A T.O. was supposed to have been submitted but was turned down. I am now a Cp'l, acting 1st Sgt. Pool brought a Tech. with him and relieved Gigerre, and that made us all mad. We have one man in the stockade - Kline, a fine chap, but he was tight - got in the wrong barracks. When he went to bed, the officers didn't like it so a fight started and Kline popped the officer and he squealed, got the usual 3 and 2/3 --6.

One fellow got sent to trial, hasn't been tried as yet. Trading supplies for bamboo juice - he had better traded it for dough and he would never have gotten his. See the boys up in Din Jin - got 18 chutes that pilots left all around in the rain. Major Mitchell, the inspector, was rim wracking the old man and I butted in - asked him what I was supposed to do with these chutes, they all cost Uncle about \$350.00. By the time Mitchell got through telling me what to do with them he forgot what he was bawling Major Townsend out about. The Major thanked me and called me the Old 1st Sgt. type. However, I got rid of those 18 and then had 30 and another time 6. The supply Bashaw was turned over to Air Travel and Inspection. A new one is to be built; 15 new barracks are being built out by the old bashaws.

Had a fire in the mess hall, but it was put out. Holland and Gigerre went over the Hump to their old outfits. I wish I could go. It was the 6th of August - their plane went down. Looking at a map of India and Burma, you will note several large white spots in which is the notation - "Unexplored" and I mean that; no white man has ever been there. This plane that the boys were on crashed on the Indian side of one of these white spots. There was only one killed; his chute caught in the rigging and he was dragged. Sergeant Walter Oswalt was the radio man and he was a large, happy, blondish, red-faced chap with a booming voice and a friend of Newmans. He stayed on the plane until it was clear that he had to jump, however, his radio gave the location and that was all that was needed. They were days coming out of the jungles, head-hunters assisted them and the head man became a wealthy man because of the tons of salt that were dropped.

Col. Flickenger called up the squadron for men to go after the group. I had eight fresh officers from the states, and myself, and we went over to the Wing Surgeon's for instructions. We were to stay there until he, the Colonel, made an inspection and was to see what was needed. He took two E.M. with him, Sgt. McKenzie and Richard Passey; neither had ever been in a plane or had a chute on. I assisted them to wear their chutes and briefed them as to what to do if they had to jump. They jumped and so did the Doctor. Oswalt had to make a quickie and broke his leg. Those with the party were VIP - Eric Severeid, William Staunton, and John Davies, State Department man. However, they had an American Chinese Lieutenant that was an awful ass. Bringing out the men meant that the British had to send a detachment in, so we were not used. I was glad because these officers all had on mosquito boots and were not dressed for hiking, but the Old Sarge was ready.

We had a great show at the Music Hall on the 19th of August. I was in it and you can see that I was important as I led the singing of the Star Spangled Banner and was in the chorus and also had a bit part. Nowak's Folly was a sort of a fan that he built. Nowak was one of Hank's boys and Hungry Hank would bawl like a heifer with her first calf, "NO - WAK." However, the gadget didn't work, he made it with no bearings and it looked like a milk churn.

A shipment came in during July from the Muritania via Bombay; river boats and trains. They told wild tales of the Iron Cages where women were kept, and charged but a fraction of a cent. These men were the finest we have had yet. They only had 1 box of C rations for two once a day, and only one can of Willie for each 10 men; marched up from Chabua, hot - wet and dirty and hungry. I still see them - swell chaps - singing as they arrived. Soon they were put in the stinky British tents. We got a full number from that group - plenty - although they were assigned all over.

We did our stuff that day; among them was a curly-headed Italian boy - Michael Angelino Maroscia. I soon had him set up with his tools working on hair and shaves; believe me there was a line. Lieutenant Hawks was so worked up because I wanted Mike to take all he made but he made it so that Mike would only get $\frac{1}{2}$ of all he took and had chits that were handled at the orderly room, so that Mike wouldn't cheat. It is to laugh. Well, the good Hawks had spotters on Mike, until I couldn't stand it. At last Mike made an officer mad and he trumped up a charge, went to Hawks and squealed. Hawks

was Summary Court Officer and called me in with Mike. I protected Mike since part of the tale was true; taking money, etc. The officer knew he was to get the chits from the orderly room but he pulled the rush act on Mike and Mike fell for it. One of the Wogs, a Babo named Durga, told me about it as soon as it happened. I sent for Mike, and got the dough in the tin box and we put the chit in the right place. All over a dirty Rupee.

So Mike and I entered the Lieutenant's quarters. Mike was nearly beside himself; the Officer, a punk with glasses, made out his story. I then rose in righteous anger. It seems Lieut. Woods didn't like Mike making fun with the boys, he had kidded John Newman about some Red Cross girl, and the Lieut. wanted us to know that there was a war on. As I say, I rose, and by the time I had finished I had fought and bled in the Meuse Argonne; had fought the battle of India with all its smell and heat; that a cheerful Italian was what we needed to lift the morale; and then I asked them if they had ever gone over the top. Well, if you had, you would treat your E. M. a whole lot different, because it took only one 30-06 to bring home the bacon.

They didn't believe it until Major Townsend came in and when he found out what Hawks had been doing, he not only turned loose, but rimmed the fannies of both Woods and Hawks. You see, the Miami Beacher couldn't dish it out, because he couldn't take it. We got Mike a better place to cut hair and better equipment to do it, and when the Base Commander, Col. Renshaw, heard about Mike he bought a complete shaving equipment for Mike. Later Mike hired several natives and he would hold inspections night and morning, paid them. This barber shop was one of the greatest attractions in India and was known far and wide. On this load we got Newman, George Davis, McCullum, and several more swell boys.

The whole thing here filled up with folks that don't know the score but think that they do. This is worse than the 1st W.W. I feel that we had better officers and poorer E.M. then, and this time we have better E.M. and poorer officers. This brings me to the 30th of the month. We have ration cards. I went to Dibrugarh Sunday; got several nice things for Mary. We got about 300 men from a hospital unit; their CO was rugged and wanted them to stand fire guard. I sweated that one out. I wouldn't load their rifles and made every relief with them; what a stupid deal. A medic isn't supposed to touch a rifle. Even had guard mount with the pot-bellied bird.

We also got 300 men from the Navy, and as we go along we will see more and more of these boys that escaped the V 12s and wore the 13-button panties. All going to China for something. Lieut. Owens has been in India several months longer than he should and looks terrible; is getting more friendly, had a drink with him. He is the only one that works around here. I had a bad case of prickly heat; it isn't so bad as the weather is cooling up a bit. Have it around my neck, sweat and more sweat. I am still a corporal. The T.O. was turned down; we will be a Sgt. under the 1st Transport Group. I don't look for anything for myself but the rest of the boys show neglect. Tomorrow is pay day. I was red lined last month because of that darn per diem. I have been in town three times. A Red Cross party was here about a month ago and again this week. We had a fine program for the first time.

Eric Severeid was brought in. I got his signature; he is from North

Dakota. The rest of the gang arrived, and what tales! Oswald was the hero. The natives (Head Hunters) made a large sedan and carried him on their shoulders; they used the tin from the tin cans for cutting grass. Every pilot carries 250 silver rupees of the old King, for ransom money. They won't take the new king because (1) he hasn't as much silver, (2) Japs would know where they got the dough. Oswald gave me a piece of his parachute with his name and date that they hit the silk, August 6th, 1943. Tommy Harmon, the Great Tommy, was here, buzzed the field. They have him in a P 38 and he is to go to China. He was also at our show that George Davis worked up. We sang, told stories and had a quiz program. Had it at the day room and had a lot of fun. I told about the origin of the Star Spangled Banner - chorded.

I was sure taken the other day. The Captain and I were looking at the Tea Patch girls in their daily parade, and wondering how long a man would have to be in India to think that beneath their smells they could ever look like a movie star, when a truck came along. In it was a chap with a Hollywood Zoot haircut. I was teasing the Captain. "There," says I, "There is your California - a truly great state, with Zoot Suits and all that stuff." He, the captain, says "I'll bet you a buck he ain't from California." We bet. I went out and yelled at this bird with the long haircut. "Hey, where you from?" He replied, "Ise from Georgia."

The captain had an 87 and had a contract to haul Navy supplies over the Hump. After he left there was a fire; some bird threw a lighted cigarette in some black powder and away she went. We went down to the base and watched it burn. All sorts of ammo. went up including 37-75 and loads of 20 and 30-06; over a \$250,000 fire. The poor Captain went back to his station in Jorhat and was killed when his 87 (Flying Coffin) blew up with a bomb load on board. There were a gob of Tech Reps on board and they buried them at Penetolla Cemetery; it was a rugged time as they can't embalm, anyway.

CHAPTER VII

THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1943.

I won't try and tell all of the changes we had in officers, it is funny but when you are in the service, men come and go with ease and still you, in a few short hours, feel that they have been as permanent as your own Dad. However, we lost Major Townsend. Pool and his crew went to Karachi; Major Townsend went into the Indian territory somewhere; Mavo went to Wing. We sent several to rest camp and we put on two Assam Dragon shows - Sunday the 19th, and Sunday the 26th we put one on at the 6th. I saw Scott and Mike Rice over at Mohanbari when we put on the show over there.

There is a chap, a Captain Powers from Helena, over at Mohanbari. I have met him several times at Lieutenant Bradshaw's quarters, have given him the Helena papers to read. He is of the famous Power family. He was shipped home with so many Hump hours; heard that he was killed in a P-shooter back in Oregon, but that is later, and should only be mentioned in the fact he was from Mohanbari, which was some six or eight miles down the road.

We did a swell job in the shows in spite of the Special Service Officers, they were a pee wee lot, most of them. Captain Cavin, our new Commander, is on the beam like with a new broom - he doesn't fool the Old Sarge - seems like a fine officer - but??? However, he has an in with Col. Renshaw, and that makes him one to draw to at the present time. Col. Renshaw had issued orders that we carried our gas masks and tin hats at all times; well, with me running hither and yon in my shorts and T-shirt, they not only bounced and banged but also sweated the old man, so one day he caught me without my stuff and he timed me, as I said I was only 2 minutes from them - it took me more than that. He is a wonderful man and we often talked about the training of these men in rifle and carbine. The others wouldn't listen to me. However, we were getting thousands of men without any knowledge of fire-arms.

Lieutenant Bradshaw was made censor, and he isn't too sharp - a very nice boy. I am a meany, as I called him when we put on a fake-a-loo guard, poor soul, didn't know his general orders. He called poor Alles the other day. Alles is going blind and is to be shipped back to the states. Chas. Funk has left for Karachi; he was a jeweler in the south somewhere and a fine chap. I expect he will be rotated home - I am glad. He also has had bad lungs and this is no country for that.

Cavin isn't so hot for Hawks as last week some officers lost 15 bottles out of 15 cases of liquor out of the warehouse - where did they get the booze? I wonder what pot is calling what kettle black? Poky and Moss were broke for it and it wasn't the fault of either of them. Poor Moss was shanghied to make a Sharp Freeze for Cavin but couldn't get the material;

he is a brilliant chap but more like the absent-minded professor type and Cavin hung it on him. Hawks thought he had it on them and was all het up about it - we knew where it went.

I will always remember the show, it was fine. I had to hang more tentage. A whole hospital unit moved in - had them on guard and also in the kitchen. Their Col. was an Eager Beaver, and a heel to boot. I forget his name. It was the 21st Field Hospital and an Anglo-Chinese outfit. A Chinese boy named Yeow W. Jew, knew my sister Dorothy in San Francisco. I sent \$25.00 home to Mary and I also sent several more gifts home. I do hope that they will like them. I am buying a lace tablecloth made by Catholic Orphans. I am sending the boys some jackets, etc. I hope that they will have the size. Got my promotion the other day and am a full Buck, ain't nature grand, after 30 odd years bucking for a buck; but I am more concerned about getting boys made P.F.C. and Cpl. than to take a stand and get what is due me.

A new officer has been expediting Chinese-American and Chinese soldiers for some mysterious expedition. It is in the CT and CC Chinese Training and Combat Command. He ships them through here all the time. We get 80 officers and 500 to 600 men, and the stuff we shake off them! He ships them mostly through the Troop Carrier outfit up in Din Jin. They were the gang that got in a jam over Sicily when they lost so many men flying over the Navy. We can say for them here that they fly over the Hump when our men are grounded. Later we learned why - Black Market - all ties in, doesn't it - Brass, Brass, and Brass.

We had a trial up here several months later when the Commander and his Co-Pilot and two G.I's (The G.I's got the Works) took 190 cartons of cigarettes and made \$2000.00 each. That is when General Olds went to bat for the boys (I mean the officers) the G.I's got the business as per usual. The A.T.C. are mostly young, poorly trained flyers, and as the C.N.A.C., Chennault's and the Madames Line are tops in flying - they show up (I mean the A.T.C.) like sore thumbs. Not that I blame the boys any but often they will ground their planes rather than take off. However, Col. Renshaw put the skids and headed out and before his death he made records that have never been beaten in tonnage in the worst flying and the worst terrain in the world.

Mail is terrible and I never get mail from home unless it is weeks late. We have completed the Mess Hall. Had another run-in with Lieut. Griffo and he kicked me out of his kitchen; however, I got even with him - spoke to an Inspector-Medic, and he went through the kitchen and got the worst spots on Griffo and was he mad! Capt. Cavin, when he got the report and reamed the Lieut., didn't know that I was the one to turn the tables. However, the mess is looking a lot better. Here is the staff:

Capt. Cavin, Commander
Lieut. Hawks, Adj.
Lieut. Skane, Utilities

Lieut. Crane, Billeting
Lieut. Hanson, Mess
Lieut. Bradshaw, Censor

Lieut. Owens has a detail over at Wung and has been over at Wing Building. Wing is going to move to Delhi, but they still do the usual Army stuff, build up Wing here before they move. We will have a new Commander and another

fellow has been kicked upstairs. That much for inefficiency. When they stink too much they kick 'em upstairs - guess that they have too much on the rest, just like F.D.R. and his fathead advisors.

Saw Capt. Kennedy, my old last war pal. I don't think that I have any chance for a commission this war, since I am not of the Manor Born. Was a National Guardsman and am not of the political faith of the present administration, and all my friends are either in bad odor, or else they are getting that way. I hate to swing B. K. Wheeler as I know that I could get the world with a ring around it if I did - isn't life wonderful; since I am really at heart a patriotic bastard and don't believe in using pull, I will just sweat this war out and cuss it when I get home.

Today is Sunday. Had a detail from the 3rd. Walsh, my fat friend that used to be with a Senator from Mo. named Truman in the Truman Investigating Committee, was on the detail. I didn't have any Wogs, so we worked half a day. Had a detail for two days from an M.P. outfit. It was a lost outfit and we bedded them down and used them. They are on their way to Jorhat. They came by ship, train and boat and here was paradise for them, so I did get a swell detail from them.

Had a meeting with the Captain and he informs us that we are going in to the saluting business as the Morale and Discipline are terrible. Also the Calcutta furloughs were out. They cancelled Kline's, Simpson's, but I managed to get Schnieder's on the Shallon trip. Incidentally, Bradshaw was up there last month and met Norman Winestine. I laughed when I saw the order against bringing bearers and pets to rest camps. Bradshaw did - there-by hangs a tale.

Everything is not on the up and up - too much foo foo and too many have their hands, not their fingers, in Uncle's pocket in this war, and still the poor devils that are under these new GODS are being pushed around and are treated like poor relations. I talked with Major Johnson to try and ship me to China, but I can't get released from the stupid A.T.C. without pulling on B. K. Wheeler. Darn it, I am getting skinny and I'm hungry all the time, but can't eat anything - prickly heat - and yet it is cooler all the time. I sure was borned thirty years too soon. Siver's birthday will be October 5th, he is 10 years old. Well, it is about time to change my pants 'cause the mosquitoes bite at 6 every night; have had a busy P.M.

Another guy turned sour; as the gang expected he doesn't wear well; rather conceited, and takes out his wife's picture and kisses it and throws his arms in the air and spouts off about her charms and the physical aspects of herself, after the three-way is doffed and the lights are out. He thinks he is an artist and does have a nice voice; however he is tied up now with a big hinder from the Red Cross. I think she is an Anglo - meaning Anglo-English - no papa and no mama. The Captain is on his tail, and I have had a job to keep them apart. I like the big lug and don't want any Brass to hurt any of my boys no matter what they do - I am the only one to do it. This is sure a hell of an army, when the 1st Sgt. can't do what he is supposed to do.

LATEST



NEWS

FLASH



NEWS BRIEFS AS OF TODAY:

SEPTEMBER 6, 1943

England:—(FROM THE LONDON RADIO)

THE RAF HAS MADE LARGE RAIDS ON GERMAN INDUSTRIAL CITIES. WE ENCOUNTERED STIFF OPPOSITION. GERMAN FIGHTERS ROSE UP TO GIVE BATTLE. LOSSES—GERMAN (UNDETERMINED) RAF 34 PLANES. MANNHEIM WAS ONE OF THE CITIES IN THE OBJECTIVE. SEVERE DAMAGE INFLICTED. AMERICAN PLANES TOOK PART IN THESE RAIDS.

ITALIAN FRONT:*****FLASH*****

ALL ALONG THE ITALIAN FRONT, THE BRITISH 8th ARMY IS ADVANCING. THE ROYAL NAVY IS BRINGING UP ALL SORTS OF SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT. AIR RAIDS ON ITALIAN CITIES AND MARSHALLING YARDS BY AMERICAN AND BRITISH BOMBERS CONTINUES.

RUSSIAN FRONT:—

THE RED ARMY IS CONTINUALLY PUSHING ON ALONG THE WHOLE FRONT WITH, MOSCOW STATES, AN IMMEDIATE THREAT TO SMOLENSK. THE OFFENSIVE FROM SMOLENSK TO THE SEA OF AZOV CONTINUES.

THE GERMANS HAVE ANNOUNCED THAT A LANDING ATTEMPT WAS MADE 85 MILES BEHIND THE FINLAND LINES. THE MEN IN THIS OPERATION WERE REPORTED AS LABOR TROOPS. (THERE HAS BEEN NO CONFIRMATION FROM MOSCOW.)

A BIT FROM JAP NEWS:

TOKYO CLAIMS (READ AND FORGET, BEST RESULTS.) THAT A LARGE NUMBER OF SOVIET PLANES AND BOMBERS, IN AN ATTACK ON FINNISH INSTALLATIONS, WERE DRIVEN OFF WITH HEAVY LOSSES BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE. BOMBS WERE DROPPED BEFORE REACHING THEIR OBJECTIVES IN AN EFFORT TO GET AWAY FROM THE GREAT BARRAGE OF FIRE WHICH THEY ENCOUNTERED. SLIGHT DAMAGE WAS INFLICTED BUT NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE WAS ATTAINED AS A RESULT OF THIS COSTLY RAID.

THESE FLASHES OF THE LATEST NEWS, WERE BROUGHT TO US BY THE BOY'S IN THE ARMY AIRWAYS COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM.

HDS.

THIS REPORT WAS GATHERED BY:
Sgt. S. Jankowski, A.A.C.S.

CHAPTER VIII

OCTOBER, 1943.

October was a full month as nearly all of them are at the present time. Nothing too great, nothing too hard, but it was done. The highlights are as follows: Things were normal, that is Tarfu, but around the 11th we had all the tentage lined up; we went out in the tent stands in the Bashaw area and hung more up. With 109 AACs men we did a fair job. Orders were out transferring our squadron to two others - I went to the 6th, some to the 13th.

Lord Louis Montbatten came in and had quite a time for himself; the Major showed him the sights. We had guards until he couldn't step, and he beefed about all the arm swinging (saluting to you). He was a very commonplace man, however; he was a tall, big chap, and had a pleasant smile. About 12 P.M. on a rainy night we got a load - 360 men were dumped on us via Karachi, trains and ferryboats, what a beat up bunch they were. However, we fed them, bedded them down. I sure felt sorry for them.

About the 15th Lord Louis passed through again, on his return from China. He fairly whisked through camp - after all the preparations. McCanta is up for Warrant. Around the 15th, we had another bunch of 170 men. Poky was in fine fettle and did a wonderful job. Captain Cochoran and Lieutenant Burneston were here for both these shipments, showing that they were important. These two men have done most of the assigning of men after they arrive. Col. Renshaw sent a letter of commendation to Lieut. Hanson for the job during the rainy night. Now comes Capt. Cavin - you can see what he is trying to do - make Major. He works the Col. for a change; getting the 3rd, 13th and 6th out of the area. Major Tindahl was always on the job but Cavin out-pointed him and so the change was made. We moved nearly 500 officers and men. Next task was to change the tentage, but before that I had the usual trouble with Lieutenant Griffo and the Mess help. Then came the fun of setting up our offices. Poky in billeting N.C.O., and Bradshaw in charge.

On October 24th, we had a real earthquake. It was at night and when I felt it I knew what it was. The boys were frightened, as it roared like a good old Helena kind. However, when they yelled "Hey Sarge, what is it?" I told them to stay in their bunks and ride it out as it was only an earthquake. You see, running out in the dark was quite a job as we had slit trenches all over the place. In front of the Bamboo Music Hall, Major Townsend had a big 10 or 12-footer dug and then the snakes were always out as well as a tiger that roamed, and the jackals were howling like sin. Across the road and tracks was one of the tea plantations. Arbour took the screen with him when he hit the silk, bare-footed and all, hid out there until I called him back. We laughed at him and he was as scared now as he had been in the tea patch.

October 25th was when we moved all the officers out and were they ever peeved, took them to the other area, near Chabua. On October 29th I was given a detail to assist in hanging tentage at a hunting lodge that Col. Renshaw had built up for fight crews during their rest periods. He took us up there in his plane, Pettibone, Kershner, Green and Lee - we were supposed to supervise the detail.

McCanta took us down to the field at 5:00 A.M. and we took off at once. It was beautiful up there. We landed in a large emergency field in the heart of the Naga country, where several Jap patrols had been routed out. We were but a step from the Hump. The buildings were nice and the food was wonderful, served on china plates, and well prepared. We had deer meat, fish. Well, we were supposed to hang the tentage up ourselves. We did it, but Lieutenant Lee, the Special Service Officer, tried to give the boys a bad time for not working harder. When I told him off I told him what our verbal orders were from Major Kennedy, an old friend of mine from the old 1st Div. We got it ironed out and he went after the Major, but I told Lee that we were doing our job and had several days to do it. Besides, five men were not enough to hang tentage as heavy as those English double tents were - we used anywhere from ten to fifteen men. And since we had to cut the poles, it was double. Col. Renshaw took my part and cooled the young officer off.

Coming down in the packed plane, flying into the mountains was really beautiful, and it only took us 30 minutes to make the distance. The river was swift and clear and filled with fish. They had a native cook; there was a day room, mess hall, kitchen and store room, besides all the tentage we hung. The water was warm and we swam. Several of the boys went out night hunting for deer, also some went after Crocks and Water Horse (Hippopotamus) and wild Water Buffalo. The Buffalo were really dangerous. We had a young chap as a medic first aid man, and for days the natives came in from all over to get sores fixed up. Many were made from leeches, and other jungle disorders, however, some were leprous and he was scared, but treated them all, bound up their sores.

Saturday came and with it came Col. Renshaw and a collection of officers and Red Cross girls. Big-assed Marjory came and split her pants, getting on a big old elephant that was brought down from a logging camp. It seems that the elephants from Asia can be worked but those from Africa are not so good as they are wilder and cannot be trained. This place was called the Sadyia Tract and the camp was called the Kemi Modi. My, what fun the officers had while we pitched tents in the sun. I didn't do too much work as I had a bad cold, but the food was surely good. One day we had to go into the jungles and I could understand what is meant by jungles - every leaf had a thorn and every thorn was strong enough to tear your fatigues. We cut brush for quite a spell.

Major Tindall flew Lee and myself back to the base. He could only get one engine started and we hedge-hopped all the way. It was coming in on a wing and a prayer. I didn't know, but the Major was in a jam and hoped to not "Go Back to Statesides." Every morning Woody Meador, McCanta and I used to get up early and have early chow together - it was quite a ritual. We discussed many important things that came up. We sure had to laugh at me and that darn 46 - it was never a good plane.

Captain Cavin is a cagey officer and he handles all the problems with an eye on the ball. You can see that he was a customer's man in a brokerage office (Bucket Shop). I get a kick out of the silly problems that come up. Like the other day and the young Lieutenant and the 2200 pounds of gold that he, the Lieutenant, was supposed to deliver to the Chinese at Chabua. He was given no weapons, and so when he reached the base late at night and no one to take the money from him, he merely got a fireguard to sit on it. Then he proceeds to the Polo Grounds, goes to bed and forgets all about it. We didn't know about it until here comes the whole Chinese Army after the gold. It took us several hours to round up the Lieutenant. It is needless to say that this was part of the money Uncle sent to bolster up the Chinese currency; it merely went into the hands of an officer, Sung and the Generalissimo - mostly into his pockets. When will America wake up and quit playing Santa to a lot of damn heels?

I don't want to forget the E.M. dance on October 19th. Six Bags and about 30 G.I.s with millions of outsiders looking on. We served dainties??? and cold drinks? Had a good time shooting the bull with Kate Lawson, the movie actress. She is a large homely woman that takes the matron parts in the movies. One gal tried to impress me, reminded me of Jackie Harbeck. The camp up there was run by Lieutenant Lee, Captain Owens Novak, and 2 sergeants. I ran into Lieutenant Lee later, at Karachi, was a Captain then and he did a nice job there.

9th AIRDROME SQUADRON (Prov)
FIRST TRANSPORT GROUP APO 629
BALANCE SHEET - OFFICER'S MESS
31 October 1943

ASSETS

CASH ON HAND: -----Rs 4837 - 14

LESS LIABILITIES: -----Rs 3652 - 5

Due U. S. Finance Dept for
rations furnished transients
during October, 1943

NET ASSETS

Rs 1185 - 9

BALANCE SHEET
9th AIRDROME SQUADRON FUND
31 October 1943

ASSETS

CASH ON HAND: -----Rs 2153 - 13

LESS LIABILITIES: -----Rs -----

None

NET ASSETS

Rs 2153 - 13

(Signed) Robert F. Cavin
ROBERT F. CAVIN
Capt, Air Corps
Commanding

CHAPTER IX

NOVEMBER, 1943.

Well, this has been some month since I returned from the Hunting Lodge with Major Tindal on the wing and a prayer. This was the first week and the old man held me up. Breed and Arnof were assisting me and they are swell boys, also the many other boys that I knew. I remember one chap and he was a friend of Meador and McCanta; quite a fellow, did he ever try and get home, laid out drunk night after night to catch malaria, he also went wogging to get something, and he wouldn't eat, got thinner and thinner, finally sent to Base Hospital and they found TB, and sent him to a rest camp and not home. He was there when I left; a fine mind but no heart; a swell joe but a heel to handle. I sweat many a day covering him up so he wouldn't be court-martialled. These damn fools welcome a court and they forget that someday they might need help from Uncle Sam. I sure took on a chore, believe me.

General Stratemeyer and Pat Hurley made camp, and were they entertained, whoo! We put on the Hump Happy Show for them and Cavin took them to Flickenger's Snake show, with the Fairy as lecturer. We had a lot of poor souls hit camp, all from Karachi - believe me I feel sorry for them.

Birthday came, got the boys their suits and then, bingo, I hit the jackpot - or I didn't as the case might be. I finally went to the 111 Station Hospital with malaria.

Before that happened Poky pulled his Thanksgiving show (250 Wacs) fights, ball game; well, one Red Cross girl came down from Tinsuki to get some for a dance she was pulling up there. Poke diverted her here and we had her and about a thousand dancers and one gal. The local Red Cross was awfully mad about the advertising as Poky had a large bill printed in Dibrugarh - I still have some, and peddled them all over the country. Some lady, another Anglo-Indian, although she wouldn't dream of letting you know she was, always talking about her FAWTHER'S estate back HOME. Leathery-faced and not too good a figure, but at least she wore skirts and smelt - like Joe Penner's goat - with her nose. She had been making a play for the new Commander of the Polo Grounds, Bob Cavin. I suppose it is one of Bob Cavin's stunts - it isn't one bit funny, besides there aren't that many Wacs in India - I hope. She is afraid that some GI gal will take some of her coin.

This Thanksgiving day was beautiful and you should have seen the tables. Lieutenant Hanson did a wonderful job, we all had pictures taken. I was master of ceremonies at the show - God, but I felt rotten - a swell boxing show put on by Lieut. Skane, and his two helpers, Cornblatt and Mike, the Barber.

On the 23rd, two boys while walking across the R.R. tracks were hit by the local train. I saw it happen from my front door. I was so ill I was at quarters. I was getting worse and worse, until I would be out of my head. Meador and the boys tried to get me to go to the hospital but I knew that it would go away. Well, they pulled a fast one. I was having some trouble about two large sinks I was digging for Sanitary and Storm and the Medic, Captain Ferfer, didn't like the way they were being dug, so we had several conferences. Well, the boys said that the Captain wanted me. He did - I was wrapped up, pushed into an ambulance and the boys had my clothes ready; I went to the hospital. This was on the 27th, a day after Thanksgiving. Capt. Cavin came over that night with two of the house boys and they played a phonograph for me, which made the Corpsmen mad. Col. McIntyre, the IG, was also over with a bad finger. They left coffee and cake and treat - I was really thankful, but I was so ill that the boys in the room ate them for me. Like my Thanksgiving meal, I had to take castor oil to taste it.

I don't want to forget to mention Lieut. Hamberger, Nurse Nolan, Nurse Garrison, and Hickey - they were sure grand to me; also the boys from the Polo Grounds and the little Cajan lad, a friend of my boy Virden, also a Cajan. Virden would get so mad when he was on the cleaning detail - the stupid officers wouldn't let him have a chance to clean up the latrines. He would come to me with tears in his eyes, then I would go over and pull my rank: "What The Hell Is The Matter Here," then those bozos would sir me, guess I was pretty rugged with officers. Spent my wedding night counting my ribs - just as skinny as that first night, Mary - remember.

Hospital food was rotten and if it hadn't been for Virden's friend I would have starved. He brought me in Fruit Cocktail; and the smell of a dirty place was always in our nostrils. There were stacks of spuds by the door and they were rotten and did they assist in the smells. Jackals would run over the porch floors like dogs at night and howl like sin. Every once in awhile during the 24 hours they pricked my fingers for a smear, and didn't get one smear - not one. But they wouldn't treat me for malaria until they got a smear that showed. However, I talked the Doc Hamberger to give me a break so I went off atabrine and soon looked as yellow as the rest, also vitamin tablets.

Heard from Mary, Truman Stevens, JoJo and got my papers from home. One funny thing happened, an old man (38) came in and visited with the guy in the next bunk, he asked me what they meant on his card. I professed not to know what it was - he said he had Sec. 8. I found out that he was a cook and they gave him leaded gas to burn in his cook stoves, and we all know what happens. He chased the Mess Officer all over the Q.M. and then when they got him calmed down, another batch came along and again he went mad, and this time they sent him up to Section 8. Much of the gas is wasted here as they are too lazy to watch and the hoses are short, so gallons of this precious stuff is poured on the ground - Poor Uncle Sam???

Little Wally, of the BESA show, (English) had malaria, the worst kind - he later died. He was one of those English Gypsies, and although they have lived in England for centuries, they are as foreign as a Norwegian there. He was a violinist and a good one. Although I felt that this was a poor hospital, and didn't like the food because it was so tainted and smelled so badly and was poorly prepared, Wally thought he was in heaven, as all British did when

they hit our mess halls. His troop had to leave him behind. They loved him dearly as he was a quaint little pathetic fellow. The British Hospitals are the dirtiest that I have ever seen and their food is truly the worst that can be given to men, so we understood Wally and his friends and hoped that they wouldn't send him to one. A brave little fellow and went through the Battle of Britain and has been in India two years and has four more to go before he goes home. He won't be here four more years as he will be going HOME soon.

I left here December 9th, 1943.

"KEMI NODI"
Hunting and Fishing Lodge
For Personnel of First Transport Group Only
Opens 3 November, 1943

This Lodge is out in the jungle on the Kemi Nodi River. The river flows from the mountains and is cool, swift, deep, and wide, sand bottom, good swimming, also full of fish, but hard to catch. There is plenty of game in the surrounding fields and woods--deer, wild boar, birds, etc. Plenty of games have been provided, if you like volley ball, horseshoes, etc. Or if you prefer, you can lie around in complete relaxation.

This Lodge is definitely not a "Rest Camp" but there is plenty of rest if you want it. It is crude, wild, and a little out of the ordinary. However, there is plenty of good food, good drinking water, tents, cots, blankets, a large recreation hall, etc., and ample "chic sales".

Each officer and enlisted man of the First Transport Group is entitled to a week's vacation at the camp at least once, and maybe twice a year which does not count against his regular leave. There will be an assessment against each enlisted man of 15 rupees and each officer of 20 rupees to take care of incidental expenses such as extra food, boats, fishing equipment, etc., for the weeks stay at camp.

If you wish to go to the camp, leave word at the Orderly Room immediately as the camp opens Wednesday, 3 November.

The following is to be taken with you:

- Rifle or Pistol
- 2 Blankets
- Underwear, socks, towels, etc. to last one week
- Swimming trunks or Shorts
- Heavy sweat shirt or sweater
- Field or Flight Jacket
- Fatigue suit
- Razor and toilet articles (not necessary to shave if you don't care to)
- Any athletic, hunting or fishing equipment that you have

Ammunition, fishing tackle, athletic equipment, cards, reading material, etc., furnished at the camp. Shot gun ammunition will be charged at cost to individuals using it. No charge for other athletic or sports equipment.

This vacation is furnished you at the request of Colonel RENSCHAW—don't miss it.

MESS OFFICE
NINTH AIRDROME SQUADRON (PROV)
FIRST TRANSPORT GROUP
POLO GROUNDS



THANKSGIVING DINNER
THURSDAY NOVEMBER 25, 1943

M - - - E - - - N - - - U

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

ROAST TOM TURKEY a la RENSHAW

ENGLISH WALNUT DRESSING

BABY JUNE PEAS IN BUTTER

SNOWFLAKE POTATOES

CAVIN'S CHILLED CRANBERRIES

HOT BISCUITS AND APPLE SAUCE

SECTION 8 ASSORTED NUTS

PUMPKIN PIE and OLDS' CHEESE

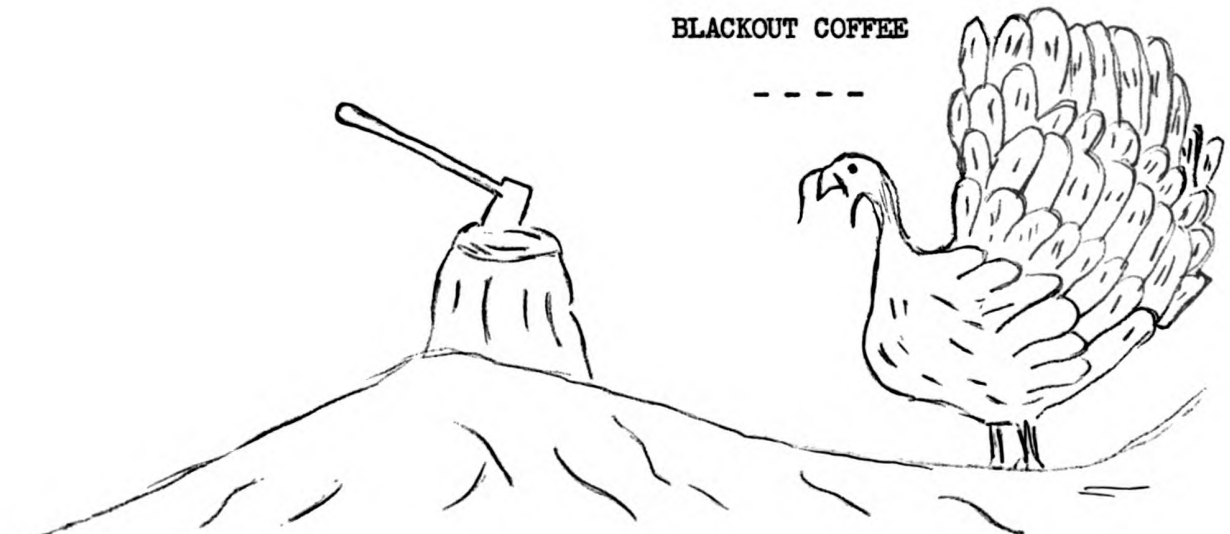
RAISIN NUT CAKE

ASSORTED HARDIN CANDIES

BLACKOUT COFFEE

- - - - -

SOUVENIR
MENU



HEADQUARTERS
FIRST TRANSPORT GROUP
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER

HNR/rmc

210.22

APO 629 % Postmaster,
New York City, New York
30 November, 1943.

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Second Lieutenant WILMER S. HANSON, 0577830, Ninth
Airdrome Squadron, (Provisional).

1. Under the provisions of AR 600-55, dated 30 June, 1928, the following commendation for exceptionally meritorious conduct is forwarded herewith. Appropriate distribution will be made and a copy forwarded with your next efficiency report.

Lieutenant WILMER S. HANSON, as Mess Officer of the Ninth Airdrome Squadron (Provisional), you are to be highly commended for the efficiency, imagination, and ingenuity you displayed in the organization of the Thanksgiving Day Dinner at the Polo Grounds Mess. Your efforts in establishing a holiday atmosphere for men in overseas service was highly beneficial to the morale of this organization and you have thereby made a distinct contribution to the success of this Group's mission.

HARRY N. RENSHAW,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

DISTRIBUTION:

- 1 Copy to Eastern Sector,
ICWATC.
- 1 Copy to Hq, ICWATC.
- 1 Copy to the Adjutant General, Wash., D.C.

"FINEST FIRST" SPORT SLANTS

Issued Every Now and Then

Pfc Mike Maroscia, Editor

NOTE: ALL POLO GROUNDS SPORT ITEMS WILL BE PUBLISHED
IN THIS SHEET.

ATTENTION: All men playing with "Finest First" baseball
team will report for practice on Sunday November
21, early in the morning - 9:00 to 11:00 A.M.
The following men are particularly wanted:

Fagan	Beathard	Roberts
Wojac	Barnhart	Rankin
Limpert	Olsen	Janosick
Roberts	Paavola	Arries
Marro		Skane (?)

Practice will be held under the supervision of
Mike, the Barber. Selection of the starting
line-up for the Thanksgiving game depend on the
turnout for this practice session.

BOXING NOTE:

Ten bouts have been included in the Thanksgiving
Jamboree. So far it has not been possible to
get sufficient Local boxers and outside service
men have been enlisted to fill the bill. How
about YOU turning out. OPENINGS ARE AVAILABLE
FOR ALL CLASSES AND WEIGHTS. Remember, we are
all here to FIGHT. Get in the mood before it is
too late.

Floodlights have been installed in the ring to
permit night bouts.

Ad. The best equipped barber shop in Assam is now
in full operation. Pfc Mike (the Barber) Angelo
Arcangel Maroscia says he has the only four native
tonsorial artists on the loose in Assam. He has
them tied down by contract. Anyone needing barber
attention and possessing Rs 1 should consult Mike.
Location is in EM Day Room, adjacent to PX.

End Ad.

Lost Will the person who took the G String which was on
& display in the Day Room please return same.
Found Rumor has it that some expected visitors will
Dept. be here to model same. Thank you.

QUESTION Who is the guy who has his finger bandaged when it comes
to boxing, but who seems to be able to do everything
else with both hands? Could it be Lt ---.

Pfc, Mike Maroscia, Barber.
Also Mgr. and Promotor of all Athletic Events.

POLO PATTERN

Issue of November 22, 1943 Press Time 1500 Hours Editor: Mike Marosci
(Barber)

- SPORTS** Wanted:-Wrestler, rassler to you, about 160-170 pounds. We have found one man who wants to wrestle on Thanksgiving. Who's next?
- After the defeat suffered by the Finest First baseball team Sunday, the list was thrown wide open. Any men hereabouts with any hankering to play the game are invited to join in the practice sessions. Contact Mike the Barber for specific time. Come on, boys, we want the finest team in Upper Assam.
- NEW NAME** Beginning with this issue, the name of this sheet is "POLO PATTERN." It will be published every day at 1500 Hours. We hope to have copies available for general distribution soon.
- SNACK BAR** The Red Cross announces that work is started on the new snack bar inside Operations building. Coffee and doughnuts will be regular stock in trade, with fried eggs and bacon when possible. This venture will be directed by Margie, the personality girl, who just bested that old man Malaria. Margie was confined to the hospital for two weeks. Prices for eating items nominal; smiles will be free.
- AMUSEMENT SCHEDULE** Movies: Tuesday - "Air Warden" with Laurel & Hardy
Wednesday - "Pardon My Sarong" with Abbott & Costella.
Also GI movie No. 8, a good one.
Thursday - ALL STAR THANKSGIVING JAMBOREE WITH 250 WACS.
Saturday - "Human Comedy" with Mickey Rooney.
Our new special services man, Cpl Alles departs for a two week sojourn at the Assam Rest Spa., accompanied by Pfc Rasmussen. Take it easy boys.
- CHURCH NOTE** Rabbi Sands has opened an office in the Bamboo Music Hall building, to the right of the stage. The Rabbi invites all of his faith to consult him there, and is available throughout the day. Services are conducted in the Bamboo Music Hall every Friday night at 1930 Hours (7:30 P.M.)
Incidentally there will be no services for any denomination at the Polo Grounds on Thanksgiving, due to prior commitments of the Chaplains.
- BILLETING NOTE** There are few gripes registered by the Billeting Division, but the time has come to register several complaints. People will leave the field without checking out at the Billeting Office. Beds are removed from tents and left standing all around the area. Mosquito nets have been torn down. Trash, orange peels, etc., have been thrown all about the area. Unless there is an improvement, there will be a regular fatigue call at 8:00 A.M. Don't say we didn't warn you.
- QUESTION???** Where is Schultz? (Answer tomorrow). We are still watching

for a 6-volt radio. Until we sweat that out there is no use promulgating another super-doooper question.

ABOUT
THOSE
WACS

We have heard the cries of derision on the part of many of our readers anent those 250 Wacs. Most of these are based on the report that only 3 Wacs are in this theatre. For those skeptical ones we suggest that they procure a copy of the latest CBI ROUNDUP and look on page 8. If only three Wacs appear in that picture we will look up an oculist. However, there is no guarantee that these wonderful ladies will show up here on the Polo Grounds. Any more than that the ball game, scheduled for 1:30 P.M., will positively be played. If it rains the game will be postponed. If the girls do not arrive here, naturally we wont see them. BUT WE SURE CAN HOPE LIKE SIXTY.

FILE CLERK

The new file clerk in the orderly room, Cpl Schneider, has made himself an indispensable man. Since he started to file the records are so mixed up that it takes Schneider and the whole office force to find them.

- 20 -

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
SOMEWHERE IN INDIA
1943

The "One and Only" Woodland Meador. Woody to those that were his Pals. A super salesman for Sears and Sawbuck, from "Deep in the Heart of Texas". You would never guess he was one of them thar things, a perfect gentlemen at all times and talked nearly as good American as we'uns up North. He sold "Vinegar Joe" a bill of Goods-and his pet peeves were his wife's Tom Cat and Uncle. He and I used to sit late at night in the heat of the Jungles and talk about this and that. "God Bless You Woody", a wonderful friend, and an inspiration during those trying days sweating out Rotation. You can only through living with a guy learn how deep, true affection can develop.



Back from the "111 Station Hospital" Not so hot looking. But the old Sarge might have been down but not out. Don't mistake his gaunt features cause it took the entire Polo Gang to Shanghai him there. He didn't do what they wanted him to do----go home!

Warrant Officer McCanta. Ah me! Those soulful eyes. He played his cards and didn't miss a trick, the angles were all figured. He won, and by the same token, lost. Max would have liked to do some of it over again. But God Bless you and yours McCanta.



ON THE LEDO ROAD CHRISTMAS 1943
LOOKING FOR CHRISTMAS TREES.

ORCHIDS FOR THIS COOK CREW.
Harwoor, Easton, Mackay
Rasmussen, Watkins,
Vitela, Braska.



THE DEAN OF THEM ALL
Mike "The Cook" Durso.



The Ledo Road.



Two Mikes .



Our Noble Slopey.



Mike the Barber



Makay the Cook



Pokey Pokrant
EVERYTHING.



December 1943.

This is the last month of the old year. Christmas is just around the corner. Santa Claus is darn far away in Montana, I believe it's Peosta Ave., Helena. I have been flat on my back with that darn fever and I was out of my head for several nights, so this is after December 9th, and I sure felt swell when I got back to the boys. Went to Tensukia to buy some stuff for the PX and also to buy stuff for the E.M. Day Room with McCanta, Mike, the Barber, Dagen, Lieut. Hanson. We went to Dinjin and saw the oil refineries that the Japs tried so hard to bomb, also the big Ack Ack that are there to protect the field - they are 6 inchers - and are hidden away but we saw them. It sure was a beating that I took on that trip, so soon after the run in the hospital but I didn't let the boys know. Meador went along, too.

Tensukia is just another Wog city with all the odors, about 30 miles away from the Polo Grounds, on the way to the Ledo Road. This was the 10th, and far from being warm. Along the way we would see the natives with their little cotton clothes wrapped around them and squatting down trying to get the warmth from the pale sun. We went to Dibrugarh on another buying spree; we bought more things. We've got a watchmaker, bootmaker, jewelery store, and a regular merchant to come out to open the Day Room. This will be next Sunday a week.

Joe E. Brown was here and a swell joe he was. His adopted son and a pianist named Barias were with him. I was sure beat up and was afraid I was going to go again to the hospital - Captain Ferfer made me take it easy.

There will be an auction of stuff that was seized from our noble Allies contraband; this will be Sunday, December 12th, My Dad's birthday. I bought some things at the Bazaar for the girls, boys, Mary, the Kabearys. Two silver goblets. Mary's pajamies aren't finished as yet. I got one of those gadgets that the pilots wear on their backs; it is gay and has writing on it and will look good on the pajamies, together with my sign.

There was a raid at Dinjin; we saw the lone Jap plane that looks us over all the time - this was on the 13th. Col. Renshaw was getting his face worked on by Mike and he tore out with it half-lathered; he came back after the raid and nothing else mattered. It wasn't Dinjin we saw when we went to Tensukia, but Dickboy - my mistake.

Bad news today--Col. Renshaw is down and so is Captain Porter. Col. Renshaw went to New Delhi to get the rotation working for the men here, and crashed when his plane ran out of fuel. He broke his neck, I understand, and died a few days later, on December 20th.

The Captain Porter deal was different; if there ever was a screwball hot pilot it was Captain Porter. He had for a long time a 47 and he used to bomb the Jap installations with handgrenades and dynamite. Well, he finally got an old beat-up B 25 - with blister turret, and a bit of a 37 sticking out with machine guns. He was like a kid with a new toy; his crew were always full of what it takes, and always on the make. Walter Oswald was with them as a radio man; he had been down twice before - once with Eric Severied, and one time after. I saw them just before they took off on the runway at the

field, they were slapping and pounding each other about some story, climbed in and away they went.

They met 7 Zeros and Capt. Porter went into the peaks and two Zeros rode him down. The co-pilot understood him to yell "Abandon Ship" and he bailed out the turret only, as he passed them he saw the boys shooting the two Zeros that were on their tail. Then the explosion as the 25 hit the old Hump. He said that Porter was at the controls but didn't have a chute and the rest didn't have one either - they didn't have a chance. The co-pilot was 17 days coming out. He had no food or matches to make a fire and was sure a beat-up young man whose heart was troubled because he didn't stay with the ship. He had no jungle equipment and saw a black panther on the way out on the 12th day. He came out near Fort Hurst on the 17th day.

You should see the natives that came in with these boys that had to come home the hard way - that is, walk home from a Hump Happy Ride. Those chaps were the wooziest, the strangest men that I have ever seen, they were given the world with a ring around it; during their day in camp you could hardly touch them with a ten foot pole, but brother, I never saw Brass so eager to please. However, there was a good reason; more boys walked home - and so it goes - when you scratch my back I sure will scratch yours - that is something that those of the Left - I mean the lunatic fringe - should remember.

Most of these men were from the head-hunting tribes between India-China and Burma. They don't like - I should say they do like, the heads of the Burmese 1st, Indias 2nd, China 3rd, and the Japs were on about a par with the white noggins, because the Japs would lift theirs in return. However, the border country was afraid of these tribesmen and I don't wonder - their religion teaches that one head, one wife; I think that is stretching the matrimony a bit, but the wife in that far country was more than a plaything; she made the living, while papa got more heads to help her make the living - and so it goes.

Had a tough go with Air Freight and details; had only Master Sergeants as transients and they were opposed to doing manual labor. Major Gardner roasted me, then the Sgt. Majors, and I shipped them on a Sand hauling detail for a Nurses' Swimming Pool. About the time that it takes to tell, a jeep from Air Travel came down alerting them all for China and they were many miles down the road. Again I was reamed but I showed them Major Gardner's verbal, written, and phone orders; that was the last that we ever were called on to send details for anything except around the Polo Grounds, as long as I was there. These Master Sgts. were hot cargo and when Wing, and New Delhi got through, Major Gardner never came down and told the old sarge that he was right which was good enough for the old sarge.

Joe E. Brown and his adopted son as well as Barias signed their names on the Barber Shop Wall. What a morale builder Joe E. was, as well as Mike Maroscia, the barber.

Sent my application to Group but was turned down. Saw Major Kennedy; these boys acquired majorities fast in this war. We made an inspection and it was an old fashioned one, he is a fine gentlemen. We are really going to have a big inspection that tends to be a big one after the 1st of the year.

Mr. Neal of Group looked my papers over - just punched my card; I wouldn't have sent them in except for Major Kennedy. We are changing our name from 9th Airdrome Squadron to Station 6, Area 9. They have a hard time with naming all these functions that the ATC have taken over. I expect we will have hotel names before this is over.

December 20th. Col. Renshaw died - I believe he died on the 19th, his body has been brought here and we had a wonderful turnout, as per usual, and being the only Legionnaire here I had the honors of the Firing Squad. The Col. was a Mason, as you know we can't embalm the bodies - and the Q.M., although they have charge of the funerals do some weird things. I was talking to a chap from the Q.M.; it seems that when any one dies, the Medics send to the Q.M., since they are the AR of funerals, etc., etc. The poor PFC would go out to the hospital and find the dear brother in pieces and he would have to do his best to get it in a casket. The medic would see what made G.I. Joe tick and forget to re sew him together; it got so rugged that a directive had to be gotten from New Delhi and that often was overlooked.

Joe Stilwell was in camp again, and reaming Meador and the PX, went to Mike for a hairdo, but didn't see why we didn't have more stuff for those in far places, such as candy, etc., etc. Well, General, the candy always turns wormy and we can't keep up with the black market that stretches from U.S.A. to Cumming, and besides in the Oh Henry bars, the peanuts walk out by themselves, so it's nuts to you. He was as usual with his 1915 Stetson, his glasses and beak-like nose. We didn't like him near as much since his TRAINED CHINESE???? have been hitting camp. He was on his way back from a conference, so I guess that is why he was so mean.

Sgt. Bierly made a shakedown on the natives, for G.I. clothes, etc. It is worth your while to go out to the area - smells to high heaven and the Wog Birds are the only ones except the Chinese that befoul their own nest. I remember in France when I was an officer by act of Congress, censoring was a tough job then and we were so young. However, I called one boy in and told him not to write like he did, and handed him back his letter. He said "Dear Mom: I am in France now; I spent the fourth of July in England - the English are the ugliest White Race I Have Ever Seen - EXCEPT THE CHINESE." I agreed with him, but told the boy Base Censor would walk all over me if they caught his letter...I still think he was right.

A Sergeant, a smart operator (must have been a drill instructor somewhere that ran foul of a new set of officers) has been brown nosing Major Cavin - new title - he promoted me for a price of Ivory Pistol Handles - well carved. I am a sucker with a strong will and a weak won't. I gave him 30 rupees - \$10.00 to you - and he promised to get a set for me which he never did, made out of elephant ivory and wonderfully carved.

Dec. 22. Poky went for a Christmas tree way up on the Ledo Road; he and Mike the Barber, and Durso went with him. There were no trees, but they had a wonderful time. Wise went to Shallon, that rest camp for this part of the world. Some go to Darjeeling, but we can't - that is up in the Kashmir country and is supposed to be beautiful. That darn Capt. Hungry Hank Owens took two of my real good men, Simpson and Shieldknight.

December 24th. General Hoag decorated about 50 officers and men in-

cluding Col. Flickenger, Passey, and McKenzie, for the rescue of Eric Severied and Davis. Flickenger was also decorated for work done in Hawaii and the rest got Air Medals and DFC's.

We had the formation on our ball diamond. We got a British group to assist. They came down and put hours of work on the field - it made a good drill field also??? These men came down and played soccer and it was interesting to watch them play - they are so serious. Tough babies, too. We liked them very much for being such fine sports and although it was not allowed, many a pack of American "Fags" found their way into their pockets. We also had a colored warrant officer from a Colored Ack Ack group; he was a boxing promoter and with Lieutenant Skane put on some wonderful bouts. We got to respect and admire those boys, and they proved receptive to our feeling, too. I can never see what difference color makes: it is all red when we give our life's blood for our country, if it wasn't for the promoters of unrest in the U.S.A. there would never be this unreal feeling of supermen stuff.

We had a wonderful formation for the decorations and I had a guard fixed up with colors - real impressive. The men came from the M.P.'s. It seems that even in this new Army they will never learn that M.P.'s should not be composed of the sick, lame, and lazy; any one that you want to get rid of. Lieut. Rogers did his last bit of foul play as the can was tied to him; so mote it be.

Speaking of M.P.'s, one of the dirty cases in Jorhat was a known alcoholic that was put in a fire guard - to catch him - they did and the TJA came in boasting of his powers. You see, the Brass don't like me - I gave him what for - and told him what I knew about the whole sordid mess. They gave the kid a DD and 10 years in a Federal for being drunk and asleep on duty, when he had begged not to be placed on guard in his condition, and said he was willing to go on as soon as the bootleg whiskey, some pilot had sold him - black market prices, had worn off. They shipped the Sgt. of the Guard away so he did not appear at the trial. The TJA Trial Judge Advocate didn't like me, and when I poured out the story of the 2nd Troop Carrier at him he liked me less. He was on that one - sure the court found the C.O. guilty, also the G.I.'s; fined the C.O. \$2,000.00 and held him two years in grade and away from the command of troops, and the next month raised him from a Major to a Lieut. - Col., remitted his fine, and sent him to another base---but the GI got the business. Guess I must be getting to be a radical, I hope not, but the indifference of good officers either because they are afraid - or just because - is something that I can't understand. I learned later at Karachi how these GOOD OFFICERS that didn't fit in were fixed up through Machine Records---I understood much better.

Dec. 24th. Got my ash tray from Ebby; it was a dandy but wasn't worth the 30 rupees. The gang all came over to my quarters since it is nearest to home for them - Arbour, Green, Schnieder, McCanta, Meador, Van Dyke, and a host of others; we held open house with beer - no Dikkom Death or fighter brand but we did have a bit of Assam rum with sugar and hot water. McCanta and Green went to midnight Mass. The Jewish Rabbi, Rev. Sands, had some doings in the day room. Our PX boys, we are getting now gobs of them, attended - new setup so Meador tells me. Captain Unger also had a Pageant

made up of native children from St. Luke's down the road - an Anglican Missionary School.

Major Robinson was killed coming back to straighten out his troubles with New Delhi - Newman and Cobb were here and were all broken up about it. Winnie (George Winston) had a bad case of jitters on the flying business. They are going to Africa and then maybe home to make a movie, but with Major Robinson gone I am afraid they won't. Although he was a drinking man, he had the respect and love of those that work with him. He was just another drunken officer to have to handle as far as the Old Sarge was concerned. I was sorry to hear about his death.

December 25th. Went to St. Paul's Chapel in Dibrugarh. Rev. Howland was the Priest; Anglican service. I was to have gone with Major Cavin - but he didn't meet me and went with the Judd gal - she was with him when we gave the gun handles. I hitchhiked into town, which is quite a distance from camp - some 18 miles or so. Got there in time, had communion. I came in with the three officers that picked me up and did enjoy the service; it is an old chapel - the tower was built over the remains of the son of some British Col. that was killed in a native rebellion back in 1839.

Home to dinner and ball game in P.M. Swell eats but still can't eat so good. Everything was heaped on the G.I. mess kits and although we had canned turkey, it wasn't a Montana turkey in my own home.

Rain and bitter cold, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. Started to break on the 31st. We start to clean the grounds; have gobs of natives cutting the elephant grass, also have scythes from the states and put some of the boys on it, also the slit trenches are in B.O. (bad order) and the Jin Ball is needing a bit of repair - all ready for the inspection. Kline and Siegel out to China Yunnan. Much wailing at the Wall. They were here too long and ran things to suit themselves. Hard to handle when you're backed up by other brass. Lost two cooks, Rehe and Cizeneroz, also Gisler. He went to the 3rd - with the officers mess. I punched his TS card and he punched mine. Lost that darn Griffo. After all the mean things that he did to me he had guts to come over to the hospital and cry on my shoulder - since Lieut. Hanson got rid of him off the base. I also punched his TS card - and he came over to our mess hall and bribed the cooks and wogs to come over to his place; Hanson got him and really put him in chains - I wasn't unhappy about that either.

Hanson and McCanta bought some 2100 rupees worth of stuff from an English lady in Dibrugarh. They lost their shirts. Mac and Hanson went to Tensukia and bought some Kashmir rugs, etc. Hanson told that the guy they bought them from was under questioning of the C.I.D. because of his Jap leanings. I wonder if that's the chap that was in trouble before - also I wonder if the boys didn't lose their shirts again. This chap in Tensukia used to send peddlers through the camps for the Japs so the story went.

I have gotten up early every morning since I came back from the hospital, also have dainties from Gurso and the boys in the kitchen. Made up McCanta's coat of arms - it was a dandy. Gold Irish Harp (Beaver and Fir Tree - Washington) Polish Royal Eagle) (Wife) C.B.I. and Wings - on white and red - Charles Pacausky drew it for me. He couldn't find an Irish Harp so drew a Greek one instead. Charlie is a swell little fellow and I see him in my

mind's eye - getting out of work as fast as he could get hold of Poky.

This is Jan. 1st. We didn't know what was in store for us this coming year - good and bad I know - old friends fall away and new ones will be made, that is what I told all the boys. The lights are out because of fights and I have a candle which sputters and sputters. Green is in bed and Arbour and Meador are with McCanta. Mac got his warrant today and is moving. I am afraid a good friendship will be broken - between Meador and McCanta. Mac has gotten under the thumb of Cavin and he knows that I know how he got his warrant, and he is not too happy about it - not that I would tell - because I wouldn't. Yesterday I went in town for my watch, and the boys' jackets. No Malum - but I got some fuel for the fires (charcoal for the Braziers - with a SatEvePost we fan the smoking iron pot of charcoal until it fans into a near-flame - then we sit knee to knee around its sickening heat - at least our noses and knees are warm and we sit on our fannies.

We had part of the Watchnight services and we had a big PX ration of beer. I bought a pair of shoes for 27 rupees and 50 cans of beer. Poky came over for a minute and was tight - more darn fun, drunk or sober, and on the 24th I had been in this theater 6 months and in the army 1 year. SO MOTE IT BE.

Have had a lot of work done - Patrick's Laundry - the Latrines. Near 3 and 4 we are building a larger evaporation tank. Poky had a model bed and we are nearly ready to stand inspection. I must mention Patrick's laundry - the Wogs use no hot water but soap the garments and beat the Hell out of them on a concrete slab - it makes them look clean, at least, and reminds me of France in 1917 - 18 and the French gals on the river bank. They didn't use soap at all, on the clothes or on themselves, and didn't even oil their bodies with rancid coconut oil as the Wogs do. No matter where you go you see them change their dhoties and believe me, it is sure funny; they do it sort of like they are ashamed of their manhood; they are the only people that the male squats and the female stands.

To the hundreds of boys that I know, and that I have met, I have set down these happenings in sort of a slipshod manner; but everything we did in this war was in the same manner; either Snafu or Tarfu, but with loads of love and affection. I think we are all better Americans for the months of suffering, disease, heat, death, and pure stupid, useless work that accomplished nothing. We appreciate our beloved country. In spite of the phony Brass, there were more of the real sterling type of officers, and we feel sure that America has good hands to guide us if we do not forget the lessons taught us. Graft in high places must be eliminated, and men that can see the mountains in spite of the trees must be put in office.

My days at the Polo Grounds were on the go. McCanta supplemented me wherever he could, which I understood. He made Meador unhappy, as he highbatted him. It was too bad that McCanta couldn't have learned his best friends were the five men he lived with, and he could have easily been with us till the end, but he was for other fields and so went his way and we ours.

INTRODUCING THE POLO GROUNDS GANG.

In front of the Bamboo Music Hall
Al Roth, George Davis, Bob McCollum,
The Old Sarge, Kidd, Breed, Arbour.

Jimmy Himself Arbour/

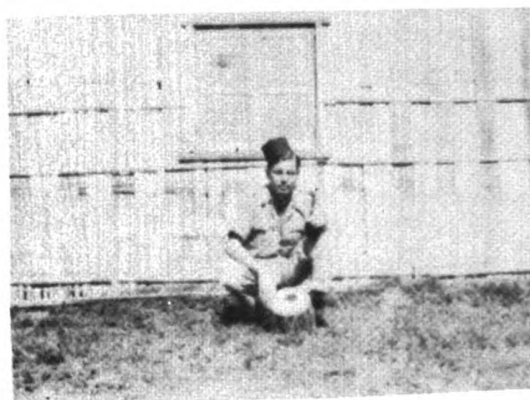


The Old Sarge
Complete with Shorts,
pipe, Bush Jacket and
His Grass cutting
Wogs.



More of the same.
Breed, McCollum, Mike
the Barber, Siegel
Arbour and Kidd.

Sarge Breed--Fez -
Indian Drum.



DONT FORGET THE POLO GROUNDS.

**DONT FORGET THE MESS HALL AND THE
ENGLISH TENTAGE.**



**DONT FORGET THE OLD SARGE
AND SCHNIEDER AND HIS
NATIVES CUTTING GRASS.**



**DONT FORGET THE GREAT AND NEAR
DOROTHY JUDD:KATE LAWSON OF
HOLLYWOOD:JOE E.BROWN.**



**DONT FORGET
MAX KORNBLATT.**



**DONT FORGET
CAPTAIN HANSON.**



We like the Frogs and their Log for a Ruler, got a Crane - a counter-jumper from California named McGowan, Anthony C. McGowan. His uncle was a wealthy "Walk a step and save \$10.00" in Los Angeles. McGowan was a small chap, and small in mind, too. We didn't get along and his ideas of discipline were far from working in that hot country. With all my faults, I never pulled rank on the boys, but I could have. It got so bad that I tried every way to get shipped to China but fell foul of McGowan, McCanta, and the Group Commander. Knowing I could do no more, because I felt that I was needed home and was slipping as far as my health was concerned, I took the next best and came to Karachi. I did not keep a diary any longer. Base Censor was on our tails, so I will keep one again when I leave the station and go home.

HEADQUARTERS
FIRST TRANSPORT GROUP
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER

HNR/lgs

A. P. O. 629
6 December, 1943.

SUBJECT: November Operations Efficiency.

TO : Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Men of the First Transport Group.

1. For the month of November the record shows that this organization was:

- a. FIRST -- Total Tonnage Delivered to China -- All Groups.
- b. FIRST -- Total Number of Completed Trips to China among c-46 Groups.
- c. FIRST -- Total Number Ton-Miles Flown to China by C-46 Groups.
- d. FIRST -- Smallest Percentage of Turn-Backs -- All Groups -- 6% -- A Tribute to Engineering and the Boys Who Fly 'em.

2. The entire First Transport Group is to be commended for the united effort that made possible these accomplishments.

3. The FAMOUS FIRST has "delivered the goods" again.

(Signed) Harry N. Renshaw,
HARRY N. RENSHAW,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

DISTRIBUTION:
ALL Squadron Bulletin Boards.

HEADQUARTERS
CHABUA AIRBASE
OFFICE OF THE BASE COMMANDER

GAG/lgs

APO 629
24 February, 1944

MEMORANDUM)

TO :) All Unit Commanders.

1. The practice of placing the Password on bulletin boards and especially on black boards in large letters will cease immediately.

2. The aforementioned policy is defeating the purpose for which this Password is used.

By order of Major LAUBAUGH:

(Signed) George A. Gardner
GEORGE A. GARDNER,
Major, Air Corps,
Executive.

C O P Y
HEADQUARTERS EASTERN SECTOR
INDIA CHINA WING AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
STATION # 2

APO # 629
8 January 1944

SUBJECT: Eastern Sector Accomplishments.

TO : Commanding Officers, All Stations This Command.

1. Published herein are statistical data reflecting the commendable achievement of this Sector in recent operations. Such information should be disseminated to all members of this Command.

2. <u>Total Freight to China - 1943</u>	51,329.7 tons
<u>Total Freight Delivered - December</u>	12,593.7 tons
<u>% Of Year's Total</u>	24.5 %
Total Freight Delivered - Oct, Nov. Dec 26,	442.7 tons
<u>% Of Year's Total</u>	51.5 %

For the Commanding Officer:

(Signed) Certified a true copy
Charles H. McCanta
CHARLES H. McCANTA
WO (jg), USA
Adjutant

/s/ Jesse M. Gregory
/t/ JESSE M. GREGORY
Major, Air Corps
Adjutant

STATION SIX - AREA NINE
INDIA CHINA WING - AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
APO #629

12 February, 1944.

MEMORANDUM:

TO : ALL PERSONNEL.

ROOMS NINE (9) AND TEN (10) OF BARRACKS D, OCCUPIED BY AMERICAN
RED CROSS WORKERS, ARE OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL ENLISTED MEN.

By order of the AREA EXECUTIVE:

(Signed) Charles H. McCanta
CHARLES H. MC CANTA,
WOJG, U. S. A.
Adjutant.

STATION SIX - AREA NINE
INDIA CHINA WING - AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
APO 629

17 January, 1944.

SUBJECT: Roster of Man hours for Officers.

TO : COMMANDING OFFICERS, Stations Six, ICW - ATC, APO #629.

1. The following is a list of the Man hours for the officers in this Area:

<u>NAME</u>	<u>RANK</u>	<u>A.S.N.</u>	<u>DUTY</u>	<u>MAN HOURS PER WEEK</u>
CAVIN, Robert F.	Maj.	0902137	Area Executive	168
FIRFER, Bourke	1st Lt	01821240	Medical Officer	98
SKANE, John E.	1st Lt	0579247	Special Service Officer; Physical training Instructor. Supply Officer; Securing various supplies for area	74 14
HAWKS, Breard H.	1st Lt	0568533	Area Defense Officer	56
BRADSHAW, Charles B.	1st Lt	0392319	Billeting Officer: Meeting high ranking officers & Officials and general supervision of Billeting service. Censoring of mail	98 28
HANSON, Wilmer S.	2nd Lt	0577830	Supervision of Mess which entails also personally seeing high ranking officials are served properly.	98
McCANTA, Charles H.	WO (jg)	21301132	Transportation Officer: Adjutant: Supervision of Office Keeping area Funds, Officer's Mess Fund, Laundry, PS Books Censoring Mail and helping with proper handling of visiting Officers and Officials	14 48 12 16

CHARLES H. McCANTA,
WO (jg), U.S.A.,
Adjutant.

C O P Y

HEADQUARTERS EASTERN SECTOR
INDIA CHINA WING, AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
STATION #2

APO 629
6 January, 1944.

SUBJECT: Citation of the India China Wing for Exceptional Outstanding Performance.

TO : Commanding Officer, Station #6, ICWATC, APO 629.

The following message is quoted for the interest of all personnel your command:

"Today I cast the highest honors that can be bestowed upon a unit of the United States Army came to us when we were informed that the President of the United States had cited the India China Wing for exceptionally outstanding performance during the month of December prd Commanding Officer SGD Hoag this will be announced in orders published later and at the earliest practicable date your station will be visited and these orders will be read to all personnel prd advise all Officers and Enlisted Men of your Command of this very signal honor."

By order of Colonel HARDIN:

/s/ John R. Kilgore

/t/ JOHN R. KILGORE
Colonel, Air Corps
Executive

THIS IS A TRUE COPY:

(Signed) Robert F. Cavin
ROBERT F. CAVIN,
Major, Air Corps

HEADQUARTERS EASTERN SECTOR
INDIA CHINA WING AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
STATION # 2

FOR RELEASE ON RECEIPT

Office of Public Relations Officer
APO 629, c/o Postmaster, New York

A. K. Serungard of Helena, Montana

_____, is serving in the China-Burma-India theatre of war with the India China Wing, Air Transport Command. The following is a copy of the citation issued at Wing Headquarters:

"This is the Army Air Forces organization recently cited by President Roosevelt for its accomplishments in the tremendous task of supplying American and Chinese fighting units by air.

"The honor came in an action unprecedented in the China-Burma-India theatre, and extremely rare in the history of the United States, when the President cited the entire Wing for exceptionally outstanding performance in the face of almost insurmountable odds in moving vast quantities of vital military supplies by air into China.

"The citation was in the form of a radiogram from the President to Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell, theatre commander, who was directed to present it to Brigadier General Earl S. Hoag, Commanding General of the Wing. In General Stilwell's absence, Major General Daniel L. Sultan, Deputy Theatre Commander, read the citation at a formation here, which was attended by General Hoag, his staff, and Major General George E. Stratemeyer, Commanding General of all American Air Forces in India and of the Eastern Air Command, China-Burma-India Theatre.

"The citation said that the President had been informed of the amount of vital supplies the Command had transported over the North Burma "Hump" of the Himalayas into China during the month of December, and that the President considered this "an exceptionally outstanding performance, and a source of great satisfaction to me." The message continued:

"The goal has been high, the air route exceedingly dangerous both as to mountains and enemy action and the weather treacherous. Only very fine teamwork and outstanding devotion to duty by the entire personnel could have made this accomplishment possible. I have directed the citation of the Wing and desire that my personal thanks be communicated to every officer and man concerned."

"The citation followed by one day the lifting of the veil of secrecy which has shrouded the activities of the Wing from the public for a period of thirteen months. During that period, and since the closing of the Burma Road, the planes of the India-China Wing have been the only means of moving men and supplies into the interior of China.

"Bombs dropped on Jap installations by Major General Claire Chennault's 14th Air Force and gasoline to fly his war planes on forays against the Japanese have been transported by the big cargo planes of the India-China

Wing. In addition, food, clothing, trucks, jeeps, and all other necessary supplies for General Stilwell's forces in China and for the 14th Air Force have been flown over this route - the most dangerous single stretch of air lane in the entire world."

By order of Colonel HARDIN:

RICHARD E. FELL,
Lt. Col., Air Corps,
Executive.

HEADQUARTERS
AREA NINE, STATION SIX
INDIA CHINA WING, AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

16 February 1944 •

MEMORANDUM:

TO : Enlisted Personnel on duty at Polo Grounds

It has been decided that one Enlisted Man will receive the decoration from General Hoag as symbolic of each area.

In order that each may have a chance to vote for the man of his choice, ballots have been prepared and are available in the Orderly Room. Voting will close this evening at 1730 hours.

For the Area Executive:

(Signed) Charles H. McCanta
CHARLES H. MC CANTA
WO (jg), U.S.A.
Adjutant

HEADQUARTERS
AREA NINE, STATION SIX
INDIA CHINA WING, AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

16 February 1944

MEMORANDUM:

TO : All Personnel

A Formation of all personnel will be held tomorrow, Thursday at 0830 hours on the Baseball Diamond, to receive awards from General HOAG.

Uniform will be: cottons, flight cap, ties, with gas masks and helmets attached and arms.

Many dignitaries will be present and it is a great opportunity for us to display our alertness and neatness. Full cooperation from each individual is necessary to achieve this objective.

For the Area Executive:

(Signed) Charles H. McCanta
CHARLES H. MC CANTA
WO (jg) U.S.A.
Adjutant

HEADQUARTERS-INDIA CHINA WING
AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
STATION # 1

APO #885, c/o PM,
New York, N.Y.,
17 March, 1944

ICW-ATC
REGULATION)
NO. 35-40a)

DECORATIONS AND AWARDS
BATTLE PARTICIPATION AWARDS

1. Pursuant to Letter, Forward Echelon, U. S. Army Forces, China-Burma-India, dated 22 February, 1944, all personnel covered by the Citation of the ICWATC in War Department General Orders No. 10, 29 January, 1944, are entitled to wear the bronze star on the Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon to denote participation in the India-Burma Campaign as listed in War Department General Orders No. 75, 29 October, 1943. Eligibility to wear the distinguished Unit Badge is covered in Memorandum 35-42, Headquarters, ICWATC, dated 14 February, 1944.)

2. Individuals entitled to wear the Distinguished Unit Badge temporarily, may wear the bronze star on the Theater Ribbon only so long as they may wear the Distinguished Unit Badge.

3. Clarification is being sought on the question of eligibility to wear the bronze star established other than under the circumstances referred to in the preceding paragraphs and information on this matter will be disseminated at a later date.

4. Authority to wear the bronze star will be noted in Service Records (WD AGO Form No. 24) of Enlisted Men and on Officers and Warrant Officers Qualification Cards (WD AGO Form 66-1 and 66-2). However, until further notice, such notation will be made only with respect to the records of personnel authorized to wear the star permanently by virtue of being authorized to wear the Distinguished Unit Badge permanently. The notation will be in the following form:

"Authorized Bronze Star on AP Theater Ribbon (India-Burma Campaign) permanently per Ltr, Forward Echelon, USAF, CBI, 22 Feb 44."

5. This Headquarters is arranging for procurement of a supply of bronze stars.

By command of Brigadier General HOAG:

OFFICIAL:

/s/ J. L. Toohey
/t/ J. L. TOOHEY,
Colonel, AGD,
Adjutant General.

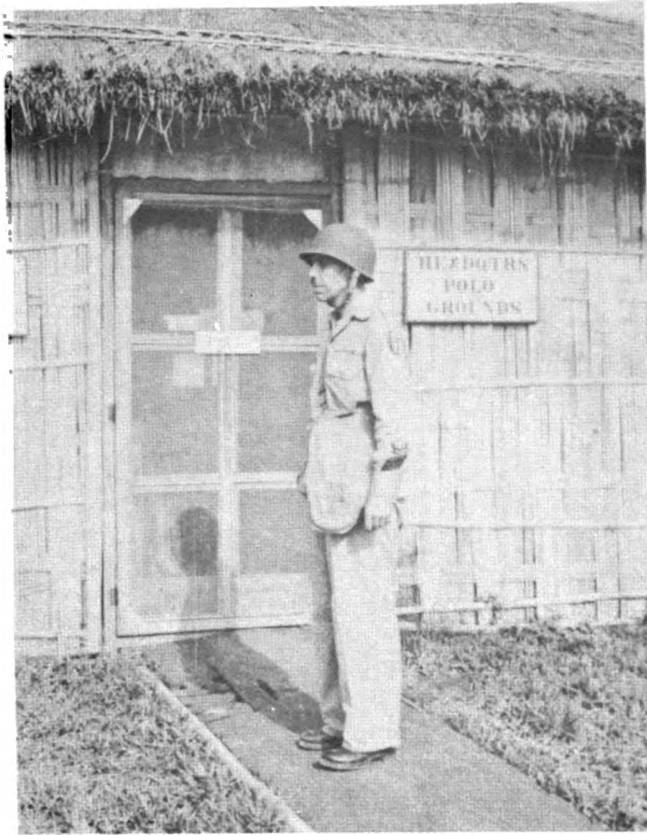
J. L. TOOHEY,
Colonel, AGD,
Adjutant General.

A CERTIFIED TRUE COPY:

(Signed) G. MENZIES RODGER,
Captain, Air Corps.

**THE UNIT CITATION PRESENTED BY GENERAL HOAG.
ASSISTED BY GENERAL CLAIR CHENAULT.**

How the Old Sarge Looked before the Ceremony.

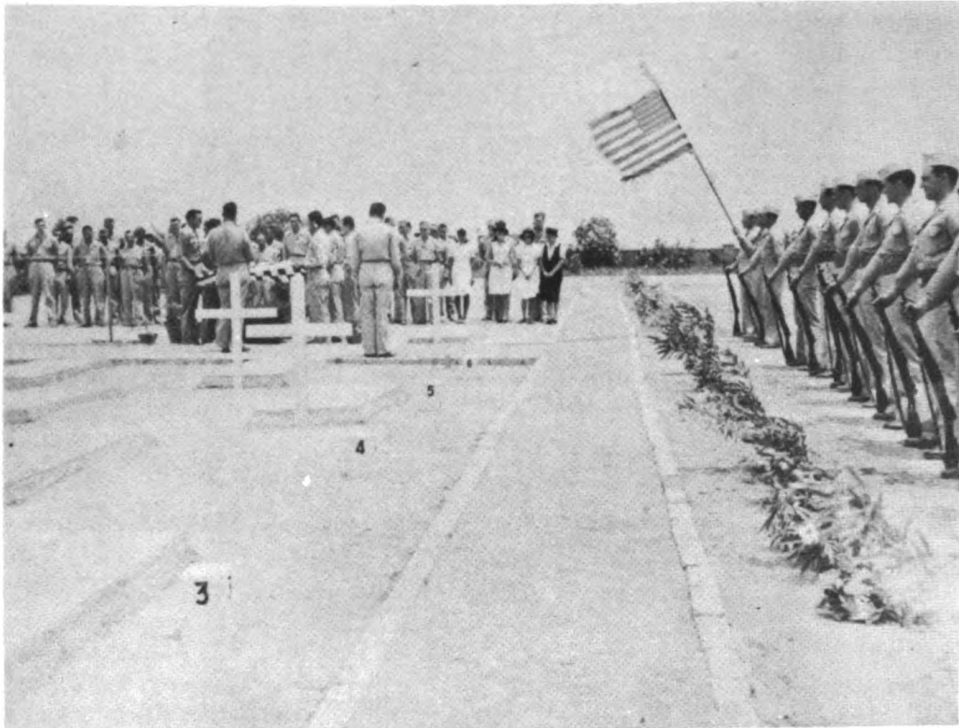


**General Hoag making the presentation, General Clair
Chenault looking right pretty????**



FUNERAL IN DEAR OLD INDIA.

The U.S. Cemetary at Malir, Karachi India,
These were my boys, but they didnt know
I knew so much so I didnt command
First Volly fine-the next two just went CLICK.



INSTEAD OF PATTING THE FACE WITH A SHOVEL LIKE WE DO HERE--THE DEARLY DEPARTED IS EITHER HUNG UP-VULTURES--OR IF WEALTHY BURNED WITH A WOOD FIRE IF POOR THE HOLY COWS ASSIST IN THE FUEL. THE BEST MORTICIANS IN THIS ENLIGHTENED COUNTRY MERELY LAY ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE. ANY WAY YOU TAKE IT I MAINTAIN THE ODOR WAS THE SAME.



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HEADQUARTERS—INDIA CHINA WING
AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
STATION # 1

X/rwh

201.22

APO 885,
4 March, 1944.

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : Commanding Officers, All Stations, India China Wing, Air
Transport Command.

1. In a recent conversation with the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, I found them fully aware of the many difficulties which must be surmounted daily to transport the increasing volume of tonnage to our Chinese allies.

2. Both the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang asked me to convey to every member of this command their personal thanks and the grateful appreciation of the people of China for supplying them with the vital means of their resistance to the Jap invader.

3. The eyes of the entire world are on us. Let us, everyone, try to do our daily tasks better and more efficiently with all available facilities.

EARL S. HOAG,
Brigadier General, U. S. Army,
Commanding.

A TRUE COPY:

(Signed) G. Menzies Rodger
G. MENZIES RODGER
Captain, Air Corps
Ass't Area Executive

HEADQUARTERS
STATION NUMBER SIX
INDIA CHINA WING AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

APO #629
30 March 1944

MEMORANDUM)

TO : Area Executives, Department Heads and Organizational
Commanders, Station Six

1. In order to make all concerned fully conversant with the present situation south of Jorhat, the following facts should be brought to the attention of all personnel, Station Six.

a. The main enemy force is being held by large Allied forces and no break through is anticipated.

b. It is possible that small enemy patrols, intent on sabotage, might work their way through the hills and reach any of the Assam installations. Such forces would most likely direct their energies toward rail lines, communication centers, fuel dumps etc.

2. In view of the foregoing, it is desired to again bring to your attention the necessity for each and every person to be alert and prepared to resist such an attack. Everyone must familiarize themselves with their part in the ground defense plan and have arms, ammunition, gas mask and helmet available at all times.

JAMES E LAUBAUGH
Major, Air Corps
Commanding

The Charles Michael McCanta Story.

We chaps that lived together made up a small donation and bought a pretty baby's ring for McCanta's new son; we gave it - that is I gave it to Mac one evening. I had written this letter and in due time we received a reply from McCanta's wife. It made us feel good, and I am sure that Mac should have had some unpleasant hours afterwards when, as I understand, he went to Headquarters near Calcutta; one of many Warrant officers, and one that was unhappy in knowing he had hurt needlessly his old friends. So to those that read this tear-jerker, remember, never get too big for a small pair of pants - you will find like so many do, that your rear will show if you try to hide your false front.

23 January 1944

Dear Charles Michael:
c/o W. O. Charles H. McCanta

You are growing and some of these days your daddy will be with you. Then you show him this ring that five men gave you and your daddy will turn up his pug nose and stick out that square jaw and Irish eyes will take on a faraway look.

"Son", he will say, "There were six of us in a barrack and spent several wonderful months together. From these five fellows I learned much; I learned what makes this country of ours the greatest in the world, because it taught me tolerance, respect, and love of my fellow Americans. It made me see that there is room for all of us that love our country to live there.

"We may come from Texas, Ohio, Montana or California, we may be Catholics, or Protestants; Republicans or Democrats, but whatever we may think, or say, or do, we are first Americans.

"Those men taught me that we must never again place our beloved country in a Nutcracker. We must never sell it short."

Then your dad will tell you of the early mornings he went to early chow with the Old First Sgt., or he will tell you about No Malum Arbour, that brought your mama's letters to your dad. And then he will tell you about Green, how hard he used to work doing your dad's job of keeping the Morning Report. Maybe he will tell you about the Texan, Meador, and how he hated his wife's cat and his brother-in-law; or Schneider, who would throw his arms in the air and let his Lionel mane go into wild abandon. But, whatever his stories about those five men, there will be a thoughtful chokey feeling and a lump will come in his throat, for it is from those and many more like them your daddy learned that something that comes only to fighting men, a love that transcends all things.

So, little Charles Michael, these five men are handing the ball to you to carry it around right end, in this victory of life. May you emulate your

dad, but do a better job. See to it, Charles Michael, that never again sorrow, death and horror come to this nation of ours. To you and to your many brothers and sisters in America, we five men hand you that torch of freedom. Wave it on high proudly, happily and with that thought our Dear Master taught all creeds alike: "Love Thy Neighbor" and to add to that, be tolerant, brave, and cherish these memories of the many that have made it possible that your mama can one day have this daddy at home with you.

Affectionately yours,

Arthur K. Serumgard
Woodland Meador
Harry D. Schneider
Francis Green
James W. Arbour

* * * * *

Dear Boys:

Thanks a lot for the swell ring. I'm pretty proud to think that I have such an unusual gift from some of my dad's War Buddies. You can bet your last dime that as soon as my mom lets me wear it, I'll send some little Lord Fauntleroy home with a beautiful shiner - thanks to a bunch of swell fellows in India.

I'm getting to be quite a kid now - especially with the ladies. My mother says I take after my dad. I'm 25 inches tall and weigh 13 pounds; can almost sit up by myself and sure can scare my mom when Mr. Irish gets up.

The best of luck to you all, and many thanks.

Sincerely,

Charles "Mike" McCanta

P E R M A N E N T B U L L E T I N

JEWISH PASSOVER SEDER SERVICE

A Passover Seder will be held at the Polo Grounds Mess Hall (Station #6 Area #9, APO 629, on Friday, April 7, 1944, at 7:30 P.M.

In order to make the necessary preparations in time, reservations for the Seder must be made to Chaplain Sands NOT LATER THAN MARCH 25TH. Indicate your intentions to attend by writing a note immediately to:

CHAPLAIN MELVIN S. SANDS
Station #6, Area 9, ICW ATC
APO 629.

and state the following: 1) "I wish to attend the Seder at the Polo Grounds".

2) Name
Rank
Organization
Serial No.
APO #

Please make your reservations now!

(Sabbath Eve Services are held every Friday at the Bamboo Music Hall, Polo Grounds at 7:30 P.M.

Chaplain Melvin S. Sands

Distribution: All Bulletin Boards (Mess Halls, Day Rooms etc.)

W H A T ?

C H O I R R E H E A R S A L

at the

A T C B A S E C H A P E L

on

T H U R S D A Y E V E N I N G

at

8 O ' C L O C K

Please make an effort to be here for this rehearsal-
there are only five rehearsals left before Easter Sunday.

Choir Music from 8 to 9.....

then....

I C E C R E A M !!

(Very special - the "Sand Desert Special" - 99 and 99/100 %
pure - sand!)

and then: some Glee Club numbers (NEW), not
sacred.

(Dress: informal)

Chaplain Patterson
and
S/Sgt. McCaughey

Barracks A-12 rooms 34 beds. Transient.

Barracks B.

Room 1	2 Beds	Transient	Room 6	3 Beds
Rooms 2	3 Beds		Room 7	3 Beds
Rooms 3	3 Beds	Col Pen	Room 8	Major Campbell 1 bed.
Room 4	3 Beds		Room 9	2 Beds Transient.
Room 5	3 Beds		Room 10)	Col. Bakers Apartment.
		Room 11)		

Barracks C.

Room 1	2 Beds	Transient
Room 2	2 Beds	Mr. McCanta Warrant Officer has one of them.
Room 3	1 Bed	Capt. McGowan
Room 4	2 Beds	Lt. Clellen (Officers Sales Store) Capt. Lawrence Medical Officer assigned to Sta. 6 with duty at Polo Grounds
Room 5	2 Beds	Lt. Skane Special Service and Mail Lt. Hanson Station 6 Mess Officer and TD to Polo Grounds as Mess officer.
Room 6	2 Beds	Capt. Bradshaw Supply officer Capt. Burgoyne Station 6 Medical Officer
Room 7	3	Transient Beds.
Room 8	3	
Room 9	3	
Room 10	3	
Room 11	2	

Barracks D.

Room 1	2 Beds	Capt. Osborne 14th C.A.C.W. Lt. Todd C.A.C.W.
Room 2	2 Beds	Lt. Johnson Fire Ball Capt. Woodruff Fire Ball.
Room 3	3 Beds)
Room 4	3 Beds)
Room 5	2 Beds) Tec Rep.
Room 6	4 Beds)
Room 7	2 Beds)
Room 8	2 Beds	(Major Barnett soon to leave PX Officer.)
Room 9)	
Room 10)	Red Cross Women usually four.
Room 11)	

Lt. Hanson has gutted the Mess taking out 9 men and sending in replacements 3 FO. We serve 24 hours per day with 14 cooks and 4 bakers, 1 mess Sgt., the former Mess Sgt. and DRO come back to see that Col. Baker has super serving etc. Lt. Hanson's main duties are with Station 6 and uses this station to be with the visiting officers of rank. We feed many officers from 3rd officers area - about 30 each meal.

Capt. McGowan has not backed up his men and we are fast being filled up with FO that were sent out of this station. He has never helped to get them taken care of or replacements for the ones that were taken by Station 6.

BARBER ONLY PFC WITH 14-MAN SALUTE

Mike Runs Latrine Rumor Clearing House

UPPER ASSAM BASE--Pfc. Michael Maroscia, of Cicero, Ill. known to the boys as Mike of Assam, runs a G.I. barber shop in this primitive jungle land, with his tonsorial den serving as a clearing house for latrine rumors and neighborhood gossip.

The boys straggle in, clad in dusty flying togs or dirty fatigues. They usually order the works: shave, haircut, massage and shampoo. It looks like a big night. Two hours later they reappear clad in clean khaki, Theater ribbons and polished shoes. They're back for the nightly bull session.

Assam Mike is the character who presides over the sessions. He boasts, "I'm the only private first class in the Army who rates a 14-man salute." He has 14 Indian barbers and before they "bas" at night, they high-ball him and say, "Salaam, sahib."

"We got plenty of big shots going through here", says Mike. "See that chair? Joe E. Brown got his best shave and haircut there. Gen. Stilwell inspected the shop, too. Lots of brass,

all kinds, comes here, just before going over The Hump. They all tell me what a swell shop I have and toss me lots of compliments. But, look, I'm still only a private first class."

Mike gets plenty of beefs from G.I.'s because of his price of one rupee for a haircut and eight annas for a shave. He blames it all on transportation. His barbers all come from outlying villages, and, taking pride in their work, charge what he calls "Assam Union rates."

Every night he throws a G.I. party for his 14 subjects. They scrub everything, even if it's clean. Then the barber king stands back and crows, "Watch this." Comes the 14-man salute.

As they leave, Mike of Assam grins, "Funny, isn't it? I worked for a living, and then I came into the Army and now Uncle Sam has made me an employer."

GOOD GODDARD

Up and down the Ledo Road,
Everything is humming.
Heard the latest rumor men?
Paulette Goddard's coming!
Careful, lucky Air Corps wolf,
As you fly our gal up.
We are desperate for dames
To zoom our low morale up.

Tall and slim upon the screen
She holds our rapt attention.
But now in person we shall see
Paulette's THIRD dimension.
Jungle life is growing stale,
We're tired of meditating.
Ripe for glamour and for fun:
Goddard, we are waiting!

Sgt. SMITH DAWLESS.

STATION SIX - AREA NINE
INDIA CHINA WING - AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
APO 629

7 April, 1944.

SUBJECT: Address

MEMORANDUM:

Lt. Col. Eagen, Air Transport Command Special Service Officer, will give a short talk and show a film containing a name band, sports highlights of 1943 and many of the best fights of the past twenty years, at the Polo Grounds Outdoor Theatre at 1945 hours, 7 April 1944.

Lt. Col. Eagen is a former Olympic Games, AEF, British & American Amateur middleweight & light heavyweight champion as well as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford so don't miss the performance. It will be very interesting and entertaining.

ANTHONY C. MC GOWAN,
CAPTAIN, AIR CORPS.
AREA EXECUTIVE.

SPECIAL COURT-MARTIAL ORDER)

NUMBER

11

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)

HEADQUARTERS, STATION SIX
INDIA CHINA WING, ATC
APO 629, % Postmaster
New York City, New York
19 April, 1944

1. This order corrects Special Court-Martial Order #3, this Headquarters, dated 15 March, 1944.

2. Before a Special Court-Martial which convened at APO 629, New York, N.Y., pursuant to paragraph 1, Special Order No. 7, Headquarters, Station Six, ICWATC, dated 22 January, 1944, was arraigned and tried:

Private MALCOLM M. JEFFERSON, 13017150, Station Six, ICWATC, APO 629, New York, N. Y.

CHARGE I: Violation of the 96th Article of War.

SPECIFICATION I: In that Private Malcolm M. Jefferson, Station Six, ICWATC, having received a lawful order from Captain Kenneth A. Owens to report for work, the said Captain Owens being in the execution of his office, did, at Chabua, India, on or about 16 February, 1944, fail to obey the same.

SPECIFICATION 2: In that Private Malcolm M. Jefferson, having received a lawful order from Captain Kenneth A. Owens to typewrite reports, did, at Chabua, India, on or about 16 February, 1944, fail to obey the same.

PLEAS

To the Charge:	"GUILTY"
To Specification 1 of the Charge:	"GUILTY"
To Specification 2 of the Charge:	"NOT GUILTY"

FINDINGS

Of the Charge:	"GUILTY"
Of Specification 1 of the Charge:	"GUILTY"
Of Specification 2 of the Charge:	"NOT GUILTY"

SENTENCE

To forfeit twenty five dollars (\$25.00) of his pay per month for a period of one month and to be restricted to the limits of his quarters from 1800 hours in the evening until 0600 hours the next morning for a period of one (1) month. (One previous conviction considered)

The sentence was adjudged on 11 March, 1944.

The findings and sentence are disapproved because the accuser was the same person who appointed the court which is contrary to the 9th Article of War. All privileges and rights of which the accused has been deprived by virtue of the sentence are hereby restored.

By order of Colonel BAKER:

OFFICIAL:

FRED W. KEITH, JR
Captain, Air Corps
Adjutant

FRED W. KEITH, JR
Captain, Air Corps
Adjutant

HEADQUARTERS
STATION NUMBER SIX
INDIA CHINA WING AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

RHB/ej

APO 629.
22 April, 1944.

SUBJECT: Conduct of U.S. Soldiers.

TO : Commanding Officer, Officers Area
Commanding Officer, Area Six
Commanding Officer, Area Nine
Commanding Officer, Area Thirteen

1. For your information and attention below is quote from a letter received this date from Headquarters Eastern Sector.

"IT HAS COME TO THE ATTENTION OF THIS HEADQUARTERS THAT
MILITARY PERSONNEL ARE BRINGING WOMEN INTO THE AREA FOR
IMMORAL PURPOSES WHICH IS CONTRARY TO MILITARY LAW.

ALL U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL ARE ADVISED THAT SUCH CON-
DUCT IS PUNISHABLE UNDER EITHER AW 96 OR AW 95.

ANY VIOLATIONS OF THIS TYPE WILL BE EXPEDITIOUSLY TRIED.

COMMANDING OFFICERS WILL WARN ALL PERSONNEL IMMEDIATELY
THAT SUCH CONDUCT IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED."

2. You are directed to take necessary action to see that the
above is strictly complied with. Appropriate disciplinary action will
be taken against any personnel violating above directive.

/s/ Robert H. Baker
/t/ ROBERT H. BAKER
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

AREA NINE
STATION NUMBER SIX
INDIA CHINA WING AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

AKS/mmj

A. P. O. #629
5 May 1944

MEMORANDUM:

TO : All Concerned.

Any Enlisted Man assigned to the 9th Area who wears 13 Triple "A" Shoes, report to the Orderly Room.

By Order of the Area Executive:

(Signed) A. K. Serumgard
A. K. SERUMGARD
First Sergeant.

MSG CN NR 0303X

TO : COMMANDING OFFICER, A T C, STATION SIX

FROM : DEPUTY WING COMMANDER, A T C, STATION TWO

ENTIRE CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL STATIONS AND PERSONNEL UPON THE OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENTS DURING THE PAST MONTH (BAKER INFO HARGIN SGD CLARK) BY YOUR EFFORT EASTERN SECTOR EXCEEDED THE HUMP TONNAGE ALLOCATION BY 10.76% RPT 1076% BY CARRYING EASTBOUND RPT EASTBOUND 11624.51 TONS RPT 11624.51 WHILE THE QUOTA WAS 10495 TONS. THIS SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT IS FURTHER COMMENDABLE CONSIDERING THAT ONLY 1 RPT 1 AIRCRAFT WAS LOST ON THE HUMP PLUS THE FACT THAT THE ABOVE RECORDS WERE ESTABLISHED IN ADDITION TO EASTERN SECTOR SUCESSFULLY AND ON SCHEDULE COMPLETING 3 RPT 3 OF THE MOST IMPORTANT AND URGENT SPECIAL MISSIONS EVER ASSIGNED TO US BY THE THEATRE COMMANDER. THESE MISSIONS INCIDENTLY MEANT AS ADDITIONAL RPT ADDITIONAL TONNAGE CARRIED OF APPROXIMATELY 4500 TONS RPT 4500 TONS NOT RPT NOT INCLUDED IN ANY OF THE ABOVE FIGURES. MORE BOUQUETS GENTLEMEN FOR NONE OF THE ABOVE FIGURES INCLUDE NORMAL TRAFFIC TONNAGE MOVED FROM CHINA WESTBOUND AND THE ABOVE MENTIONED LOSS OF AIRCRAFT OCCURED AFTER OUR QUOTA WAS REACHED. AGAIN OUR SINCEREST THANKS AND CONGRATULATIONS FOR YOU RPT YOU ARE THE ONES THAT DID THE WORK HOWEVER RPT HOWEVER UNDER NO RPT NO CIRCUMSTANCES CAN ANY RPT ANY OF US ALLOW EVEN THE SLIGHTEST LOWERING OF SAFETY STANDARDS. SAFETY OF LIVES RPT LIVES AND EQUIPMENT WAS OUR GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT LAST MONTH AND IT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY AS WELL AS OUR DUTY TO KEEP SAFETY AS OUR FOREMOST GOAL DURING THE COMING MONTHS. WITH INCREASED TONNAGE QUOTAS MORE ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS WITH PROTRACTED INSTRUMENT FLIGHT AND EVEN HIGHER DEGREE OF CAUTION AND EFFICIENCY OF OPERATION MUST BE MAINTAINED. YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED THAT IT CAN BE DONE SO LETS THROW INTO HIGH BLOWER AND GET GOING.OVER

R NR 1 MAY 3/ 0317 RTB AR K

COPY TO COLONEL BAKER

In Person
NOEL
COWARD

Friday

June 23-7:30 P.M.

Boxing Arena

Movie will follow in Music Hall

"Lifeboat"

SPECIAL
SERVICE

1 3 3 3

PASSING REVIEW

PASS IN REVIEW

In October 1918, an officer of the AEF was awarded the Silver Star to the Victory Medal by General John J. Pershing for gallantry in action. Today, exactly twenty six years later, that same person can be found at the 9th Area (Polo Grounds) as acting 1st Sergeant of that organization. He is the 50 year old S/Sgt. Arthur K. Serungard of Helena, Montana--the Soldier of the week to PASS IN REVIEW.

Of the seven medals displayed on his chest, five were earned during the 1st World War when he was a Second Lieutenant with the 16th Infantry, fighting at St. Mihiel and at Muese-Argonne. He was cited again and again for bravery and was finally wounded in action to receive the Purple Heart.

Two years ago, he tried desperately to reenlist in order to get his fingers in this war also. He was finally accepted in spite of his age, when he recruited thirty nine others to fill the quota for his district. When asked why, Sgt. Serungard replies: "Someone from my family had to be in this one and my two sons are much too young." He also has two daughters, the oldest to be graduated from High School this year. But he will not be home for this occasion. However, his second daughter graduates next year and he hopes to be home by then. He has been in the CBI Theater sixteen months.

His is the spirit of the true patriot. His love for America and his hatred for that which stands against it is synonymous. He has answered America's call twice in his generation with the hope that there will be no need for it in generations to come.

CHRISTMAS CAROL CONCERT

Sunday Evening, December 24, 1944

PROGRAMME

"GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN"

" O HOLY NIGHT"

"BALLAD FOR AMERICANS"

MEDLEY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS

CAROL SINGING BY ENTIRE ASSEMBLY

Air Base Glee Club

Frank Young: Director

Charles Owen
Gordon Lentz
Vivian Dobie
Coston Folmar
Jim Cook
Walter Brash
Leroy Craven
Ed Kennedy
John Gallen
John McManama

Paul Chenoweth
Al Weinstien
William Riggs
Chester Nodine
Robert Reynolds
Lloyd Sathre
Byron Steen
Clarence King
Warren Hopkins
Joe Knight

Joseph Nichols
Ralph Iverson
Richard McCaughey
Arthur Serumgard
Arthur Schulte
Tom Fletcher
Mel Kessinger
Clinton Doriss
Walter Gieselmann
Ralph Bronstein

A Christmas Meditation

Our Father and our God, Father of our Saviour, Let us not forget that it was light from a Star which spoke to the Wise Men of old about THY GREAT GIFT to us, bringing Light to dispel darkness. Drive back the gray shadows which the years have cast over us, and let us see Thy guiding Star and hear music not of this earth. Let not our souls be busy inns that have no room for Thee and Thine, but make them homes of prayer and praise, ready for Thy Welcoming. 'Make us to know that near us, even here in India, is Christ the Saviour, Whom seeking with joy we shall find. Amen.

CHAPLAIN WILLIAMS.

NEW BASE CHAPEL
(Across from the Beacon Club)
1306 AAF Base Unit - APO 882 c/o PM, New York City

CATHOLIC PROGRAM - CHRISTMAS-1944
MIDNIGHT MASS

Confessions heard from 11 to 12 o'clock - Christmas Carols 11:30 P. M.

O Come All Ye Faithfull.....Traditional
 Silent Night, Holy Night.....Franz Gruber
 Hark, The Herald Angels Sing.....Mendelssohn
 Angels We Have Heard On High.....Old French Melody
 O Holy Night.....Adam
 Solo by Sgt. E. Melvin Kessinger
 Adeste Fideles.....Latin Hymn.....XVIIth Century

HIGH MASS - MIDNIGHT

Kyrie	Mass of the Angels	Gregorian
Gloria	Mass of the Angels	Gregorian
Orations	Christmas Mass	Roman Missal
Epistle and Gospel		Roman Missal
Christmas Sermon		
Credo III	Gregorian	17th Century
Panis Angelicus	Offertory Motet	Lambillotte
	Solo by Lt. Mary E. Collins	
Sanctus	Mass of the Angels	Gregorian
Consecration		
Benedictus	Mass of the Angels	Gregorian
Agnus Dei	Mass of the Angels	Gregorian
Ite Missa Est		Roman Missal

* * *

Adeste Fideles	Recessional	Latin Hymn
Organ Postlude	ORGANIST - - Sgt. R. McCaughey	

PROTESTANT PROGRAM - CHRISTMAS DAY - 9:00 A.M.

Prelude	Organ
Call to Worship	
Hymn - Joy To The World	No. 52.
Invocation	
Responsive Reading	No. 39.
Gloria Patri	
Anthem - by the Choir	
Scripture Lesson - Matthew 2: 1-11	
Prayer	
Vocal Solo	
Christmas Message	
Hymn - Silent Night, Holy Night	No. 56.

GENERAL PROTESTANT COMMUNION SERVICE

Benediction
 Postlude - Organ

CHAPTER X

There were five of us that lived together in the 1st Sergeant's quarters. We lived in barracks #1, and this was a well constructed building for Assam. We also had showers at the end of the building; the thatch of the roof was fairly new. It was stuffy most of the time but a right reverend when winter came. On our cement floor we had oriental rugs to sit the purse. All in all, Green, Schnieder, Arbour, Meador and McCanta, as well as the Old Sarge were pretty well off for India. We used to have Jimmie's bearer bring in boiling hot water and fix baths for us. This was the only real hot water in camp except, of course, the officer's.

Most stories of W.W.II have a comedy team of the goop from Kansas, the Hebe from Brooklyn, the heel from California and the bore from Texas, who was always shooting up colored boys and raping their sisters. Generally these stories tell of the sadistic 1st Sarge that was hated and feared by his men, and the moronic General; never a Lieutenant or Major or Captain or even a W/O.

The rest of the barracks contained the cooks - and other persommel, but when we first were there before the officers moved us around, under the good old days of Col. Renshaw and Col. Townsend, we five were pretty thick. You will note that one evening we sent McCanta's newly arrived son a ring and I wrote a little letter to the little boy. Schnieder was from Calif. - a tall good looking boy with a nervous habit of plucking his eyebrows and putting whatever he had in his teeth; McCanta was a short, red-faced Irishman and I believe the only Catholic in the crowd. He was from Seattle, Wash., lots of fun and was with Meador and several more in a shipment. I shanghied them into the Polo Grounds. Green was from some middle-western state, a quiet lad and a good clerk; he soon was transferred to headquarters. I never knew him too well. Jimmy Arbour was in Assam before we got there - a swell youngster from Akron, Ohio; small and dark; he and a chap named Cpl. Kidd got themselves in a deal over a lot of whiskey with the pilot I arrived with at Chabua.

It seems that an officer wanted some of the Stateside liquor; the boys wanted to hold it until Christmas. Officer squealed to the Brass and they in turn really poured it on the two boys. However, I beefed so loud and long (Gee, the big boys didn't like me 'cause I would always wind up and say "I will write B. K. Wheeler") the whiskey was returned to the boys and we enjoyed some of it in place of the Dikkom Death and Bull Fighter that was used in Assam. My favorite of the gang, of course, was Woodland Meador, from eastern Texas, he was a bit older than the rest - a business man, worked for Sears. He and I used to have long talks together, and to me was one of the finest men that I met. However, we all were very close and for 18 months spent many hours of boredom together.

There are two outstanding things about the gang. When I got so sick and could hardly pull the grade - often at night I was out of my bean; I refused to go to the hospital, but these kids rigged me and with Captain Ferfer I was on my way and for a few days beat my way back to sanity. Bless them. We had a sort of a Christmas tree in our room.

But mainly I was their dad - their counselor and guide. Most of their problems were, believe it or not, WOMEN. McCanta was married to a Polish gal. Woody's wife was a niece of a big shot politician. Arbour was not married as yet but was hoping that his would stay put until he did get back - which she did. They have a swell youngster. Schnieder was just a kid and so was Green and their problems were, of course, easy to solve. Green and McCanta were ambitious and because of that became very much disliked by their old pals. But enough of the gloom. Charcoal for the brazier sold for about 5 rupees per sack. I kept the tub under a large packing box that served as book case and a place for our toilet articles.

As I said, the nightly talks were something to remember - we discussed mainly women - being an old head I thought of several fast ones. I remember one evening McCanta, Woody, Schnieder, Arbour, and one of the boys that sang in St. Louis under the stage name of George Winston was there. As per usual Serungard held forth and fifth.

"You guys want to know what the definition of Love is - 'Love, my young men, is the biological urge, when once consummated becomes a pernicious habit', MARRIAGE" When the God Mars becomes a cupid, strange phenomenon develop, soon ma, and even grandma, find out that age is no bar - a hair-do, a bit of silk and a little brass and they can compete with daughter and grand-daughter for the honor of the service. With their superior knowledge they soon have daughter screaming; however, dad and grandpa not being able to wear a uniform, are soon relegated to pushing great-grandma to the movies and they can hope for the best when the boys come home.

"The young miss that insists on the Bell and the Book soon finds that she is left out of things - her biological insistence calls for the other sex, and soon she finds that an Overseas Hero is never so good as the Drug Store Commando - and besides she is helping to save the Democrats by going to the USO dances; even V12's get in their innings and soon the absent hero's virility is forgotten by the new experience, and the poor goop that is enjoying malaria in the jungles soon gets a "Dear John" or maybe worse yet, a baby letter from the little woman and the baby has arrived, a bouncing boy, two years premature. He begins to wonder who was cooking with his gas stove."

I told them about a kind I ran into in Oakland - a G.I. home boy - had been stepping out with a hero of the good ship San Francisco. His shipmate was in port - what should he do? I gave him this advice - "You never go wrong in going to church; sit up in the front pew. In less time than it takes to tell Mother, will pick you up and take you home for a feed. A daughter - good looking or even with specs - anything is better than no feed, and remember this, that nice girls like it the same as naughty girls and mother and dad will always let you have the car and pay for the gas. But, should you not be very fast on the draw, and when parking in a quiet moonlight spot and don't know what to do with what you've got; or maybe you still can see her

face - you can always walk home, and besides you have had a good feed. Remember, you can always use that old bromide - that you are merely substituting for the boy in the jungles. However, just let the God of Mars help you and if he can't, the nice girl will teach you much more than the naughty one."

So it went on for several hours. I noticed George was getting a bit restless - since he had a pass from his base - we invited him to stay all night. "Sarge, will you let me use your typewriter tomorrow - I want to tell my little woman off, and how." "George," says the Old Sarge, "you do that little thing - you call her but good; after you write your letter you tear it up - then you write her a sappy love letter and send a bit - I will pick something up in Dibrugarh for you. Say does she have a girl friend that she runs with, but would like to scratch her eyes out - just write a nice letter to her she will answer and you can keep track of the little woman."

George's trouble was this. Being a professional singer, he was fast getting away from his contacts; his wife was a business woman making more money on her job than George ever did singing in a night club. They had a little girl and George was crazy about her, in fact, it was a sort of a problem; wife stepped out with Major this and that - merely good friends, business deals, etc. - they went to the swank night spots and George was fit to be tied. He didn't want a "Dear John" letter like John Newman, the Grand Opera boy we had, got. However, we didn't like the Nightingale either, so when his wife, that our Grand Opera friend use to bore us to tears about, sent the "Dear John", we breathed a sigh of relief, only to be bored some more 'cause handsome Harry used to carry the Red Cross gals books home from school, singing LaTraviata or some other trashy Grand Opera.

We felt sorry for George, and sure enough, he worked on his masterpiece to the little woman; he also destroyed it and wrote the letter I suggested and then a letter to his mama's girl friend. I didn't see George for several weeks. One day he made a special trip and a smile broke over his face, "She loves me, Sarge - she loves me - God, I am glad I listened to your advice." Far be it from me to take credit for being the wise man; however, George is merely one of many boys and men that got the "Dear Johns." I know quite a bit about them and a check-up since I returned home has proven what I wrote above - war makes strange things - we have lost a great deal of the sweetness of married life, but mainly with those that have little children. It is not in keeping to see all of F.D.R.'s sons and daughter kick the traces as they have done, splitting the blankets, as the old Indian used to say.

We all had wonderful times discussing many things. However, we were all agreed on one other subject "THE AMERICAN RED CROSS."

In the first place, many of the girls were nice girls to begin with. They soon got spoiled; think of some of the things that spoiled them. Two boys, one a Radio Man, E.M., the other a Pilot Officer, another a mechanic, ground force man, two men got fabulous pay, the ground force man got what the sparrow fought over. The girls went with the money. Although they were sent over for the E.M., it was the caste that got them in the swell parties, and the E.M. would watch from afar and see things that the girl's mother didn't think little Sally would ever do. Consequently when it got down into

dollars and cents, 30 Rs, and 100 Rs, about 10 dollars per and \$100.00 a night. That didn't help but no E.M. ever got service, and since all requests for emergency leave had to be cleared by the local Red Cross, many a boy never got to attend the last rite of a parent; and should they need financial assistance the charity of the Red Cross knew no bounds. Believe me, they made the youngster pay and pay and pay with interest; ask any man that worked or tried to work with that organization.

The case at point was with me. My wife was ill, she was hospitalized with pneumonia. I was sick, seeing the IG Col. McIntyre - I told him I wasn't trying to stay home but rather, could I get home and return, as we had four small children. The good Col. arranged to have me shipped home to Helena for 10 days - no cost - but I had to get the O.K. from the Helena office of the Red Cross. The lady in charge had worked with Mary, my wife; we had taken all the Red Cross courses. Mary had donated many hours to working in the office. I waited and waited - until one day Mary sent me word that she was out of the hospital and was going to buy a home in Helena.

Mary felt her treatment left something to be desired. She could have died for all that the gallant Red Cross cared. I still think that they are overly-organized, overly-publicized and do not and have never done a job. We knew them during the earthquakes in Helena, but during the war they were worse, because they had the lives of millions of men to do with, and any individual could, because of the laziness of the armed forces, become too important a personage. I give one dollar a year because I am a sucker.

Have you ever tried to eat weevil bread, fried in powdered egg and soaked in Karo? Have you ever gone where the going is tough and drank a mixture of Christmas candy diluted in lukewarm water? Need I say more. I am not here to bitch too much - only once in awhile.

I will turn aside from those kids of 1943, '44, '45. Many made special trips to Helena to meet my wife; Breed, Arnoff, Kamornic, Ivey Iverson and many others. Swell kids, these of the W.W. II. I loved them as my sons and I am sorry that I was handicapped in not doing more for them. However, we did get a chance to get other food. Over India, near American Installations, Chinese restaurants sprung up. We could have salads, pork chops, steaks (Ghandi ruled no cow younger than 14 years of age). Most of them would show their patriotism by calling themselves Cafe of the Allies or Chinese-American. I never ate pork, and thereby hangs a tale.

One time Woody and I were in Dibrugarh. We had visited the streets of the Silver Smith, the street of the Gold Smith, and of the Copper Smiths, and wound up near one of these places. We saw that there was a war on. Several G.I.s were having a wonderful time wrecking the place. We learned that the reason was - The Star Spangled Banner wasn't given the place of honor. The British, Indian and Chinese flags out-rated it, and in their eyes this was terrible. I explained to them why and we soon got the Dikkom Death boys (Gin to you, made in Dikkom) quieted down. We sat down and all had a feed on the

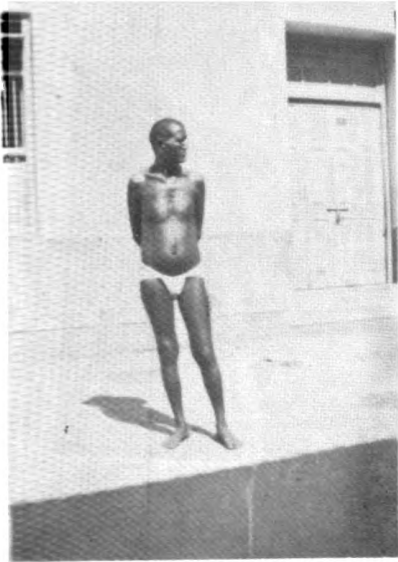
house, because we stopped the war before the M.P.'s arrived. I ate Ghandi steak - chopped up holy cow - the rest of the boys ate pork chops. We all had salad which we couldn't get on the base because the medicos were afraid of us getting the G.I.'s but here we ate with gusto. After we had eaten, I took the boys around and showed the Americans how the Chinese fattened the porkers. This was horrid because the boys all lost their meal - the pig trough was right under the latrine which made a wonderful means of from the consumer to the consumer.

It was funny because the Hindus believe that good Wogs come back to earth and go into better Wogs, but if they aren't so good they go into the animal kingdom and the nearest to being good is to become a Holy Cow. These humped animals walk over everything - I saw them in Calcutta in Government buildings. Their patty cakes were collected by the lady sweepers and mixed with coal dust, were sold on the market for fuel. The cows give little or no milk and are all diseased. However, they won't put to death any animal, even if the cow has a broken leg.

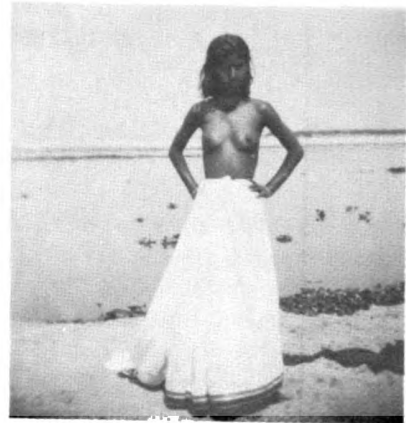
There was quite a demand in the American Camp for fresh meat so the family decides to help the noble allies and, so that Aunt Hazel, that is re-incarnated in the cow Violet, won't get wise and do something to them, they take her down to the Mohammedan butcher - there they make Ben Ali swear by the beard of the prophet that he won't hurt Violet, and they bid her goodbye, telling her that they had to sell her to their good friend Ben Ali - but be not afraid, she would be given a good home, etc., etc., and they sit around while Ben does his stuff and the Americans would have 14-year old fresh meat. Brother, was it ever good???

ONLY IN INDIA COULD YOU EVER SEE THIS.

A real live Yogi. This guy put on his Dhotie but any day you could see him swinging down the road, his gate wide open and said Dhotie used for a head covering. He was a Holy Man and boy was he ever.



Every town had something like this. The more Holy the more of these. The Black Pagoda, Krire Road in Calcutta, Bunday in Karachi Iron Cages in Bombay, if you paid more than a rupee you were playing the Black Market Dirty Maundy of Dibrughar goiter and all was clean as compared with some. But all used loads of Coconut oil and no water---SMELL--- Lord and how. You note the Burma-Putra River.



HOLY Cows walked everywhere and were followed by Gals that caught the Holy Droppings and made Patty Cakes

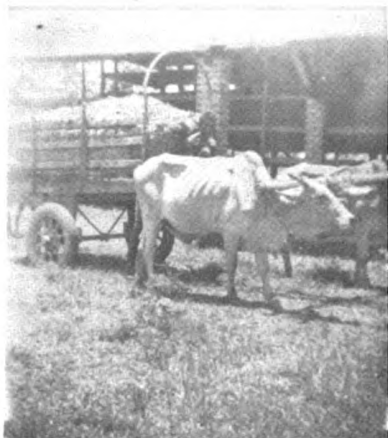


This is the Tajz just as I went over in an 87. No Book on India is complete without a picture. Believe me it stinks even at 5000 feet.



ITS THE TOP YOUNG TENDERLEAVES OF THE TEA PLANT.

The Holy Cows were used
and assisted the two
legged sisters-cause India
believes the when they die
they may become Cows--and
hence wont eat sister.
We did -she was tough.



Tea Pickers marched through
our camp. This was one of the
sights-we would look and look
soon red heads began to march
on Mama's Back-somebody had
been in India Too Long. Cause
it was said that when these
Gals started to whiten up-
the GI was ready and long past
Rotation.



Proof Positive
They Pick the
Top Young
Tender Leaves
Of the Tea Plant.

This was the place they make your
tea. I watched them do it.
I dont drink tea anymore.
Ask me sometime.



CHAPTER XI

This is a sort of a wandering story of the C.B.I. and so I will give the tale of Jeb. Getting back a bit in the run of things we were the last place on the grand trek to China. It was over the Hump from here and so the many pets that G.I.s carry with them had to be abandoned at the Polo Grounds. Dogs of all descriptions - mostly the mangy bush dogs, that were so cute when puppies and got old and sore-infested in the jungle country. Lieutenant Hawks was my worst, for he would run around camp with a 45 and bang! bang! in a true Western spirit of West St. Louis, with little regard for personal feelings - shooting Fido in bashas and tentages, until even Col. Townsend was afraid to come out in the open during daylight.

I was only the Acting 1st Sgt. with no rate but PFC - no talks on my part would still the military on our Adjutant - Lord pity him. I also had a fight. Since we were a housekeeping place the Col. let me pick the men - I always got those to be shanghied in the 70 and 80 G.C.T., but the good Lieut. always picked the 150 and 180 and put them as D.R.O. (Dining Room Orderly) and dishwashers, much to the hurt of the services. I had a bomb sight mechanic as a meat cutter. He would beef to me and threaten to go A.W.O.L. until I beefed to the IG and got this lad over where he could do the world some good. I often wonder what in Hell they taught at Miami Beach to the shoe clerks that became would-be generals - well, that is just a beef.

Lieutenant Hawks used to throw my 70 and 80 G.C.T. in my teeth because I one time befriended a poor lad with a scant 70. I will call him Jeb Stewart, for want of a better name and say that he hailed from the shores of Gitchigumi by the Big Sea Water, which he didn't. He just slipped in from Arkansas, not the fault of that state or any state, but he could do anything - that is, except to pray and slip under his bunk at night; when the mosquito inspector would wring my tail in the A.M. because Jeb was out of bed on the floor and crying in a weeping whine to protect his pa, his ma, his brothers ten, and his kinfolk. He was on the border class, but the good Lieutenant never missed a chance to rib me about him. However, I could always end the arguments on several general courts stemming from misplaced brains and that Miami Beach, "If you can take it you can dish it out." The good Lieutenant used to punch his flying cap to look like he had a set of Inter Com. and when he left camp, always had a pair of silver wings.

Well, I was informed one day that I had two jobs to do. Col. Townsend laid down the law. First; no more 45 and mid-west stuff. Second: I had to figure a way to get rid of Jeb and the pets, monkeys, dogs, snakes, etc., etc. Well, being an Old Sarge, I felt that I had a responsibility about Jeb. So we had a conference and after talking a long time about this and that (I did the this and that) I finally got Jeb to tell me what he liked to do or what he did at home. His great passion was to dig graves. His pappy was a Sexton, and Jeb sure wanted to learn the business. He missed the old time camp meetin'

and he sure would powerful like to go to town, please Mr. 1st Sergeant, Please, Sir.

Then one of those flashes hit me. I had solved all my problems - I went at once to the Col. for orders - since I wasn't allowed to order, I was the whipping boy - age 50 years young. The Col. was enchanted. Often when the transients came into camp they would see a long-gear, long-nosed, stringy - even his hair was stringy - a long rope tied around a mangy dog, and if they would go with this procession to the edge of camp, near the jungles, they would see a line of white crosses and a small graveyard - a newly-made grave - not too large - but large enough. From nowhere comes a carbine rifle - a shot - gently Fido is placed in his final resting place; also from nowhere a Gideon Bible is produced and although Jeb couldn't read very good, a fairly good facsimile of a funeral would be conducted. Quicklime would be placed, that was my orders, and the grave covered; and with a pleased and expectant smile Jeb Stewart would once more hie himself after the never-ending trail of more graves to be filled, as another batch from the states would fly in with their pets.

What we did with the monkeys - well, I will tell you of the Monkey Sahib that the wogs called Lieutenant Bradshaw. Lieutenant Bradshaw was a nice chap, too nice and a pet of Col. Townsend. He was as out of place in this type of thing as a cultured gentleman could be. He had gobs of wogs waiting on him, he also had his own house boy, and believe it or not, he had a monkey. I called him Mr. Stubb's brother, but he was a lusty male and was hell on wheels. Once he hid Lieutenant Hawks' silver bracelet and if it hadn't been for me, one of my youngsters would have been courtmartialed because he was an orderly for the good Lieutenant when the bracelet was stolen. I found the bracelet where I thought it was, and even the Lieutenant insisted he should courtmartial the boy anyway.

We had a large native quarters and we had Hindu-Mohammedans and Christian wogs. The Monkey Sahib had charge of them and was the front between Uncle Sam and the tea planters. I remember once that we had a Mutiny on the Bounty, Uncle Sam's Bounty. It seems that the Indians, no matter what kind of religion, all ate out of the same pot. Rice DHOW (sort of a Saffron stuff) vegetable, oil, and sugar. They had huge kettles on the fire, and tea.

There were no sanitary measures until I came along and what could an old Acting First Sergeant do with Mother India and her customs of doing what a bird isn't supposed to do with her nest - these darn skinny birds wouldn't care where they cut your feet; on every path and into their smelly bamboo bashas. It was the Monkey Sahib's duties, but I was also wished into the situation of clean-up or put-off - and how the G.I.s hoped that I would find a way. The mutiny happened this way: not only did I make them clean up but the supplies came too late one evening, and there was no oil for the rice. The darn Christian natives with malice aforethought, mixed bacon grease with the cooking pots, and did we need the Gurkha Guard to settle the deal! But settled it was and we had a cleaned camp, after the wogs had finished burning their bashas and I moved the next line of bashas a long way and out of sight from inspectors.

Well, about that time these inspectors ruled that no more would any pet

be in any U.S. Installation, so the Monkey Sahib came to the old Sarge. We fixed up a pole near the native quarters away from sight, and there Mr. Stubb's brother sat and scratched fleas. One day a young female came into Mr. Stubb's life. She had come in on a wing and a prayer from somewhere to the East of us. Fanny fell in love with Mr. Stubbs. I have never enjoyed a love scene such as I witnessed; at long last Mr. Stubb's brother could satisfy no more, yet Fanny came back for more and more.

I saw an order from the Rest Camp. Hereafter, it says, no officer or E.M. (always the E.M.) will bring his or her personal servant, and no officer or E.M. will be allowed to bring any pet - and we mean Monkeys---and some G.I. had added to the bulletin board announcement: "Monkey Sahib for the good Lieutenant, decended on Shillon with Mr. Stubb's brother and two personal bearers and a cook, valet, and Babu.

The Story in Lend Lease.

It cost about \$60.00 a thatch, and we thatched our bashas nearly every month, as the grass stayed on, it made a nice manure pile. A basha cost about 900 to 1000 bucks. The termites and ants ate the bamboo on the walls and often these came tumbling down after a hard rain. The water ran in the showers and we had them to replace; however, that was in our activity. The elephant grass grew and grew. I had a job of keeping some two or three hundred wogs busy with their funny machetes, made of iron and as dull as sin, yet these Indians could cut the grass down to the roots and went on to another pile. By the time they went around camp the grass was knee deep to a tall Swede before they got around.

Across the Polo Grounds were two large tea plantations and four times a day, long lines of breast-swinging, black women with babies on 'em - in 'em and beside 'em, would stream by with tea baskets on their heads, each with a black umbrella that they would hold over themselves"as they picked the young tender top leaves of the tea plant" --- UNQUOTE. It was said when these belles began to look white and smell like Cashmere Bouquet, you were in India TOO long. They were graceful and many were not too bad looking as could be seen by brown and blond headed babies. As the beggers would say in Calcutta, "No Papa, No Mama, Poor little bastard."

But my worst trouble was the latrines - Bore Holers. The British used only a third as many per men as we did. They cost over \$600.00 per 6-holer. They would come in the base and with a giant size hole borer like a post hole digger and with some thirty men, start digging. Sometime later they would build a commode to sit over the hole, then a basha with a roof on, and they would in due time be in use. However, we had shipments of thousands of men and soon these 6, 8, and 10 holers would be full to overflowing. They were far from sweet but with the detail of four good workers, 70 - 80 wogs, we

kept them sweet with lime. However, this was not what the British ordered - they let the bugs eat up the filled holes and then they used them over. With the lime nothing like that could happen because we killed the bugs including the flies, and all their relations, that crawled over everything.

I got permission to dig an old fashioned GI of the Mexican Border kind - with a box affair over and about a nice easy 6-holer, but after it was built and I showed the Col. and the Medico how simple it was to work, a British Colonel spoke up: "I say, old thing, that it wouldn't do." Just wasn't cricket and all that stuff, because they, the British, would get Lend Lease for our more sanitary kind. So only one was built and before long we had holers upon holers around camp, and with the fight between sanitation and Godlessness, I battled Inspectors, and British, and the poor G.I. that had to sleep near those stenchies.

How to Handle Inspectors.

This is the subject that is dear to my heart. Or should I say, when or when not to put salt on the meat block and other phony things that inspectors dream up to plague E.M. and the acting 1st Sgt.

Many years ago in Camp Green I used certain tactics that weren't in the AR's but believe me, they worked. When the rugged Lt. Col. and his Man Friday came to inspect the kitchen, the Captain was always one step ahead of them - he turned them all over to me. I would meet them at the head of the company street, and start to beef and beef - then I would escort them to a terrible situation - a real bad one - ask them what could I do. They, poor souls, had come to find something, not much, but something to hang one on the Company Commander, just so that the Army could truly function; were really taken off their guard when I would yipe about this and that--oil, creosote, toilet paper, soap, etc., etc. and show them a latrine that was bad from overcrowding - all these things couldn't be helped but before the kindly - now kindly - inspector got through punching my TS card, he had to leave for chow and would forget me for days on end. This is a secret and I only tell it now because it still worked in 1942-45, and I suppose it will always work when frustrated Brass can't ream some poor soul's ass out for nothing.

Well, Col. Townsend always let me handle all types of inspectors. I would take them to the age-old trouble of the kitchen. Should you scrape, wash, leave it alone, put salt on a meat block??? God, what misery I dealt those boys - MD's that were too senile to be allowed even to issue pills. I would take them to two or three big settling basins that I used to hold all the drainage and most of the Officers' latrines - they, poor souls, had those that used water and were known by the British as Jakes.

But like the old man of the sea I lasted longer than Col. Townsend - he, poor soul, got mixed up with Uncle Joe Stilwell--as we had some vile chow; Uncle Joe ate some of the Green Whippet Dog sent in from Australia that the

Aussies called sheep, and the rest of the place stunk, so in due time the Old Gentleman, Col. Townsend, was relieved and we got an ass from the younger generation of Miami Beach. He wouldn't allow me to: 1. Take the inspectors around. 2. He made the men drill from 10 to 4, those that weren't on duty. 3. He wouldn't let me reship men that were out of step, and when Summary Courts wouldn't do it, would have General Courts to really hang it on the boys - or drunkenness??? His speed was to lie in bed all A.M. in a drunken stupor, playing with the tea pickers when he had the cream of the crop as far as white girls were concerned and he didn't have to pay 30 rupees or 100 rupees a night. He lasted quite a spell but finally the Inspectors got him. I was in the hospital with malaria when he really got the business. But strange as it may seem, the next man that came was also a youngster and very, very Oirish--but I soon made him see how easy my system worked and I did make the inspections and kept the place picked up very nicely in spite of all the hell.

I well remember at an Elks Club many years after W.W.I, when a chap came up to me and we talked about the good old days - one word led to another until he said, "By God, you're the guy I've been looking for nearly 20 years. I vowed that when I ever got you after the army days I would punch you in the schnozzle." He was a big guy, too, and I said, "For God sakes, comrade, why?" 'Cause I was the Man Friday that used to make those so-called inspections on Company L, 164th Inf. and you always cried on the Colonel's shoulder that we never did make one. How in hell you could always time it so you hit us as we hit your company I never knew." I said, "That's easy - I always had four or five sick, lame, and lazy to act as sentries - and you would notice when you hit the next company I would be there waiting."

CHAPTER XII

Preacher, Priest and Rabbi.

I am not one to carry the torch for any church. I am a Protestant, a Shriner and do belong to the Episcopal Church; have sung in many Choirs including Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, Christian, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, so I feel that I do know my clergymen. As a matter of observation I will state that during this last war the Protestant Faiths sent over the poorest type of men that they could. The Catholic Church saw that those Priests that ever handled young men were sent and they had in the main the finest and most cooperative men of all faiths. However, I knew only one Jewish Clergyman. I guess that isn't the name you could call him. However, Rev. Sands was to me one of the finest types of Americans that it was my pleasure to work with. So much for the overall picture. We will now get down into cases.

The highest type we had in India was Dr. Dan Polling - not because he was the father of the hero son that gave his life belt to a G.I. and with a Jewish Chaplain and a Catholic Priest knelt on the sinking ship in prayer. God bless those three men for courage and undying faith. Dr. Dan was also one of the few of the Christ Churches in America that saw years ahead, that to save ourselves we had to have a strong defense. He was cursed by his fellow preachers but he fought a lone battle. He talked to over 3000 men on our Base at the Polo Grounds; not one minute was his talk interrupted - he was indeed a strength. I compare him with some other chaplains we had - weak sisters that should do well with the Ladies Aid but not with young, virile G.I. that look up with respect to decent men and look down and can't be bothered by those phonies that don't dare show their face before their God. I also think of Rev. Father Kennedy of Guya; 26 years in India - still trying to save lives. He told me that India didn't need preachers as much as they needed Medico and Schools.

I think of the Baptist men and women, Dr. Seagrave and those in the Naga Hills that gave their all. Those little Head-Hunters that sang as they cleaned up our hunting lodge in the Naga Hills - "From Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand." God bless them. These were not namby-pambies and seekers of fancy women, but God-fearing men and women. I am thinking of the little Irish Priest of Mohanbari and his help to the G. I. E.M. Giving freely of his time even on bases that were out of his jurisdiction. The help he gave me in seeing that boys were given their rights. Of Rev. Patterson of Karachi - who didn't do a darn thing. However, we had a wonderful choir, thanks to the gentleman over at the 80 Air Depot; he gave of his time, ice cream and feeds to those that made life a bit brighter. We were his choir and until he left we loved him. I am sorry that I haven't his name but wherever he is, God bless him.

I am also thinking of the Father's Day message that Nodine and I listened to a few days before we left India. Nodine was beside himself with worry about his wife and child and I was just as concerned by my family problems. This Southern heel got up and preached a sermon about a clipping he had of the little girl in gray that killed herself in a K.C. Depot. Writing a letter telling her mother how much she loved her, and to her dad said "You are the cause of this - I hope that you Rot in Hell." Yes, I am thinking how the Churches missed the boat and still miss it with their attitude today. I am convinced that they hate strong men. They envy them and the money that pays their salaries, also hate them and they preach to the dollars and not to these boys that need their help.

I will tell you why I was so peed off at the Protestant Church. As you remember, we read the Articles of War every 6 months to the E.M., as the officers were gentlemen by act of Congress they didn't need the lecture. We also had to give a sex lecture - with a Medic - and a Chaplain and an officer. Since none of the officers would do it, the old Sarge conducted those orgies, and you remember that with the Sulfa Drugs, Penicillin, and the new Pro Packs and Rubbers, the Medic had the situation well in hand???? I, being of the old school, felt that the safest was to leave women alone, and that when you contacted disease you not only injured your government, but your mother, wife, and sweetheart and the unborn child of your loins. I would give the kids heck and believe that I did some good. However, between the drunken M.D. and supercilious D.D. all my troubles were given added fuel. The Reverend was used the first time. He joked about the whole affair - the Medic challenged my story that the Public Health stated that the new drugs didn't prevent or cure.

The next time I called on Chaplain Sands; he was a fine gentleman and we also had a young Jewish Doctor, Captain Ferfer, I believe he was called. I have lost his name. He had been to Calcutta and had been through a venereal clinic and had seen things that we of the West had never known. He also did not believe that we should give these youngsters - 18 years--many of them, even if the War Department said we should, those Pro Packs and Rubbers - many tried them out to see. Dirty Mary of Dibrugarh and others of the like - I feel sure that the parents of those children would not have liked the handling of the affair by these men.

Speaking of Catholic Priests, the little Irish Father from Mohanbari assisted me in getting a boy started home. This is the true statement. After having his card punched by the Chaplain, the boy was beside himself. When the boy's mother died, the youngster was in training in the states; he could not go home. The Red Cross wouldn't O.K. it. When he arrived in India, his father died. Again he couldn't go home. Remember, it was only five days home. When the boy's sister and brother-in-law were killed, he still couldn't go home because the Red Cross said nix. There was a large estate mixed up in this, let alone the thoughts of the boy.

The Army was helpless because the Red Cross wouldn't O.K. the return; he wasn't trying to get out of any war but merely home and right back. Chaplain after chaplain merely punched his card - until the old Sarge heard about it and with the help of this Catholic Chaplain and the IG Col. McIntyre, the boy was sent home. Some months after, I was transferred back to Karachi, and a few days after, I ran into this boy - still far away from the States. I

wanted to know why, but the boy an inarticulate, couldn't get on orders. By a fortunate stroke, the IG was on the base. Through his efforts this lad was sent home. The point I am making is simply - if F.D.R.'s son could send his dog around - if Eleanor could ship the Madam Chiang Kai-Shek a "three way stretch", surely this boy could be shipped home.

Our greatest beef with the Chaplain service was their ready access to the 100 rupees per night known as the Red Cross girls - not all were numbered in this but enough so that the lowly E.M. was burned and burned and burned, and usually our chaplain service was among the greatest offenders.

Chaplain Sands had some sort of an Indian service. From all over India they came - and what feeds they had. It was in our large Bamboo Theater, the largest bamboo building I ever saw. I have some wrappers from the Matsos bread he used. They had chicken, and all the trimmings, never knew there were so many of his faith. One of the boys ventured this, "Gee, but there must be a lot of PK's!"

As a general rule, as I have stated before, the Catholic Church saw to it that all priests sent to overseas groups were pretty well screened. However, there were a few sad sacks sent overseas and we had one in Karachi. Most of the Catholic boys themselves were never too enthused---they went to Mass and that was that---not like the little Irisher at Mohanbari; he made himself felt by all faith groups. The Protestant Chaplain at the Karachi base wasn't too sharp, either; however, the chap over at the 80th was a power for good.

I will never forget one of the Visiting Firemen that came on the Base. There was quite a publicized effort - the Special Services - Red Cross - Bulletin Boards - the Gateway and hand bills announced a "Retreat" for all Catholic personnel on the Base - it was for several days as I remember. Well, one of the boys - a fine Irish lad - that would fight at the drop of the hat for his religious belief, but by the same token would fight anyone that wasn't square about things, came to me. "Sarge, I hope you come to retreat tonight and hear what this Bird is preaching - what a Heel." It seemed that we knew what it was all about, and that night I guess there was every Mason on the Base at the Retreat.

This chap brought the Flame Thrower and did a bang-up job; in fact his first lecture was on Mixed Marriages - and this one was on the Masons. I knew we were dirt - the lowest thing on earth - lower than Hitler (he was still alive) lower than Stalin (he was still one of our Allies); this Father wasn't screened - I don't know where he came from. But for pure intolerance, bigotry and pure trying to wreck the apple cart, this lad was it - I think his name was Father Shay - (so to all other Shays, forgive, please). I have lost my notes on him, but this much I know that all the mouthings pro and con are lost on people that have been through things together.

It is a sorry state of affairs that we all have to play the small town gossip during peacetime and each become character assassins - because of color, religion, or race. I am a Mason - a Protestant - I have attended St. Thomas, a Catholic school in St. Paul; I have sung in their churches, and I can assure both sides that there aren't two sides to God's Teachings.- it is

not what you belong to but what you yourself ARE. There are Heels in the Masons and out of the Masons; by the same token I have loved quite a few Catholic Priests for their manliness, kindness and mercy - to all those folks either like this Father Shay and his damning something he knew nothing about, and those of the groups that are militant Protestant,--if each group would spend as much time, "doing unto others as they would have done unto them," they would have little time left damning anybody. I am assured that in any creed the Golden Rule is taught, and also the thought, "LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Sometimes it's damn hard to turn the cheek - and I find as I get older I have less and less Tolerance for Intolerance. Not too long ago I was in an argument relative to Slot Machines and one of the groups I belong to, passed at their Grand Hup-ti-do, something to the effect that any one caught playing Bingo would be shot in the rear with a Bootjack. I called their attention to an act that they had committed. It was far worse than Bingo, and they as a group did nothing about it - two people because of their mean, low minds, hurt another - character assassinating.

To me, Intolerance - Intemperance - go hand in hand. To the Father Shays, Or Pastor Oles - or Joe Blows and Nancy Does - when "Ye Shall Meet Thy God - His Face Ye Shall Never See"; "For ye are Guilty and as Punishment - suffer worse than he that was the Drunkard - Gambler - or Fornicator" - "Ye were a murderer - and like my forebears, there are only three sins - False Oath - Murder - Adultery. These are sins: 1. Against the Gods. 2. Against your King. 3. Against your fellowman." It seems so strange that when all the Father Shays get out of their system what is in it they don't accomplish one darn thing - and since we damn Masons held the choice seats at the Retreat - his damning fell on deaf ears---I know. I was told that this man had been sent overseas by some group of the Church, to hold the line against the Flesh and the Devil. He lost his Flesh and we all went to the Devil. And if he could have brought a message like Dan Polling, would have been remembered with loving remembrance - as it was, he may have raised some bigotry - surely he made his cloth a laughing-stock and as far as most of his faith was concerned, they apologized for the braying of Balaam's ASS.

CHAPTER XIII

Sex Life In Mother India.

It is said that Motherhood in India is worshipped not as the Western world worships Motherhood. The Indians worship the act of motherhood and not the fact. In Dibrugarh one of the Hindu Temples had a large bull. It was facing the inner part of the Temple. Through a window one could see the red painted business end of the bull. They were twice life-size. As you stood there, you would see women pass by. Each, be she matron or virgin, would kneel and kiss that red pair, so that she would always be fertile.

The temples in many of the holy places had temple girls - prostitutes, filled with the horror of disease. We left several boys in India under observation because of contact with leprous women. Every cantonment had its line. In Jarhat the gal that ran that spread double shot the turn. She bought up all the bamboo thickets and sold Uncle bamboo to build bashas. Hers was quite a spread. Of course the lines were out of bounds. Quire Road in Calcutta; the Iron Cages in Bombay; but throughout it all, with pro-packs and rubbers the soldiers would find ways of getting rid of their money.

We had a problem in Karachi. A mental called Gravel Gerty would storm the Base, and at one time cared for several hundred men until she was kicked off the base by indignant M.P.s. I was 1st Sgt. in the M.P. Squadron. Every time I went into town she would throw gravel at our car, thereby getting the name. Strange as it may seem, most of these women, although disease-ridden, were fairly well built, except for the unwashed odor and strange dirty rags. When men were away many months and had to take out those pro-packs, the black soon turned into white. Among the women from the States there was much to be said about the good girls, but many were too good to be true. I remember one that was up in the Ledo Country. Although her face was thinned, pale, and her body was wasting away, this gal from the News Gathering outfit I.C.S., was shipped back - not so much in disgrace but that she was ill. In ten weeks she had earned over 6,000 bucks and that ain't hay.

Animals were always on the make, ducks and drakes, chickens, dogs and monkeys. The literature that one could pick up in town was filled with sex. Pin-up girls; and then our Government sent over the great and near-great to show their curves. I thought, like the old Irish Lady when her son was turned down for the army because he was ill in the privates "I thought it was fighting ye wanted."

I feel sure that had we gotten more of the men that understood young men and their problems, and had burned the tails off the officers that took advantage of their rank to flaunt wild parties, we would have done a better job.

However, the greatest crime was the indifferent way those that were in

authority handled that age-old problem of male perversion. I had several on my Base; one was a handsome devil and being in the Medic, soon had quite a clientele. To this day when I hear anyone mention the 5th Symphony or some highbrow piece I think of this chap. He had gobs of records and all the music?lovers would meet. Yike. I squawked until I was hoarse. But the C.O. wouldn't believe or didn't want to believe. Sarge, can you prove it? When Capt. Ferfer came on the base things moved. I laughed when he asked me about this chap. In less than a week, the fellow was shipped to Calcutta and before a board, and in due time sent right back to me in the Transient Camp. Weeks passed. The Captain had been shipped to China because he was too good. The youngsters complained about our Hero. The music was still played. I had to wait until the Chief Card Puncher arrived, the I.G., and then our lovebird was shipped home.

Even Lord Louis Montbattan asked Major Cavin - and thereby hangs a tale. Col. Flickenger, the Wing Surgeon, had a chap; this fellow was an attendant for a Snake House that the Col. had collected. Kraits-pythons-cobras-lizards and the famed Monitor—gobs and gobs of snakes collected around the area. Hooded Cobras, King Cobras, Ground Snakes, Kraits - whose fangs are in the center of their jaws and they suck the flesh inside before giving the fatal bite. It was quite a show when this Willie would take Violet out and play with her. It turned your stomach because he, the snake charmer, talked in his high-pitched affected speech. I still don't like to hear baby talk - you can guess why. However, the Major took Lord Louis over to see the show. When offered to hold Violet, Lord Louis turned to Major Cavin and said "I say, old chap, I didn't know you allowed those in your army, too?"

A famous band came from the states - there were several in that group. The director was the worst. I was down at the Transient Headquarters one night and one of our local boys from the (Weather) came over to the old Sarge to have his card punched. I punched it; it seems that the Master Sergeant had taken this lad's best customers.

One night I was awakened; one of the transient boys had been raped and they had caught the rape-or. A chap with a good rating and a family man at that. What happened - nothing - so you can see that it was a job to look after these kids in Mother India whose Black Pagoda at Benares pictured the 81 carnal sins in life-size statues - with the 81 punishments.

THE STORY OF THE LOVE LIFE OF THE CAMEL.

One afternoon I was on my way to Karachi - a dull, hot, dusty desert day. The hangar of the Germans whose huge steel-plated sides never house the Graf Zeppelin. We bounced along, and watched the large scavenger birds that ate the Parsees in the Tower of Silence. We smelled a burning body of a wog, gone to his fathers. Our truck stopped for a minute and being on the back seat, I noticed several camels, this being the heart of the Sind Desert and the once famous Camelcade of the British Army was headquartered here. These beasts were used for all sorts of transportation. One of the animals relieved himself of water, and I noted it was a gentleman but strange as it may seem, that which he used to pour the water on the hard sun-baked ground was

pointed to the camel's rear - and not to the front like any other ordinary animal. I called several men's attention to this phenomena and we all began to think of the same thing. A sheath held the object in a rigid position pointing to the rear of the camel. It was very black and didn't seem to have any way of turning the instrument to the front. We all said the same thing, "How is the Love Act of the Camel Performed?" We couldn't get any information from the driver of the beasts, and as we went to town, passing many hundreds of these two humped - backward animals - their nose pointing up like they smelled something bad - their cleft upper lip and dirty long teeth chewing their cud, it puzzled us more and more.

When I got back to the Base I went in conference with Ivy, Nodine, Ellis, Captain Hennessy, and a raft of others. Soon it became a major point of interest to find out how this Love Act was performed. True, we saw pictures of the camels on sale at all your independent stores like one grasshopper after another, but this wasn't conclusive, just as the picture of the China girls was no proof whatsoever of the age-old problem of their physical perfections. True, there were several pictures proving that the Oriental miss was thus and so but on very good authority we were informed by the Crusaders from China that the picture was faked. So like the China sister the camel picture was indeed out.

I ran into an Indian that spoke belated English, with a Bow Bell inflection to his Walter....(that is a pun) Pidgeon. He informed me that camel milk made you BEEG and Strong. It was brown-flecked - and strong-odored and you had to be rugged to drink it. However, the camel drivers were very strong. He also said that the lady camel was the strongest in regard to sex - always willing; therefore these two - male and female - were never worked together. Like the Indian the usual pose was in a squatting position, their knees acting as a pivot and their seat swung freely, body erect—try it sometime. The white man cannot sit that way because we all have too much seat and thigh and muscles. However, you could see the Indian unwashables sitting in the shade that way. They didn't use seats, chair, etc. When reclining they crossed their legs and if sewing used their toes to pull the thread. Their love act was pretty much the same way. And so with the camel. I was so glad to report this information to the Ivy - et al. Captain Hennessy also in his own way found the same information. So we were all happy.

A certain Private---there was a lad. He went A.W.O.L. to China in a 46. Smart as a whip and always in a jam. A fine company clerk would never last long enough to get above a Private. He knew the lady from Jorhat and thought that he was right manly. He described one night with a fair charmer; when in the midst of the supreme moment, and was priding himself of his manly abilities, Fifi of the Bamboo Hall clapped her hand in the air and murmured, "Mosquitoes bad tonight, Sahib."

And like Lowell Thomas - we must bid farewell to Mother India. I still remember the Major commanding a colored Ack Ack Battalion. He told me that one of his boys in contacting a Temple Girl, contracted 2 degree within one week. So don't let the pictures fool you - they don't smell.

CHAPTER XIV

Dr. Gordon Seagrave.

Several years have passed since last I saw the good doctor in Chabua, Assam, India. A great deal has transpired. I would like to give you a thumbnail impression of just what the American soldier was up against in that faraway back-wash of the greatest war the world has ever seen.

The C-46 that I was riding found slow going on the last leg of my journey, from Miami Beach via Accra, Gaya, Calcutta and Chabua. The Monsoons were on and the heavy clouds with no relief forced us to follow the Brahmaputra all the way from Calcutta. That wide dirty river seemed to get wider as we neared the Himalayas. We saw their rugged peaks once and then all was downy white.

The trip ended with a sudden sweep and a bump and splash as we rocked to rest in the runway at the edge of a tea plantation. Then the heat, awful, sickening and overpowering, hit us with all its hatefulness. Rain - rain - mud and more mud; our very bodies burned, sweat turned to slime, dripped off our chins and noses and ran in our eyes; the air into our lungs was forced and hard to get. A six-by splashed up to a stop and we fell into its wet topless body. Our barracks bags were by now sopping wet.

After a bumpy time we were dumped out at a collection of bamboo bashas, jungle tents of British make, all in a sad state of repair. The rotting canvas black with mildew and where the cloth was hung broken, water poured onto the occupants. The bashas were no better, the thatched roof rotting in the heated rain smelled like an old cow barn with several pig pens thrown in. In its long two-rowed sleeping room, termites had not only eaten the bamboo, but had piled huge ant hills higher than the charpois or rope beds. I could see one behind mine. I didn't see how I could stand any more and panic seemed to get the better of one, and yet I was to call this home for 17 months.

I had arrived at the Polo Grounds, Chabua, Assam, India. It was too early for the malaria guard to order the sleeves rolled down and clothes put on and so sixty-odd men lay panting with nothing on at all, trying to keep cool. Malaria, cholera, danga, yellow fever, elephantiasis, leeches by the millions that once they struck, stuck; and you gave transfusions without any medical man near.

Going down to the Headquarters to be re-assigned was next on the agenda. Soon in a small wet basha, I sat on a sopping barracks bag along with 30 other G.I.s that had arrived with me. We were to be assigned to somewhere in the valley, none were to go over to China since we were all mechanics. We were badly needed in the five or six Valley Bases. We watched with some

interest a long line of women tea pickers with their tall wicker baskets on their heads, in their daily march across the base to pick the tender young leaves of the tea plant. The mud made no difference to the bare feet, and although some had umbrellas, as far as the rain was concerned, there wasn't much of them that would be injured by the rain.

A staff car rolled up about that time; from where I sat on the wet duffle bag I noted, the soon to be familiar sight, a 1917 felt campaign hat of General Joe Stilwell. The party with him was not too impressive, and we thought it was just another bunch of Brass. Then it was I heard one of the old timers, (he had landed at Chabua five days ahead of me) say, "Gee, Uncle Joe and the Burma Surgeon." We all rushed out and I am sure if we had known about the short snorter, would have had him sign his name. However, we all looked and realized just what this one man had already done for the average G.I. in the C.B.I.

He radiated courage and we felt less like forgotten men. Anyone that had read "The Burma Surgeon" knew he symbolized the best in Americanism. An American with courage, fortitude, and above all, that ability to get folks to do things.

This one American doctor had taken the mystery from the natives and had healed them. He had taken much of the fear of the jungle and many a pilot riding down from over the Hump fought a better fight; and although many were pretty beaten when they arrived, the majority did come back. I saw the Burma nurses, little women, and one wondered how these tiny people could handle some of the big sick Chinese soldiers. Melvin Magnuson would know about that phase since it was at Ramgarh that Seagrave had set up his hospital. I saw these women at Shallon, the new capitol of Assam; it was up in a high mountain rising out of the Brahmaputra Valley, and the only place where it was at all cool all day. However, at its base the largest rainfall in the world was noted.

The real old-timers were of course the men that marched out with Uncle Joe. This was a trek over the refugee trail and from them we learned of the courage of the Burma Surgeon.

I was soon ordered up into the Sadeaya Track, this was in the Naga country and there were much to commend it to weary officers and enlisted men. Teeming with animal life, tigers, water buffalo, water horse, crocks, a small type of bush deer and a larger one like our elk. Fish was plentiful and soon we had the bashas and the tentages raised. The food was wonderful and on this unnamed stream that was clear, rolling down into the Brahmaputra, good swimming was enjoyed.

The Naga's that assisted us were small, slant-eyed folk, rather a happy bunch, their soup-bowl haircuts made the wiry black hair stand out. They were head hunters and we never thought much about that. I soon saw what was the jungle, the black thorn fern that tore your clothes, snakes, cobras, kraits, and lesser types, along with the python whose fire-hose body would chill you as he slithered across the path.

All day and nearly all night the first-aid man worked on Naga's natives

coming from miles away, furtive jungle folk, their Naga sores, hideous things, were treated. Our first-aid man knew something about the human and they were happy folk with bandages, and sulpha drugs. Because of this man, Seagrave, we knew it wasn't leprous. His great knowledge of jungle disease was passed on to the Army.

One morning I heard the two Naga boys we always called the Gold Dust Twins singing. The music was familiar, but the words were of a mixture of sounds. I finally got it. They were singing that old revival tune, "From Greenlands Icy Mountains, to India's Coral Strand". Yes, they had been to a Baptist Mission and were good boys. I hope.

This American Doctor's fame had spread over the whole of the Orient. All honor to Uncle Joe and his trek. He vowed that he would return to Burma. And he did. Gordon Seagrave made his vows and he came only to find all the years of work had been destroyed. He never gave up.

CHAPTER XV

Well, Cavin, McCanta and Hanson and all the brass went along fine for many months until the day of days---they fell out. I cannot remember just when it was but it was during the cold of the winter. We moved around and fixed up barracks until I was black in the face. However, Cavin was shipped out and an officer, whose family lives in Three Forks, came on the base. Never had we such a man - he laid around on his fanny all day and played the Red Cross workers at night.

Well, my duties were getting more and more involved. I had no one to assist me - poor Meador was tied up with the PX, Schnieder was also tied up and youthful, while the Great Opera Singer was getting himself involved with a Red Cross girl. His wife, instead of being the torch, was now left out. And we would hear him sing late at night as he escorted his lady fair to her quarters??? For several months this went on. I had a run-in with one of my boys that had been shanghied and put in the kitchen. As officers' orderly, he finally was court-martialled. I also had two suicides and they were messes, what with the officer in charge being a dumb bunny. I was really in a quandary as to where to jump.

We got a snipe for C.O. of the Squadron, a chap named McGowan. The Base was fast becoming a place where officers had girls brought in, and they had to get me out of there. A chance came, I had a chance to get to China and Col. Joyce had given his approval, and away I went. However, it wasn't China but Karachi - brother, was I fit to be tied--I really was - stormed in-to Col. Joyce but he merely fell back on his rights as C. O. and because I was too old to handle men. Names are fast slipping away and because it matters not any more, I feel sure that when the story does come out, it will be too late to do anything about it. I was sent back to Karachi so the Col. told me as a man to assist them in bringing peace and quiet to the M.P. Squadron that had a Civil War....North and South.

I still remember Pvt. Jefferson and you will see where he was court-martialled. But he was a good joe and once went A.W.O.L. to China. However, he wouldn't fly back home. I wonder what Meador would have in his mind some of the evenings we used to sit out and talk about home and family. The lad that went into town and was christened - or when I finally made the Masonic Lodge in Dibrugarh. It was in the tea planters compound - over the BOR place - next to the Planter Club. We had a wonderful time there. I met the Bishop of Assam and a wonderful old gentleman he was. Their work is much different than ours. My trouble seemed to begin after Col. Renshaw was killed and we got more involved each week. So it was little wonder that I was able to kid myself into going back to Karachi.

Before this happened Mary was taken ill, and I was so worried. I went to the IG, Col. McIntyre and he told me to wire the Red Cross at home.

But evidently this did not meet with the approval of the lady in charge. At all events no OK came from her. She called Mary up and asked her if she wasn't writing to her old man any more. I could have flown home and flown back in less than 20 days. She missed the ball and I will always ~~resent~~ it. Mary got well and also bought a home from Sam Goza for \$4200.00 - not bad. Well, I said goodbye to the gang and started off on my journey back to Karachi. This was in the Fall of 1944 and I landed in Karachi sometime in November.

The first man I met was Ralph Iverson, and was assigned to a fine officer to assist him in the art of making the base do Squads East and West. I also was assigned to Squadron A or Headquarters - Sgt. Pepper, 1st Sgt. and Major Hughes commanding. The barracks were large and made of tile. The wogs were building them between the prayers to Ali Khan and Mohammedan. The city of Karachi was large and filled with interesting things. Such as theaters, eating places and the big Red Cross Club in town that was one time a Portuguese place. There was quite a colony there. Ivy, Nodine, Ellis and Brooks ran around together. Nodine was from New York and a teacher. Ellis was from the middle West and red-headed. Brooks was a Talmadge Georgian; Ivy taught school in Minnesota.

We would go to the Red Cross, called the Beacon. We also sang in the choir and also in the Post Glee Club. We had a kid that was the pianist for the Yale Glee Club. We also used to go to town together and enjoyed the Ghandi Gardens - went to shows and saw pictures. The boys worked in personnel and each month they had quite a time. Their boss was Captain Hennessy. The Adjutant was Major Ledbetter. The shuttle used to take us up to the base from our barracks. On the one side was the large hangar built by the Germans to house the Graf Zeppelin. It was made of sheet steel and believe me, it was large. The Tatta Co. owned the Air Field and Administration building. We called the Shuttle "Monson's Folly". Col. Monson was the CO of the Base. And he was a folly. I met a chap that was in Tibet for a spell. Force landed. Well, from one thing to another. I was transferred from the Training schedule to 1st Sgt. of the MP Squadron. We did move around quite a bit and had a Sgt. Kwait as a helper. He wasn't much help and so I got rid of him. We transferred several to China and finally broke up the North-South war.

We had a time finding the Masonic Lodge. One day Ivy and I walked up to the paper and the Indians told us where the lodge was. We went to lodge there quite a bit. They had a bar and we took a drink once in awhile until I saw the Wog Bartender wipe the glasses with his Dhotie. We bought several things for our wives. Went through a desert storm. Used to carry the colors - with another Sgt. I had a swell bunch of fellows in my squadron and we were moved to the other side of the field when the group moved into India. We had swell quarters. We sang in both bases and while the 80th Air Depot was there, their Chaplain was wonderful, he used to make ice cream for us. When he took us over to Malir he paid for a big feed at the Piccadilly and we had more ice cream. We also sang at the 1306 AAF Base Unit Chapel. Had a funeral; boys wouldn't listen to me so we only fired one volley. I held the flag and the brass thought they knew best. The funeral was for a plane crash - three killed. Smelled strong.

We organized a Non-Coms Club. Used to eat at several places. Went to a Parsee's party, met some wonderful people.



THE OLD SARGE HIMSELF IN KARACHI 1945.

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KARACHI AND MY MONTHS THERE.

I would be remiss not to tell something of the wonderful times I had in an interesting place. However, with all due respect for what I was sent to do, I didn't do too good a job because I was neither of or part of anything. Assigned it was true, by Ivy to a Captain, I cannot recall his name, with another Sergeant whose efforts counteracted mine because he thought, I am sure, that I was seeking to supplant him. We had charge of the military training, for a spell. Got the good comrades up early in the A.M. for formations, had a Drum and Bugle Corps for awhile and then we got a Band - oh, Joy and Rapture unconfined! What pleasure the good Colonel Monson got I do not know. The Flight Officers mutinied and wouldn't turn out; he shut them off their liquor and they soon came to time. I carried the flag - skinny no end.

However, I soon got a place - Ivy got me to take over the MP Squadron - there I ran afoul of a Sgt. Kwait, and he seemed to think I was supplanting him. Captain Hibble was a Reserve Officer and a fine gentleman, but after being Superior with a capital S for years, the Machine Records soon fixed him when he ran afoul of the Miami Beachers. He got a "fair", and I mean that is the same as cutting his throat; however, he was a swell man.

He had trouble so many officers had in a close cooperation of WWII - and he didn't have what I had—a knowledge that I could always call on B. K. Wheeler and would he love to twist F.D.R. Well, he also had an active North vs South war - Vermont vs Texas. I came in and being from Montana, was neither North or South, but just plain Chisholm Trail Montana. We ironed it out finally my way, by transferring the ringleaders, and keeping the good boys. We had to make a shift and send some to China and so although the Captain told me that wasn't the way to solve a problem, shifting it to some other outfit, I merely mentioned how cities and counties and states and nations ship their unwanted out to another place by giving them a floater.

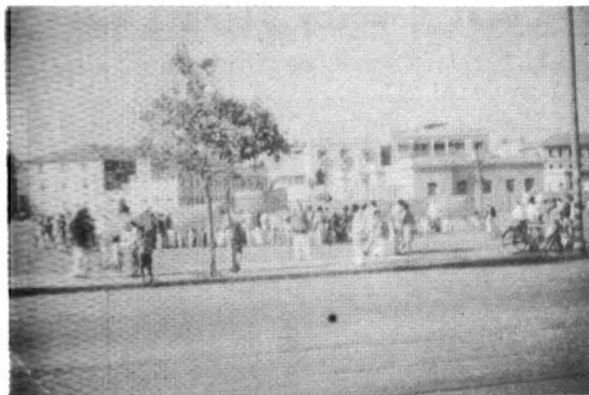
I was first quartered with Headquarters Squadron in this base with the large building development going on - the Gunga Dins with their water bags of goat skin, kept the newly constructed buildings from drying out by throwing water on them all the time - the colorful gals with their many skirts carried everything from holy cow S—(Dung) to soil, on their heads—the camels and their funny prancing—that dirty Gerty with the feud keeping her off the Base—the Anglo-Englands that were on the Base and assisted in caring for the wants of a few select, and of course, the Red Cross girls that played the field - the 30 rupees and the 100 rupees - mostly flying personnel. We of the great unwashed had either to get the chaplain to punch our cards, or go as most of us did, into activities that were interesting without being sexy.

After Kwait left, I had a chap named Currier take over; we got along very well, and he was a swell kid. Mustakus and his act - as a sweeper. The cooperation we received from the Northwest Indian Police; and again I didn't take advantage of my office to either shake down, make dough, or get favors. I went in this army with no strings and believe that I can say that I leave it with no strings. I gave freely with no monetary advantages. I list the Squadron as I received it.

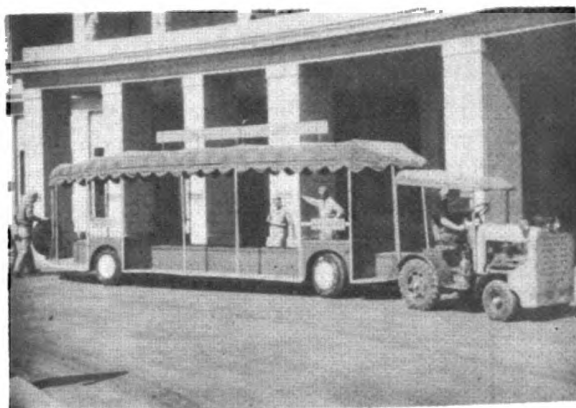
We were moved quite a bit, finally from a set of buildings in the Main Base over to the old 80th across the field - we soon had a nice setup. I think that the Captain could have assisted more but he was fighting to stay in the army with the cards stacked against him. These men were factory run GI; some had been in the raping of Honolulu - and were shell-shocked. I felt sorry for many of these boys - some were peace officers - one was from the sheriffs' force in the Pan Handle of Texas---Weatherby. But they all were swell boys and we got along fine. They had their job to do and I had mine.

WE SAW MANY THINGS AT KARACHI.

**The Reds Met every Sunday
Near Bunda Road with
Hammer and Sickle on
Red and Green Banners and Shouts.**



Monsons Folly



We Also Sang Christmas Carols.



**We Red Crossed at KGA
Hall when in Karachi**



**We Red Crossed At the Base
At the Beacon.**



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THE EIGHT MONTHS IN KARACHI.

The Crew in Personel.

Major Ledbetter; Capt. Hennesey;
Capt. Jakubowski; Ivey Iverson;
Driscoll; Red Ellis; Amos Cloninger;
Ed Ready; Chet Nodine.



The Currier and Ives Prints
Sell, but this one was the
Best Company Clerk I ever
had.



RED ELLIS AND THE PLACE WE LIVED.



He came from GAWGAW
a Talmadge White Man
Brooks was his name



This my friends is Holy
Dung being processed-
Patty Cake Patty Cake.



1306th AAF BASE UNIT

MORNING WORSHIP:

Prelude: Organ

Call to Worship : God of our fathers, whose almighty hand, leads forth
in beauty all the starry band, of shinning worlds in
splendor thro' the skies, our grateful songs before
thy throne arise. Thy love divine hath led us in the
past, in this free land by Thee our lot is cast; be
Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay, Thy word
our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

Hymn No. 111 Safely Through Another Week.

Prayer :

Responsive Reading : Psalm 24.

Chaplain - Come, ye children, harken unto me:

People - I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

Chaplain - What man is he that desireth life:

People - And loveth many days, that he may see good ?

Chaplain - Keep thy tongue from evil:

People - And thy lips from speaking guile.

Chaplain - Depart from evil, and do good:

People - Seek peace, and pursue it.

Chaplain - The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous:

People - And his ears are open unto their cry.

Chaplain - The face of the Lord is against them that do evil:

People - To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

Chaplain - The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart:

People - And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Chaplain - Many are the afflictions of the righteous:

People - But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

Chaplain - The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants:

People - And none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.

Gloria Patri : Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall
be, World without end. Amen, Amen.

Solo : "The Lords Prayer"

Sgt. Mel Kessinger

Scripture Lesson : Matthew 7:21-29

Pastoral Prayer :

Hymn No. 106 O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand.

Sermon : "A Foundation For Life"

Hymn No. 133 My Hope is Built.

Benediction :

Postlude : Organ

JAMES G. PATTERSON
Base Chaplain

S/Sgt. Richard McCaughey
Organist

SQUADRON DUTY SCHEDULE

T/Sgt. Russell

Commander of the Guard

ORDERLY ROOM

S/Sgt Serungard

First Sergeant

S/Sgt Kwait

Clerk-Typist

Sgt Currier

Chief Clerk

Sgt Abare

Mail Clerk

Pvt Malling

Charge of Quarters

Pvt Brogden

Charge of Quarters

PROVOST MARSHALS OFFICE

S/Sgt Cebzanov

Desk Sergeant

S/Sgt Gidowski

Desk Sergeant

Sgt Ferris

Investigator

Sgt Johnson

Investigator

Sgt Komornick

Desk Sergeant

Sgt Queen

Desk Sergeant

Cpl Lynch

Investigator

Cpl Minervini

Clerk

Cpl Palmariello

Clerk-Typist

Cpl Taylor

Desk Sergeant

Pfc Harvey

Chief Clerk

CIVILIAN PASS OFFICE

Sgt Worrell

Pass Clerk

Pfc Underwood

Pass Clerk

POLICE AND PRISON DETAIL

T/Sgt English

Provost Sergeant

Sgt Wolever

P & P NCO

Cpl Frye

P & P NCO

Sgt Waincott

Supply Sergeant

Pfc Burkett

Prison Chaser

Pfc Dooley

Prison Chaser

Pfc Dooling

Trash Truck Driver

Pfc Hackbert

Prison Chaser

Pfc Loudin

Trash Truck Driver

Pfc Prator

Prison Chaser

Pvt Garner

Prison Chaser

Pvt Rose

Armoror

(Hosp)

CHOWKIDARS

S/Sgt Sours

Chowkidars

Pfc Thomas

Chowkidars

1ST RELIEF

S/Sgt Borris		Desk Sergeant
Sgt Fiduccia		Sergeant of the Guard
Pfc Burk		Posts # 1
Cpl Knippa		# 2
Pvt Bailey		# 2
Cpl Price		# 3
Pfc Ramos		# 3
Pfc Belcher		# 4
Pvt Mock		# 5
Pvt O'Quinn		# 6
Pfc Ryle		# 7
Pvt Harsh		# 8
Pfc Lamparella		# 9
Pfc Kurpis		# 10
Pfc Flannery		Supernumerary
Cpl Herbison	(Hosp)	Supernumerary
Cpl Jereb		Supernumerary
Pfc. Pacific		

2ND RELIEF

S/Sgt Sharp		Desk Sergeant
Sgt Ball		Sergeant of the Guard
Pfc Trantum		Posts # 1
Cpl Reynolds		# 2
Pfc Newcomer		# 2
Pfc Thomure		# 3
Pvt Edelin		# 3
Pfc Durston		# 4
Pfc Cranford		# 5
Pfc Mustakus		# 6
Pfc Mears		# 7
Pfc DeCostar		# 8
Pfc Raven		# 9
Pfc Currier		# 10
Cpl Maggelet		Supernumerary
Pvt Bullard		Supernumerary
Pfc Moody	(Hosp)	Supernumerary

3RD RELIEF

S/Sgt Carney		Desk Sergeant
Cpl Rauch		Sgt of the Guard
Pfc Krupko		Posts # 1
Cpl Abner		# 2
Pfc Longhini		# 2
Cpl Hickman		# 3
Pfc Longoria		# 3
Pfc Dixon		# 4
Pfc Tollison		# 5
Pvt Davis		# 6

Pfc Bowman
 Pfc Compton
 Pvt Kolb
 Pfc Discepolo
 Pvt Gilman
 Pfc Corbitt

#7
 #8
 #9
 #10
 Supernumerary
 Supernumerary

4TH RELIEF

S/Sgt Payne
 Sgt Weatherby
 Pfc Kalivoda
 Pfc Asbury
 Pfc Dukes
 Pfc Pauley
 Pfc Paschal
 Pfc Remacle
 Pfc Lattin
 Pfc McIntosh
 Cpl Abdo
 Pvt Evans
 Pfc Mitchell
 Pvt Kokocki
 Pfc Everly
 Cpl Busovicki

Desk Sergeant
 Sergeant of the Guard
 Posts # 1
 # 2
 # 2
 # 3
 # 3
 # 3
 # 4
 # 5
 # 6
 # 7
 # 8
 # 9
 # 10
 Supernumerary
 Supernumerary

MOTORCYCLE PATROL

1st Relief

S/Sgt Clark
 S/Sgt Mellgran
 Sgt Capps

2nd Relief

S/Sgt Goetz
 Sgt Harris
 Sgt Weber

23 March 1945

TO: COMMANDING GENERAL, AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

1. The attached commendations from the Commander in Chief and the Chief of Staff on the efficient performance of duty by the Air Transport Command in connection with the Yalta Conference are forwarded to you with my keen satisfaction and pleasure.

2. These commendations from the two highest officials of the United States Army reflect the greatest credit on the abilities and sense of responsibility of all personnel who participated in the preparation and execution of "Mission 17", and on the Air Transport Command as a whole.

3. It is desired that these commendations be brought to the attention of all concerned.

/s/ H. H. Arnold
H. H. ARNOLD
Commanding General, Army Air Forces

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The above letters are direct commendations from these high officials of all personnel of the Air Transport Command who contributed to the successful accomplishment of the Yalta conference mission. It is desired, therefore, that my sincere congratulations and thanks be extended to them for their highly meritorious and conscientious performance of duty in this connection.

This memorandum will be brought to the attention of all personnel of the Command as evidence that thorough and consistent effort and cooperation and attention to detail are bound to be recognized and appreciated by the highest officials of the Government as well as all others who travel Air Transport Command routes.

H. L. GEORGE
Major General, USA
Commanding .

Reproduced by Headquarters,
1306th AAF Base Unit.

ARMY AIR FORCES
HEADQUARTERS, AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

5 April 1945

TO ALL PERSONNEL OF THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND:

I take great pleasure in bringing to your attention the following letters of commendation of the Air Transport Command which are the result of outstanding performance of duty on the part of all personnel of the Command who were concerned in the handling and movement by air of the President of the United States, the Chief of Staff, U.S. Army and all other high officials and representatives of the U.S. and of Allied Nations in this country who participated in the tripartite conference at Yalta in the Crimea:

THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

7 March 1945

MEMORANDUM FOR
THE CHIEF OF STAFF, U.S. ARMY

During my recent trip to the Crimea, I was most impressed by the thoroughly efficient manner in which the officers and men of the Air Transport Command performed their duties.

The transportation of the large group from Washington to Yalta and return, and that of my party to and from Malta were both difficult jobs performed with dispatch and precision.

I hereby commend the Air Transport Command for a job well done.

/s/ Franklin D. Roosevelt

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13 March 1945

MEMORANDUM FOR THE COMMANDING GENERAL, ARMY AIR FORCES:

I enclose a memorandum from the President concerning the performance of the Air Transport Command during the recent conferences at Yalta and Malta. Please see that this commendation is brought to the attention of the appropriate officers.

I should like to add my congratulations for the outstanding performance of the Air Transport Command in connection with these conferences.

/s/ G. C. Marshal
Chief of Staff

KNOW INDIA

By Prof. B. J. Vaswani

It is now three years since Americans arrived in India, and it is natural that many of them desire to know what Indians feel about them.

The first stage in the whole history of Indian reactions to the "invasion" of India by American armies may be said to lie somewhere between a month and two before the actual arrival of Americans in our country. The city of Karachi was then agog with tales of terror, the result of the activities of fifth columnists.

"Not a virgin, not a rupee would be safe in Karachi"; "Banks and buses would be held up in midday at the point of the revolver" by Wild West cowboys and New York gangsters; "Americans are coming because, in its dire need, Britain has mortgaged India to U.S.A." - and so on.

Most people expected, as they had seen it in the American films so popular in India, that when the Americans would land in India, every one of them would be found carrying two pistols, one in each hand, pointed right and left to every passerby, every American in a slouch hat swaggering into an improvised fight in the streets or in the restaurants. That is how many Indians felt about the new species of Whites about to come to our country.

The Americans did arrive sometime in March 1942. Along the main artery of the town, the Bunder Road, thousands of men in Karachi watched one truck after another crowded with white soldiers speeding towards Drigh Road and Malir. Not an accident the whole day, and "These American soldiers are wearing Gandhi caps, imagine!" said many Indian onlookers. After a few days, the American soldiers were found on the main roads - still no incident, "They are regular rajas, these Americans!" said the gharriwallas and the beggars.

Many stories gathered round their democratic ways, the informality of their manners, the utter absence of snobbishness, the large bakshish they were capable of doling out, and the fancy prices they paid at all shops in the Elphinstone Street.

But no girl would go to Elphinstone Street in those days, for the rumours about "no virgin would be safe," reinforced by the misdeeds of Australian soldiers in Bombay a few weeks earlier, were still current. I argued against all these rumours, and asked friends to trace them to their sources but so many people took them for granted that it was no use arguing. So I said, "I am going to walk this evening on the footpaths of Elphinstone Street with my daughter. Let me see if anything happens." I did it, and nothing did happen.

"Here is American democracy in action," said I, and as I felt in this matter, so did a large number of other Indians. That a white man could sit on the footsteps of a shop front like any laborer in the land, and was not ready to kick a poor destitute for daring to approach him for alms, that he would even hold a little wandering kid in his arms and send him away with some backsheesh was a revelation to many an Indian.

GUARD SQUADRON

Deep sighs of regret were heard throughout the barracks at the news that our chief clerk, S/Sgt. Philip Kwait, was being transferred to another squadron....What secret charm does Pfc Elmo Pacific possess over the flight nurses?

Most of you fellows have been all over the world and have seen many strange sights but until you see Cpl Abdo and Pvt Brogden's shiny new pajamas you've missed everything.

Cpl Tom Lynch, special investigator, has just been honored with a direct commission as sub-inspector with the Sind police.

Some of the boys in bay 21 have suggested that Sgt. Avin Harris sleep with a harmonica (1 foot x 6 inches) in his mouth so we can get a little music instead of the usual snore.

A party was held Saturday 17th at the Grand Hotel and as usual a good time was had by all. No one was killed but all the boys came out with minor bruises and lacerations.

S/Sgt. James Payne has been having trouble with his tooth quite frequently on Tuesday and Thursday. Of course it couldn't be because of those training classes that are held on those days.

After a long rest in the local hospital Pvt Winfred Garner has returned and is feeling swell. Congratulations to Art Serungard for his recent promotion to T/Sgt.

Sgts. Ferris & Currier

INDIA'S SOCIAL STRUCTURE PAYS MOTHERHOOD TRIBUTE

By B. J. Vaswani

India is, in many ways of her life, very different from modern western countries. Among some of the most outstanding differences in outlook and social structure is the place of women in Indian society. I have often heard American boys complaining, "Life is so dull out here. It is difficult to have a date with a girl, to take her out for a picnic or the pictures, even to have the pleasure of a brief chat with one."

Some enterprising young boy whistles to a passing pretty face, or offers candy to a comely girl in a shop, and gets nothing but a cold stare in return. "This is so different from life back in the States."

'Many Peculiarities'

Yes, there are a good many more ways of life which are peculiar to India - the caste system, the joint-family, the purdah (veiling of women), untouchability, yoga and yogis, the ubiquitous beggar, the ragged, starving poverty, the non-violent way of achieving political freedom, colorful pageantry of races and creeds, and many more.

It is said that the place a woman occupies in the minds of a people is a fair reflection of its state of civilization. In India, in spite of some corruption of ancient tradition, woman holds a high place in the estimation of man. The Prime Existence which created the Cosmos is, in Hindu mythology, named Shakti, and Shakti is feminine. This conception of woman being the mother of the universe is a different conception from that of Genesis where Eve is represented as being produced from the rib of Adam.

Motherhood Glorified

The old history of India, in the heyday of Hinduism, is a glorious record of the freedom allowed to woman to rise to her fullest stature in domestic and civic life, in religion and in politics, in arts and sciences. And today the conception which colors the whole attitude of man to woman in India is that woman is "mother." It is motherhood in woman which the Indian glorifies more than her womanhood.

Manu, the Hindu lawgiver, said, "A master exceedeth ten tutors in claim to honor; the father, a hundred masters; but the mother, a thousand fathers in right to reverence and in the function of teacher." Again, "the gods come down to play where women are worshipped." The saying of Prophet Mohammed is equally emphatic: "At the feet of the Mother is Paradise."

Artist Conception

The most characteristic mode of addressing women in public and in the homes in India is to call them "Mata" (mother). An Indian artist would prefer to represent a young girl with a child at her breast, rather than a virgin with all the allure in the world. Woman as mother is supreme in her Indian household; her sons, even after they have grown up into householders must bow down to the mother, and their wives must do the same.

VISITING GIs SHUDDER AT GRUESOME HINDU FESTIVAL

1347 Bu, India—When the Hindus celebrate Charakpuja (New Year's Eve) they delve into "a world in a mood for creation, with the old year expiring and a new one rising out of its destruction."

To observe these festivities a dozen enlisted men and officers of this ICD base traveled to a secluded village on invitation of an English tea-planter and chief babu (headman) of the natives. They witnessed scenes of unbelievable self-imposed torture, ate at the table of the chieftain and were present at the ceremonies.

After a dance during which the participants jumped on the sharp blades of bolo knives, they were led to a nearby stream for the "bath of purification".

Leaving the stream, they walked back to a sacred temple, with large steel needles stuck through their tongues. After the needles, two feet long, were thrust through the tongues, a large China rose was attached to one of the protruding points. This part of the ceremonies signified that all verbal sins of the devotees during the past year were forgiven.

Startling phase of the performance was the "Pashban" or self-inflicted torture in atonement for past sins of the body. Tridents with needle-sharp points were thrust through the sides of the devotees, among whom were two children; then the tridents were removed after they had circled the temple of the goddess seven times.

Perhaps the most striking part of the ceremony was the performance at the "May-pole," a weird looking structure which included a tall bamboo pole, a circular platform at the base which moved freely at the touch of a few hands, and four lengths of stout hemp cord dangling from four separate prongs at the top of the pole.

A priest inserted gaffs (which resembled large meat hooks) into the backs of four of the devotees. To do this he pinched a broad section of flesh from the upper waist of each of the participants and thrust the razor-sharp bit through. The four (three men and a small boy) were led to the platform under the pole, suspended to the ends of the long cords and were soon squirming and whirling through the air.

This May-pole and its ceremony symbolized the abject impotence of mankind before the power of the deities. It brought the party to a climactic close.

LATEST PLANS FOR RELEASE OF OVER-AGE MEN
FAILS TO STIR ANY OPTIMISM AMONG ICD MEN

Majority of GIs Intend To
Stay in Army Until
War's Over

1306 BU, Karachi--A flurry of excitement was caused in the upper age brackets here by the War Department's recent announcement that GIs 42 and over are now eligible for release from the army.

A spur of the moment survey of nine qualifying men reveals three are definitely in favor of sticking it out for the duration, while most of the potential "takers" of releases are only lukewarm and might still decide to sweat out the remainder of the war.

Will Sweat It Out

Sgt. Harry S. Miller, 49, married and father of a 13-year-old girl, is a 30 year veteran of New York show business. He says:

"Not for me. Personally, I hate army regimentation as much as any other GI, but I enlisted because I didn't want to live in the Nazis' or Nips' world. When the job is finally finished I'll be only too happy to go back into show business."

S/Sgt. James M. Johnson, 45, of Indianapolis, Ind.; Pfc. Gwin W. Boothe, 43, of Coeur D'Alene, Ida.; S/Sgt. C.H.A. Coesfeld, 43, of Hackensack, N.J., and Pvt. Carl C. Anderson, 43, of Chicago, are all due for rotation soon and are not too eager. Composite sentiment seemed to be to await rotation and apply for discharge when back in the States.

Cpl. Verne Hale, 42, of Moses Lake, Wash., is due for rotation soon but because of poor health "would grab the first opportunity to get out of the army." Hale already has put in 23 months in the IB theater.

Will Stick It Out

T/Sgt. Arthur K. Serumgard, 51, of Helena, Mont., is a veteran of World War 1. As yet he has not fully made up his mind. He says:

"Going back to my wife and four kids and to my old job sounds good to me, but if I'm still needed, I won't mind staying the limit."

Sgt. Thomas N. Kellahan, 45, of Kingstree, S.C., and Sgt. Thomas McGowan, 42, of Boston, come up for rotation soon and say they will "be satisfied with getting that and sticking the show out." Kellahan, a former county judge, says, "I've been taking orders so long now I believe I've forgotten how to give 'em!"

TOPKICK FIGHTS FOR WELFARE OF U. S. SOLDIERS

Was a Lieutenant in War I;
Studies Vet Problems,
Helps Men

1306 BU, Karachi--When 1st Sgt. Art Serungard joined the army, he wanted, as much as anyone else, to help whip the enemy, but in his mind he also had the welfare of GIs.

For two wars and the intervening years, Serungard has had soldier and veteran problems uppermost in his mind. After a discharge as a lieutenant in 1918, he found re-adjustment a troublesome process--for himself and many friends.

As a result of his experiences, he made veteran problems his major avocation. He conducted a thorough study of soldier benefits and opportunities for returning vets. Armed with the knowledge he acquired over the years, he felt he could help younger men in today's army, and re-enlisted in 1942 as a GI.

Now, at 50, he is a first sergeant of a guard squadron at this base and in an excellent position to follow his avocation and the cause for which he enlisted. He feels that he has helped many to adjust themselves for the bewilderingly different life in the army.

TOP SERGEANT

The way T/Sgt Art Serumgard, 1st Sgt of the Guard Squadron, views his function in the army, he serves as a counter-weight to the younger and presumably more reckless elements. This is no mere bit of pretence on his part: now fifty years old, Art looks back to a military career which includes World War I service as a second lieutenant and years spent in the North Dakota and Montana National Guards.

Soldier and vet problems occupy Serumgard's thoughts very often. Art admits that following the last war it was some ten years before he was completely readjusted again. This time, he feels, the problems will be multiplied. Out of his own experience he thinks he can be of help to many men. It is a self-propelled, one-man crusade which sometimes does not receive the understanding and sympathy it should, but Art remains undiscouraged.

In 1918, as a lieutenant, Serumgard, was awarded the Silver Star to the Victory Medal by General Pershing. He fought at St. Mihiel and at Meuse-Argonne with the 16th Infantry. He was cited for bravery several times and awarded the Purple Heart when wounded in action.

Serumgard's home is now in Helena, Montana. In civilian life he was a computer for the state highway department.

CHAPTER XVI

V.I.P.

We of the great unwashed merely gazed through the veil of red tape to see the VIP's that arrived and departed from the 1st Transport Squadron. However, those that were human made lasting impressions on the EM and so being an EM, I will try and tell of those ships that passed in the night.

Most of us hit the Polo Grounds a few weeks after the great(?)clean-up. Uncle Joe Stilwell was really rugged and although the Mess was a far cry, it was improving. The Polo Grounds were near Chabua, here was held before the ATC, contest between the wealthy tea planters, situated between two large tea plantations, with the jungle on both sides. It was the only place where buildings could be built to house the many thousands that went over the Hump to China. Officers and men were permitted to live in dismal bamboo huts surrounded by seas of mud. It was a strange odor - as the trucks whipped up the mud and the mud hit the sides of buildings, the odor was like tankage. Or you would think that it was a cross between beet pulp on the Laurel highway, and the Hanson Packing Company's slaughter house.

A road went past the Officer's side of the Mess Hall, a long thatched roof structure. Long Captain Hank Owens was in charge. As the days ran on he became more or less of a problem child. However, he at least made sense to me. Uncle Joe read the piece in the Roundup about the place - the writer didn't know what he was talking about; the food that we got from the QM was the worst of it. But no one helped that situation one bit as long as I was on the Polo Grounds Staff. Skinned-out sheep from Australia that the British smacked their lips over, were smelly green whippets as far as we were concerned. However, it was because of this that I met and talked with General Joe Stilwell and began to admire him for the man he was. He made the Brass put a road block in front of the Mess hall, thereby stopping one source of odor. You could never escape the manure pile that was steaming on top of the roof known as thatch - nor the weevil bread, the "URP on a Shingle", or the lukewarm Spam, and the 14-year-old Holy Cow, and the green whippet dog. It was true that the mess was a mess but not as bad as the roving reporter wrote. However, I met Vinegar Joe when he made one of his frequent visits and mentioned the road to him. In the Officers' mess they had a tiny Wog pulling a heavy rope attached to several screens that were on pulleys and swung as the little fellow pulled. He had a fancy turban and fancy clothes, and the breeze from the fanning was negligible, so Joe put a stop to that foolishness.

Another time, when Lieutenant Bradshaw slipped up on us - as usual I was awake in the minute - the hour was early five - and Meador was put out. Bradshaw didn't tell us that Joe was just outside the door; all the Monkey Sahib said was, "Get up this instant. General Stilwell wants you in the PX

at once". Meador used the GI vernacular and told the good Lieut. where he and the Gen. could both go. By that time I was out of the net and beside the General, and with less time than it takes to tell, Woody was out, bowing and scraping to the General. He really did a nice job and gave some of the candy he had put away for the gang, and Joe sent a nice letter down from his headquarters. However, the General sent down his man Friday, Captain Arnold, and we had many a nice visit with him on his many trips down to the Polo Grounds - to Uncle Joe, only those that made the long trek with him out of Burma were any good at all. Arnold had---I came too late, and was too old, to carry out what the "Old Man" expected---so said Captain Arnold.

However, we all got peeved at Uncle Joe as more and more of the noble Allies came through the Base. All of the officers would rush into the Officers' Latrine and wash their clothes while the EM would either befoul the Enlisted Latrines or else would cause great amount of labour cleaning up the double English Descent tents. These were of baby blue inside and smelled to high heavens - soon became blackened because of rotting, and leaked rain all the time. Our Slopies,, or Chinese to you, we couldn't do anything with them because if any American was mean to one of them, we were given a Drum Head right away. Most of these men were from the school at Ramgarh, I knew several that served there and also heard Dr. Seagrave on the same subject. However, I did meet some fine men, but in the main these men appeared to be of a lost cause. I remember one early morning, a couple of them were flying around in a couple of P 51s; there were no clouds in the sky, and no other air craft, when out of a clear sky they rammed headlong into each other---except for the loss of the P shooters - the world lost nothing much.

Often we would shake the noble allies, and there was a warehouse filled with all sort of merchandise that these people were going to smuggle into China. However, the boys of the silver wings told me that they often got even since they would load a 46 by seating one Chinese with his back to the pilot and his legs opened - putting another right up against his body - they loaded a large number that way. Often when over the Hump they would open the hatch and yell - and all the noble trained(?)men would step out the door - and they had no parachute. This, of course, was hearsay on my part and made a good story.

I have three cards from some of the Chinese Generals - Col. C. K. Husng, Chief of Liaison Section, Ministry of War, Chunking, Brigadier General S.Lin, Commander of the 2nd Regiment Pioneer, he was in Barracks 4, Bay 4, and Bed 4, and K. F. Liang, Maj. Gen. C.G. of the 12th Eng. Regt. Chinese Army. These men were nearly human and we enjoyed several talks together - I received a note from the Maj. Gen. in which he wrote in Chinese, "I hope that soon peace will come to our beloved countries from our Common Enemy."

I feel sorry that we did not know of General Stilwell's problems - both his treatment at home under the High Command, and the High Command of both the British and Chinese. Never did a man have more burdens beset him trying to do a job. I am convinced that had Uncle Joe been allowed to carry on, we would have shortened the war in the East from a year to a year and a half. But that wouldn't have made the money for the boys in the High Places. I remember the poor devils that brought a million dollars in Gold to the Chaing, Chennaults and Sung, a gift - supposed to assist in keeping the currency of

the Generalissimo stable, but went into the coffers of the ones in the know.

Yes, I remember Gen. Pat Hurley and Strademeyer - their wild party. We of the unwashed peeked through the window of the Officers' Mess and listened to the Hump Happy Show do their stuff; heard Gen. Pat give his Texas War Whoop, when the boys sang some of the Texas songs. I also remember when Gen. Hoag and Chennault pinned the Citation that FDR gave the ATC for Hump loads; no thought of the many men that died doing this. I was chosen by my squadron to receive it for them. It was a high honor, I assure you - but one that I received because of the love of my BOYS.

Yes, I remember Lord Louis and his talk to us. He was a handsome fine-appearing man, and came to reassure us that we wouldn't be cut off and left to rot in a Jap camp if the Burma fight cut out our rail - and it was only a few miles from doing so. We knew what happened in China when the Brass left the EM and flew out.

I can still see the famous General Hardin, when on an evening formation and we had to cover all our bodies with longies. He appeared like a prima donna and had nicely starched SHORTS with bare knees and bare arms - and kept us for quite a spell while he presented Air Medals, etc. to the flying personnel. We ground hops just stood and sweated.

Yes, I remember Tom Harmon-that famous (?) chap whose reputation preceded him to the Polo Grounds. He buzzed the base and my poor Orderly Room with Lieut. Hawks in his P Shooter, pig-a-back, and really provided entertainment at the base. Speaking of Brass, I also remember one ~~officer~~ and how he came to the defense of the black market boys whose court-martial was set aside - I mean the officers - and the EM took the rap. Also Col. Egan, that famous star of the East coast, and his starting the physical program in Assam. I shall tell of the civilian brass in another chapter.

Woody and I were sent to Shallon, a rest camp on top of a range of mountains in the middle of the Brahmaputra Valley - rising 6000 feet above the valley floor on whose sides the greatest rainfall in the world is noted - I understand some 400 inches. Gehati was the end of the Assam railroad and the ferry where they cross the river joins the Standard Gauge with the Metric, and the material that was supposed to come via rail, EM and pipe line and road machinery came along. The Americans had taken over the rail and those 40-8 box cars with no air bounced along the track. In the railroad coaches the odor was awful and when many of the boys had been shipped via rail instead of air they suffered many hours from Bombay and the Iron Cages (a local institution) and Chabua.

Although a lot of food such as fruit cocktail and edible stuff was shipped with them, they never received it and when the troop train hit Chabua we on the base got the tins. The latrines were called mechanical - a hole in the floor over the wheels. At every stop the Wogs would hang on the outside of the train and often were knocked off to their deaths and no one cared a darn.

The road ran one-way traffic, and there were two road blocks at the top and bottom of the hill. Each A.M. and P.M. a long caravan of 1918 Mack trucks,

those old high wheeled trucks of WWI, would start at the top and bottom of the hill. Driving like mad, the two long lines would pass in the center of the hill. Raining the whole time, it sure raised your hair, because none of the Wogs ever heard of a St. Christopher medal that keeps the American safe and sound, driving like heck.

It was a lovely city, and the British Air Force had their rest camp there. We of the Americans also enjoyed the hospitality. We went to dances and a beautiful English lady was pointed out to me - to not dance with her because she had fixed up the whole British Army; was taking treatments. She was truly a lovely looking woman, a wife of an officer - and loved not too wisely.

We attended a boxing match at the BOR, (British Other Ranks). However, this was an Air Force Non-Coms. Club. There we saw how the cousins take their boxing; we were not allowed to yell, boo or make a sound during the fight, or the fight would be called off. One evening Woody and I attended a reception at this Club for the Air Marshal of the entire English Air Force in India. He was a charming man and was easy to talk to; Lord Baldwin and I hit it off. I told him what I thought about the English way of feeding their men and suggested that he see that a mess force like the American Army be established, and not contract the food out to non-military concerns. He agreed, and we talked about many of the old days in France and England. Woody and I nearly froze---when only a few days before, we were on the melting point with prickly heat. I met the CO and he was one of the boys from Minnesota I served with in 1916 at the University of Minnesota.

We saw the temples and heard the temple bells, attended a Church of Scotland, saw a group of English with one tie hanging down their backs as well as one from their front. It seems that their history was such that they were either at Bunker Hill or some such and ran, I didn't get all the answers. Woody and I passed a wonderful time up there and just rested. I understand that many a boy caught the "Seven Years Itch??" up there and that the Sulfa drugs had caused a situation that closed the camps to Americans for a spell.

We rode up there in a Jeep from the Polo Grounds and came back via a rail ride from Gehati. Coming up we passed several large brick structures with trees growing on top of their roofs. We found out that about 500 years ago the ruler used to have elephant fights and these buildings were used to hold them. They would starve the elephants and I guess these huge faithful animals would really turn killer. I saw many of these animals in the jungles, clearing the land for the tea planters and also in logging. I understand that their love life is something to behold.

THE INDIAN SUN DANCE - WHERE IT CAME FROM - AND WHERE IT CAME TO.

I feel that anything of interest should be added to this since all we did mostly was to sweat, and cuss, and fight mosquitoes, smell the Wogs, and hear the jackals howl at night. However, when I was going through some of the clippings, I noted this. Several men went on this expedition and I learned first hand from them. I was thinking about an old cow poke up in the Big Sandy, Montana, country - many, many years ago.

It seems that Uncle Sam had told the Siouxs and all other tribes that the Sun Dance was out, mainly because the braves would really go on a killing spree after one of this form of Prairie Ball Room Dancing. The dancers would cut two slits in their chests, run a thong through the hide; said rawhide thong was attached to a pole, and then the fun would start. Seems that they danced until the thong cut itself away - or the dancer passed out. However, they used the little prairie Peoti Bean and would they ever get high; this made all the other braves put themselves out and soon all would be hunting hair to lift, or ponies, or stock to rustle - or all three.

Mell, Mr. Empson, the old timer, told me that he and a couple of buddies, in that dim distant past, were watching a Sun Dance get underway; they were seated on the ground - their ponies were in easy "gittin'" 'cause they knew that if they didn't "git" when the "gittin'" was good they would be the first of the "Noble Experiment". As they watched, he said, out of nowhere they heard Jehova's Trumpet sound - it was so loud and clear that they nearly passed out - but being youthful and on their toes they were "Up and Away", and as they galloped down towards what is now Havre, they saw what to them was the whole U.S. Army come pouring over the swale - colors and guidons flowing in the breeze. He said it was a sight he would never forget.

I am therefore adding the India touch as taken from a story about the SUN DANCE UP THERE IN INDIA. I feel sure that you will ponder, and as the Department Commander of North Dakota Comrade Milligan told me, the Red Hand in the Gates of the Mountain is a blazed trail that runs from Peru to North in Manitoba, and it was laid down about 5 to 7 thousand years ago. And that is just what the old Indian Prof., Vaswani, told us that the Indians were over here 7000 years ago. Strange isn't it?

CHAPTER XVII

THE VASWANI BOYS.

There were five of us that ran around together - this was in Karachi. Ivy Iverson, Nodine, Ellis and Brooks. Ivy was from Minnesota, Nodine was from upper New York, Ellis---I never knew where he was from and Brooks was a Georgian. Brooks was a knot-headed Talmadge follower and we used to get him so mad that he would nearly burst his buttons. We all made the different affairs around the Base, but Nodine, Ivy and I sang in the Glee Club, both over on the 80th Depot side and on our base. Playing the Red Cross we soon became interested in Dr. B. J. Vaswani, English Professor of the Sind University. He would come out to the Beacon and would lecture us on many subjects. He was a rather tall, thin man, smooth-shaven, very dark, with regular features. We enjoyed his lectures very much so it was little wonder we attended some of the specials he arranged for the GI.

We went to a Parsee Party given in honor of the students of the University. These people have lived in India for 1300 years. They are Persians and are fire-worshippers. They believe in the four main elements of the world---earth, fire, air and water. They don't bury, burn, or cast their dead in the water, like the Hindu Mohammedans and Christian. Rather, they place the bodies in the Towers of Silence, huge winged birds of a vulture type clean the bodies in less than eight minutes. We saw these same birds clean up a dead wog in Calcutta while we waited for our bus. No one worried except us.

At this lovely Parsee party, within their own club grounds, Ivy and Nodine and I sat talking with a lovely couple - a banker in Karachi. While there are only 100,000 of these people, they have kept their blood clean and are fine looking people, with a Semitic-looking face. The women are good looking - and the banker's wife was beautiful. Her Indian gown was of light brown chiffon, the edges were bands of gold thread several inches wide. It is a one-piece affair and fits over the head as well as body. We sat there talking and I asked her "I wish to ask you a question, what are your wifely rights?" "I know what you mean, sergeant, my rights are the same as your wife's. I name the children - have the voice in their education, I handle money affairs - have my own money - we live in the same type of home you do - we use occidental furniture - we sleep in beds and do not sit like the Hindu. If my husband dies I have my just share of the estate. I do not have to be pushed aside because of widowhood as does the Hindu." We had a lovely program and played games, and in due time we went back to the base.

Dr. Vaswani was a Sikh, although he didn't wear their beard but dressed as an occidental. He told us much of their religion. They tried to solve India's problems and as such, thought that getting rid of the priest would

do it. However, they really made another caste. And in Karachi, where the Mohammedans out-voted them, they lived in peace. So at their spring "Ceremony of the Spring" - when all get fertile - we were invited to their Temple. Ivy and I went. First we were taken to the Doctor's home, where he dined us with the food of the Hindu. We didn't do so good but ate around things - we didn't want him to be offended so we made with the double-cross and palmed the food into our pockets. His lovely daughter was there and the Doctor and his wife were very nice.

Then to the Temple - we entered a large building. We had to take off our shoes and mother always said that I would get caught someday - with a hole in my hose - I did then. We sat Wog-fashion before a large altar something like a four-poster bed. Within it, was a large book opened. A Sikhett (lady Sikh) kept the flies off the book with a large horse tail fan. Streaming down the side of the altar were chains of beautiful flower petals - over the top of electric fans were gobs of petals - ladies kept bringing in more flowers.

The women and children sat in the center of the group and in front of the altar. At one side a band took its place. There were four or five playing, one had a sort of a one-handed concertina that he pumped with one hand and played with the other, one note at a time. There were several gourd-like instruments, stringed, and they all played one note - with no harmony. The harmony was played by the drummer who used both hands to keep up the tempo. The leader of the band would lay out a verse and the congregation would repeat it - like a litany. Soon the music got going faster and faster. Then it stopped and a chap got up and read for awhile about the finances of the group. Then they really went to town.

Soon several young men with silver-like bottles, not unlike those that the barber uses to wet your hair, ran all around and sprinkled rose water over us all; that made us fertile for another year. Then the fans were rotated and the petals floated down upon us. At long last large copper trays were brought in and balls of something that looked like mush made of wheat were carried around and given all that wanted some. We didn't, so the fertile business wasn't 100 per cent as far as I was concerned. We got our shoes back and went home to the base.

Another time we went over to see a real live Yogi. He was very good; however, any holy man can be a Yogi. There were several in all big towns. In Karachi, a large city, there was one big black man; he would go down the street mother-naked, boy, was he virile - I used to laugh as he would pass in front of the gharries; often we would see a Red Cross Miss taking another look at this manly Wog. However, the Yogi we went to see was over at a wealthy cement-makers home. A large place was tented over and this man came out. He did many things - he could shoot an arrow lying down, using his hand pointing the arrow in one direction, and using his feet pointing the arrow in another; this was done at the same time. He would hit a stick that was placed upright in front and at his back. He was laying down full length. He was buried alive in a hole. He controlled his breathing and could last about 48 hours. The hole was ten foot deep. We didn't stay around to see him get exhumed. However, there were thousands of the faithful with a sprinkling of GIs.

We went another time with a Theosophy Society. They had hired a camel car; this was a large lumber wagon with rubber auto tires. The camel was as usual a long-necked affair - I always think of the Grand Dame that smells something bad and is chewing gum. This poor animal had the dribbles and wow! what a smell and what came out; however, I rode in it all the way to the sand pits on the Red Sea, I guess. We had a fine time and we also had GI lunch provided by the special services. There were men and women at the party and mostly young folks from school. We bought shells and Mary has some that she uses for ash trays.

Another time the good Doctor brought an orchestra from Karachi. There were all sorts of instruments - large, small, stringed and wood winds - and the drums - besides that sort of accordian affair. To a cultured Indian there are 64 steps between one note and another - most can and do hear 8 steps - that is 8 tones between A and B. While the caterwauling was going on, one of the boys and I started to fool around in the back room with the accordian affair. He was a good organist and I pumped and he played - you should have seen their eyes when they heard "Somebody Stole My Gal" and "Blue Indigo" and "My Man" - we gave them a concert.

We heard the Doctor's lectures and so when I left for the states, I bought the "God of Politics" to give the Governor of Montana, at that time Sam Ford, the Republican. I will tell the story as one GI would tell it to his baby daughter when he returned home and was asked "Daddy, tell me a fairy story", and I don't mean about Pershing Square.

THE STORY OF GANAPATI.

Once upon a time in the Never Never Land before the days of Kipling and the British Raj, the gods were very close and folks could see that they had loads of fun. Now one god was the Boss, his name was Vishnu and his wife was another god named Siva; they had a darling little boy called Ganapati.

One day mama was taking a bath and wasn't feeling too well, just like your mama is sometimes. She was peeved at papa because she had heard he was tomcatting around a bit with another darn hussy, and so she told her little boy, "Son, you stand outside and keep the folks out of the bathroom and above all, you keep papa out - I am sure sore at that man. Just keep him out and don't let him in". Well, pretty soon papa showed up and when his little boy wouldn't let him in, was daddy ever peeved. He called him names and said, "Son, if you don't let me in I'll do something mean". "But papa, mama said you couldn't come in". "Well, she may be your mama but she is still my wife and she may not be ever-loving but I have business with her".

Well, one thing led to another and the upshot was that Vishnu takes out his snickersnee and chops off his little boy Ganapati's nose, and the poor little boy didn't have any nose - and went crying down the hall. Mama heard the noise and when she came to the door she was sure burned up. "What

are you doing in my bathroom? You snake in the grass, Vishnu - I am going home to my mother's and am going to get a divorce from you. You can have that worthless kid 'cause I told him to guard against all from disturbing me in my bath."

When Vishnu heard what mama said he felt very sad, and so he told her what he had done, and said, "Mama I am going to do a grand thing for this swell little boy of ours - he can choose any nose he wants in place of the tiny little one I chopped off and I will make him the God of Good Luck." Well, little Ganapati liked the elephant's nose best of all creatures and so he picked that one and you can see his features with a long elephant's nose. He is the God of the Republican Party and the god of good luck to this very day. When you see GOP it stands for God of Politics - or Ganapati Only Proboscis. In the papers it stands for the Grand Old Party.

When the storekeeper got through telling me the story of Ganapati, Ivy and Brooks were with me, I turned to the Wog and said, "Well, Sahib, we in the States worship animals, too". I pointed to Brooks - that narrow-minded Georgian - and said, "See, he worships the Donkey." The Wog sadly shook his head and said, "Ne Teek---no good." I then pointed to Ivy and said, "And he worships the Elephant." "TEEK HIT or Very Good" - Brooksie was sure mad with me.

Well, I rubbed dear little Ganapati all the way home. At that time Sam Ford was Governor of Montana, so when I got back I called on the Governor and with my call, left little Ganapati with him. I told him to rub the little chap every morning, at noon and at night, and he would bring him good luck. He did. The Governor was defeated last November by John Bonner - the 1st Ex-Serviceman we have ever had. I was at a banquet the other day and sat near the Ex-Governor. I said, "Sam, little Ganapati did you a good service - he retired you - after a hot fight." Sam replied, "I sure rubbed the little chap and I am glad that he knew what was best for me."

We five walked down Bund Road one Sunday and there was a Hammer and Sickie party across the street; hundreds of Wogs were running around with red and green banners with the Hammer and Sickie on them. I have seen hundreds of children of both sexes run wild and eat from the garbage cans. The Ghurka Guards would drive them out.

Many an evening we used to talk about this and that - we all felt that the war would soon be over and welcomed that day. To those swell fellows I often think how wonderful it was to know them; and of the boys of my squadron, with Captain Hibble as commander, I often think with a deep appreciation. I am sorry that I didn't do more. At least I am still in there and am pitching wherever you boys may be.

Ivy and I went into town one day; we went to the KGA. This was a large building taken over by the Red Cross. It belonged to a Portuguese Society. There we ate and after, we went to the markets - a large food market with fruits, etc., etc. As we entered we saw several beggars, leprous, no faces, hands, etc. The odor in the building was terrible. We saw a square object, it was jet black. A native asked for some and the Wog said, "Shoo", and millions of flies rose from yellow dates. We went in and saw meat - the odor

nearly knocked us for the count, but that wasn't what really got Ivy - it was when we went out of this large market, seeing English women buying the spoiled food. There in front of us were about ten little children with their seats pointed toward us and all were adding to the stench of India - we saw them in time so that we didn't get the filth on us as some folks did. A bit farther on, we saw a naked holy woman walking down the street; no one paid any attention to her any more than to the Yogi with no clothes on. Ivy was ill the rest of the trip - although we went to the Ghandi Gardens.

One night I saw a full length Indian movie - it was about the last of the Mongols and was really beautiful. I was out of bounds that night. Coming down the street we were hit up by Mohammedan women with their funny dresses that cover their faces; they have a slit fixed to see through. We saw several in the show with the veils off, and they were just as black as their Hindu sisters.

CHAPTER XVIII

T. S. CARD

This was one of the funny things that was developed out of the WWII. Humor was full and meaty - with a bit of a satyr effect---sort of horns and tails and hoofs of the old Grecian prankster. I have one with me - on the one side it says:

T. S. CARD
(Troubled Soldier!)

Did your First Sergeant Talk Roughly to you?
Do you want a Furlough?
Are you Drawing too much K. P.?
Want to be a Civilian?
You don't want to go Overseas?
Got Troubles, Soldier?

Take this card to your Chaplain. He will punch it for you.

10 punches entitle you to a special Silver T.S. Card

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

On the other side it says:

TROUBLED, SOLDIER?

Your Chaplain wants to help you if you have troubles. Of course, if you want a furlough (don't be silly, don't we all?) when you're not entitled to one, or if you think you're drawing too much K.P., about all your Chaplain can do is "punch your card." But if you have spiritual problems, or problems of a serious nature, be sure and see your Chaplain. And, even if you have NO problems - and we hope you don't - remember that your Chaplain is your best friend and would like to know you better.

All I can say that as harmless as this card was, how the Chaplains reviled against it. It was something. I remember one Catholic that came on the base (not all Catholics were wise in their approach) and if he didn't give us poor Masons Hell, and most of the men at the LECTURE WERE MASONS. Some son-of-a-gun sent him a TS Card.

I am reminded that I punched a few cards as all First Sgts. had to do. Do you remember the SHORT ARMS that we used to have? Well, one early sunny morning, the birds, if there had been any, sang (if they could have sang) we were in long lines; to expedite the matter the MD was seated and as we passed him, all scrubbed and shining with muskets ready for inspection, he would merely point to one Company Clerk or another as the Squadron came through - something like this - "A, over by the box" "Headquarters, over by the table" "M.P., over by that other box" and so it went; not once did he really look at the expectant Thomas or even do the usual commands. After leaving, I ran in to one of the chaps from AACs - a Master Sgt. and he was boiling mad - All that Damn Doc did was to point to the right and say "AACs over by the box. He didn't look at mine one minute or even a second - and here I have polished it up to the 'nth degree." I merely punched his card.

How do you like telegrams? I don't - even today, I don't. Mary had gone to the hospital and I was waiting for the Red Cross to authorize my coming home on a furlough - and I was also worried about her health. One day around Christmas a funny official Wog came on the Base from Dickom. He was looking for me and finally he got me over where we were cutting the elephant grass - I had several hundred Wogs. He handed me a telegram. I didn't open it, but carried it all over the Base. McCanta saw my face, and thought that it was more yellow - had been taking atabrine - and that makes you yellow. Finally at night I opened the darn thing - an inch at a time - I could hardly make out the darn words - but this I finally did make out: "Greetings from the Highway Gang Helena, Montana." Again I punched my card - and breathed a sigh of relief. The next few days I heard from Mary and she was up and around again.

In India they have Caste Systems - and one Wog is either better or worse than another Wog. However, those that climb to high positions such as Track Walker - really have the rating. Every day the trackwalker would go by, all decked out in a reddish colored turban. He was seated at the head and in front of four skinny Wogs on a hand car - he sat in front and above the center of the tracks. Over his head another Wog held a large black umbrella and fanned him. I punched the cards of the four that worked the hand cars every trip. I remember another Indian that had reached a high place in the scheme of things - he was the surveyor - that hit Karachi. Boy, did he ever have it swell. He had quite a crew of Wogs that fluttered around him; one carried the plane table, another his pencil, etc., etc. As he moved around the table taking squints at this and that, one Wog carried a large black umbrella and kept his head covered from the sun, while another fanned him and kept the flies off his coconut, -greasy hair that was encased in the largest turban you ever saw. I punched the poor guy that carried his pencil.

I have before me a pass - it says on it:

Sept. 1943	
POLO GROUNDS DETACHMENT FIRST TRANSPORT GROUP APO 629	
Has permission to remain on the Polo Grounds to work: <u>SUGRI</u> (Name)	
<u>SWEEPER</u> (Occupation)	B.H.Hawks 2nd Lieut. Air Corps Adjutant.

I have a more formal document and thereby hangs a tale.

JOKAI (ASSAM) TEA COMPANY, LIMITED.
(Incorporated in England.)

Registered Office-
14, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.
Calcutta Agency-
BALMER, LAWRIE & CO., LTD.
103 Clive Street.

HATTIALLI DIVISION
Chabua P.O., T.O. & Rly. Stn.
Assam.

THE 18th. NOVEMBER, 1943

Our G/ 1460/43
Ref. _____
Your _____

The Adjutant,
Polo Ground Detachment.
1st. Transport Group.

Dear Sir:

The bearer of this pass (shown falsely as SUGRI) is named Jawrah. He was born on this estate and is one of my line labourers. I gather he has been given work as a sweeper in your Camp.

I should be glad of your confirmation that his work is stopped.

He is now here but will abscond again.

Yours faithfully,

Copy to: Labour Officer,
S.O.S. Nudwa

(Signed)

Cline
Manager.

Enclo: 1 pass in name of "Sugri"

Well, here it is, as they say in the Navy. A native is bought and sold with the plantation - now - then and in the future. It makes no difference if it would be Ghandi or anyone else. A native laborer has no caste and therefore he must work where this Tea Company Manager tells him to. Most of the stock is held by rich native Indians; however, they hire the English, and particularly Irish and Scotch ex-officers to do their work. A woman has no rights, and she works for a pittance of money and merely exists. If a widow she is really out of luck; either a prostitute - and they are myriad - or as a tea picker. If her child is born on the plantation it also becomes part of the estate.

I was given this with a wink and a nod - I did my part. One day the Planters' representative, together with a native policeman came in the Polo Grounds, and as usual I was out in the field getting the work started for the day, seeing that the sweepers were on the job, grass details, etc. So when the officers wanted to pass anything that was a dirty detail the Old Sarge got it. This chap wanted me to call the natives together to shake them down, to see if one of his runaways was there. We paid terrible wages - 1 rupee per day, 30 per week and found; they usually get about 30 rupees per year and eat themselves????

What did I do with the two Indians - easy, you said it - I kicked them off the Polo Grounds - wouldn't listen to their threats or anything else. I not only ordered them off but I blew my little whistle, and the fire guard came over - with his official rusty and trusty rifle he really looked important; so off they went - muttering that they would be back - and they were, near the end of my stay. Uncle Sam does it again - we mugged, finger printed every native in all the bases in Assam - then the Tea Planters took what they wanted and left us to take what we could get, and with orders that they must have a picture, etc. before being hired. We had natives from all over India and many told me that this or that plantation claimed them. So I punched their cards.

When we got boys in from the State side - all beat up - I used to punch their cards. The most pitiful were those that came off the LaRoma, I think the vessel's name was - this was the first ship to go through the Mediterranean. This ship was broadcasted and like so much of the foo foo, the enemy knew about things before we did, and it also seemed that the United States boasted that the Italian Lake was ours and this ship was loaded to the guards, and sent merrily on its way. Buzz Bomber blew it up and they lost heavily - I understand out of some 3000 men over 1500 were lost. Many of them made North Africa and there their few wants were taken care of - but just a few - and they had to sign Statement of Charges of all the stuff that they were given by Uncle, that went down with the ship. We got most of these boys, crews, squads, etc. all broken up and were no good for anyone—shell shocked we called them in the old days. I punched their cards.

I am thinking of the beating many boys took--promised rotation and then shipped over to India instead of the states. One night I heard a shot wing over my head - I rushed out to the Bashaws and there a youngster blew his brains out with a carbine. There were three others in this small British tent. He threatened to kill them if they moved - they were stacked away like sardines. He had gotten a "Dear John" letter and instead of being shipped

home after 2 years in Italy and North Africa, they were shipped to China. I had one heck of a time with the Group Advocate - he was a nitwit and wanted to really make things tough - say the kid was a suicide, but I fixed his clock.

These boys were away from their officers, they were in Jorhat, so I went to Major Johnson---since he was handling the project. I didn't tell this Captain from the Judge Advocate's Department what I was going to do. We buried the kid, nice funeral as per one Legionnaire Serungard. Then I stalled the lawyer - and before the camp knew it we had trucks, and the whole squadron were on their way to Jorhat. I told the non-coms to tell their officers not to let the Wop Lieutenant for the Judge Advocate do any foolish thing to this boy's memory. Well, after it was all over and the Wog for Group finally caught up with these boys and was dressed down by their Colonel because of his insistence that the accident wasn't in line of duty, he and I went through the boy's effects - several letters that he had written to his ex-girl friend and mother - were rather pitiful. So I punched the Lieutenant's card.

When I got prickly heat, I punched my card; when I got leeches on my legs I punched the Doctor's card - he had to get them off. When the CID planted several men in my barracks, I had to laugh when several of the phony brass got picked up Black Marketeering. I punched their cards - and so it went all through the days overseas. At the present time, I punch anyone's card for marbles or chalk but when they are dated by their slang such as "OKIE-DOKEY" and "ROGER" and "Hi" for "How do you do", you can put them down as six years later than they would have you think they were, at least. They might have been children around a V 12 but that would still be several years ago. So a warning to all girls and boys---read the funny strip of Boots, Freckles and His Friends, and keep up with modern Junior Talk - if you don't, everyone knows that you must have picked it up with some GI boy friend, many years ago. I therefore punch your card.

You have noticed that anything that was a bit irksome was given the old TS treatment. The Red Cross got a lot of TS cards for GIs. They were not understood by the top brass and were supposed to be a Quasi-Governmental Agency, so they were given authority beyond their capacity to adequately exercise it. The allowing boys to return home because of illness - even death, would wind up with some long-visaged sister in the HOME TOWN - and if he wasn't of the manor born, was given the brush-off. That is why most GIs have utter contempt for this group. In other words, they were over-sold on their job and because of that made themselves a heap of enemies, and so I punch their cards and wish that I could have punched a few noses.

We all loved those fancy letters that some chap thought up. Your folks or you sent them in and they were nicely photographed, and you got a micro-filmed letter. This was supposed to cut down on space, also censor's duties were eliminated. What happened was that so hard were they to read, and like the post card from Aunt Sofia, everyone read the darn things, so I punch those that sent me that type of mail. We usually couldn't read it - if made by hand - or if typed was so hard to read that with a 20/20 eye you couldn't see the X marks of the little woman. So folks, don't send the boy friend any of those dainty epistles - unlike those of Paul's, they weren't read and

if read, were not believed - and besides, who the heck wants to be an Ephesian. So to the V-Mail, I punch the guy that invented it and the guys that sent them, and mostly the guys that tried to read them.

This is therefore some of the worst of the TS punched cards - there are many more, and if a GI reads this, let him add what he was peeved at. I think that what has irked most returned Veterans is the greed, selfishness and utter disregard for human rights that those at home have shown. It isn't the gambling, slot machines, easy virtues of the folks - their drinking habits don't concern the returnees half as much as finding that among those they are supposed to look up to, these people are in there making money out of the rest of us. And they don't care how they get it. And they don't care what they do to get it. Be they Sheriffs, Mayors, Preachers, Governors, Legislators, Congressmen, Labor Leaders, Business Leaders - even the Presidents all have a price.

That is the awfulness, because the GI was young and was in the Birds and Bees stage when he left to become a man - meeting his God face to face - meeting problems that seemed unsurmountable---he comes home only to find business at the same old stand. He finds that although the Great Ex-Servicemen's organizations have beautiful programs, the leaders won't give up their leadership. These young GIs feel that they want to Run before they can Walk - because they have learned to walk; and this old-timer warns both the Great Organizations, unless they change their tactics they will not attract many of the younger men to their ranks - after the first meeting - when all they hear is the boasting, the belittling, the mutual jealousies. It seems that you can never tell Dad that he is getting too old to spank junior - now that junior is a broth of a lad, six foot six and has been out with the boys himself. Therefore I punch some of the old timers that have made a good thing out of their Veterans' affiliations during the past 30 years, for as sure as you are born, they won't be Mr. Big much longer.

To the younger GI, let me state here and now - those same organizations are good - but they need a clean-out - do it and do a darn good job, as they say down in the Democratic South: "Every four years TURN THE RASCALS OUT" - change of pastures makes fat cows. Make dad understand that he can come and look on and when you want something you will ask, but you want to be the one to run the business.

To the Dads, you may have done a good job, but you had the privilege to learn to walk the hard way - and that is what Junior wants to do - he wants to feel that he makes it a success or a failure HIMSELF. Give him a break.

Another thing I love: Westbrook Pegler, as well as Drew Pearson. They are building up a strong hate against the Veteran over every little mole hill they lambast those that saw service - because both of them have made a living out of subornation - theft of ideas - belittling - misstatement of news - and propaganda - don't let them get your goat. Both - and I should say most, of the Anti-Veterans are jealous of what you have done - and because they haven't the GUTS to do as you did. They in their pedantic outlook on life belittle, when they themselves are small in mind and character.

To the Winchells, Peglers, Pearsons and all character assassins, I punch

your cards; to the 5 per centers; and those that made a stake; to the Mr. Bigs that used the service planes for their own personal gain and profit; I also punch your cards; to the loud-voiced labor leaders of John L. Lewis, Murray et. al. - beware in your selling your country short - I punch your cards; to the half-baked teacher, preacher or plain darn fool that swallows Moscow's propaganda, I punch your card; to the editors of smear sheets that belittle those that served their country, I punch your card; in fact, any foolish virgins that don't take care of the Lamp of Liberty, we will not only punch your card for free but we will endeavor to punch your behind as well. To those that try and throw all issues into the one category of Race, Religion, with Political Belief, and try and fool us because you are merely a mouthpiece of our number one arch enemy, Joe Stalin, the Bear that walks like a man---I punch your card, be ye Robeson or not.

Yes, there are loads of phonies that would love to wreck things because they cannot rule things, forgetting that this country is great because we were founded on compromise - the greatest good for the greatest number. To those that scream intellectual freedom and would muzzle everyone else, I punch your cards. Truly, when you read the whole sordid mess you can get what we are trying to say. These Anti-Americans are so silly that all they need is a TS card and I for one would like to make one up just for them and would I punch all politician's cards. The main reason that those sanctified souls keep the Veterans apart by many organizations is because we have the power to really punch their cards by a good ballot.

Let's all resolve that we will take our places for a fair government - lower taxes - less foo foo and wastage where it isn't needed - therefore vote - meet your politician - and get down in black and white what he stands for; not for phony generalities.

I remember when the Universal Service act was up I had wires, letters, etc. from our congressional delegation, letting me believe that they - the Senators and Representatives - were for the Bill, but I was informed by John Charles Taylor, the Legion lobbyist just how they would vote, I showed him their wires, etc. He pointed out that they didn't really commit themselves, and believe it or not, they voted as Taylor said they would - against the bill. I therefore punch their cards. A Great Big TS to you - and as the years go by, some of the cards that I punched are as real today as then - I am looking at the Hump Express of May 17th, 1945. The title of the article is "Bird Lovers Import Hobby From The States Pigeon Clubs".

Just another pipe dream - you remember the aluminum that little Willie took from Mother's good wearever, and gave to some dope that called for winning the war with the aluminum pot - well, about that time some brain - shall we say Bird Brain - in Washington, got a flash. Why, when a flyer was down he could easily send a pigeon back to the base with his exact location. Where to get the birds? why, the Pigeon Racing Association - there were some in every town and hamlet. Didn't the dogs get a play - and didn't they do a bang-up job and didn't the war need to be won by the pigeons.

So in due time the word went through the regular channels of the Pigeon Racing Association by whatever method I don't know; for months these lovers of the feathered friends went to lecture, did all those things that make with

winning the war. In camp they got a real officer and he was rugged and really made those poor near-sighted Pigeon Lovers sit up - the very man to work under - and so they were sent - not to ETO, not to The Islands, but to dear old Inja "Coral Sands". They went on and on up into Assam - and on and on - it got more rugged as they went along. Soon the rugged officer in charge wasn't so rugged - he began to wonder if they could win the war with pigeons - with over 5000 birds. Some of the parents were worth many, many dollars. I was assured over \$100.00 per bird GOLD and that was of course a well-trained bird, and these were all well-trained. Say that they were worth only fifty bucks, it still was not too much.

These men were to go out and send little Pigeon Pie with the plane that flew over the Hump, and then if the plane became another milestone, the pilot would release dear feathered friend and sit and wait. But the Colonel didn't like the waiting, in the jungles with Japs all around, in fact, instead of a rip-roaring pigeon enthusiast, he became chicken, and used Bull Fighter. He wouldn't let the men go alone, because they would tell on him - so finally when he was ordered to go - he refused, because of this and that and because he was that way?? instead of getting the Business a GI would: "As the court-martial may direct", he was sent home - a hero with a Purple Heart - gotten when little Peter the Parrot bit him on the red, red nose. And have you ever eaten 5000 pigeons - at once? Well, these boys did. They saw their lifeblood - their choicest bits of Racers go down the drain, 'cause to them eating one of those birds was as cannibalistic as eating their own flesh and blood. However, the Just Government let them take their own birds that they owned personally.

So when they landed in my squadron one hot, hot day, and with tears in their eyes told me the dirty so-and-so that talked them into the pigeon deal, and had to not only bid their pets goodbye but eat them 'cause that was all the chow they had - I PUNCHED THEIR TS CARDS AS GRACEFULLY AS I COULD - and what could a man do more than this????

Those that I remember were Sgt. Peter Barry, Pittsburg - former publicity director of the A.R.P.U.; Pfc. James P. Cronin, Upper Falls, Mass., Cpl. Joseph J. Binder, Cicero, Ill., Sgt. Leon H. Drobiazziewi, Pawtucket, R.I., (A strange name of the Yankee). Pfc. Marvin J. Haugen, Albert Lee, Minn., Pfc. Theodore Friedman, Ironwood, Mich., Cpl. Charles DePaepe, Buffalo, N.Y., Pfc. Walter K. Chimiola, Wilkes Barre, Pa., and Pfc. William Landsman, Spotswood, N.J. and the several pigeons that came with them in little boxes. These they wouldn't let out of their sight and to them and each of them and all the rest I didn't know, I punch your cards and hope that you will never, never have to eat Pigeon Pie again. To the officer - again I wish that I could punch your-----card.

To the many GIs that had the misfortune to have only a first name. We will punch your cards - of course, those that had that misfortune know what the Brass did about it. They invented one so that all those millions of copies of this and that called "paper work" could be filled out properly and no blank was missed. So if your name was Joe Blow - you liked it - your folks gave it to you and they liked it - your teacher liked it - and your girl friend liked it. It made no difference to those with the pencil; you would look on page 10 of orders and find this:

<u>JOE</u>	<u>(NMI)</u>	<u>BLOW</u>
First Name	Middle Initial	Last Name

It preyed on the minds of many GIs and I am thinking of a youngster from good old New Orleans - or down in that country. He was a swell little Italian-American kid, and was a good Catholic boy, and a swell hooper. Pete Gennaro, from 3206 Metairie Road, Metairie, La. "Ask for Geronimo's Joint." On the back of the picture that he gave me, sitting in a jeep with another GI named Wm. Trusiewiz, 177 Andrew Ave., Naubatuck, Conn., is this inscription: "TO A SWELL 1st SGT".

Here is the tale - Pete didn't have a middle initial, and he hadn't ever been confirmed in his church. We were talking about it and I was punching the old TS right and left. Pete also wanted to go into the hoofing business in one of Melvin Douglas' Shows - so I got busy and we did a lot of running around - (as I never work in the open) it was through this guy and that, that Pete (and he was a swell Hooper) got his chance in a new unit just opening. I saw him later in Karachi. However, the "NMI" bothered him no end, so I suggested that he get confirmed and that he would use me as a Godfather. However, he went into Dibrugarh where there was a large Catholic Church, and did get his confirmation and a middle initial. He told me what it was but I thought as long as he was with a partial Nordic name that he should use SVEN or have Peter Sven Gennaro - but we didn't get anywhere with that idea. However, to Pete and the millions of others, I hereby punch your TS cards. I hope that Geronimo's Joint is running swell and that there are several little Geronimo's running around with a MI.

Therefore take warning, you parents, give little Carol or little Johnny a MI, don't run them together - like Carolyn or Johnole, but come out square and straight with Carol Ann and John Ole. My oldest daughter developed a terrible complex. With all the fixations I had given her on her little behind, I had added a MI of Ann. She wrote me several times and told me not to use the MI so I always addressed her Dorothy (NMI) Serumgard. She still has the fixations and now is too large and too old to place some more where it should do some good; but remember that parents (so I've been told) are the cause of many terrible things through this thing called FIXATION and I suppose that they will always be the same until we don't have parents any more. So to the modern generation, I punch your cards, too. I am sure sorry that yours truly is built like he was - but once a 1st Sgt. always a 1st Sgt. and that is that - and so when the old Sarge has had some of his many kids think he is a Good Joe - I guess like the saying goes, a prophet is never great in his own household - so again I will ask my wife to PUNCH MY CARD***

There are several fine articles written by Professor Vaswani. I have taken them out of the "Gateway". I hope that you will not miss them. I attended many of his wonderful lectures and I feel that to get within the mind of the Indian, you must read what they think. Captain Hibble was a Mason, and as one he never attended Lodge in Karachi - I always wondered - however, I found out; there were several Masonic Lodges and with the Mohammedan folks there were some big ones. The leader of one ran the greatest clip joint in Sind - near the base. It was called New Malair. Several miles down the road this great and slick Mason had a Roadhouse with all the

trimmings????and I remember several of the comrades instead of going to Darjeeling - in the Kashmir Country, or Shallon, etc. would hie themselves down to this place and for certain fees spend 12 days of Oriental splendor - including all the fixings (nice little Anglo-India) Gordons Gin, and the MPs left the HOTEL? alone, as several of their members used to have private rooms there, although the good Captain never knew about that.

So when the Mayor of New Malair asked the good Captain to go to Lodge and that he would fix him up with everything, Captain Hibble turned it down flatly - and therefore never would go with me to even the British Army Lodges in Karachi. Sgt. Pepper of the Headquarters Squadron spent his leave there, and one day Major Hughes, the CO, and I made a call. It was a nice hotel and reminds me of the one near Helena at Boulder Hot Springs. The rooms were large and clean, and the gin well iced, and the Sgt. was well rested and had a look of contentment.

I never saw his Anglo-Indian and I do not know if he had one but we noted several furtive sisters with and without face-pieces (Mohammedan Ladies) flitting in the dim distance of the large lobby. I was reminded that after all I had to act my age - and such fancy trimmings were not in keeping with the Old Sarge - no matter if the Arabian Nights did have something to intrigue the inner man; and as the good Major said - "God, Sarge, if we could take the damn votes from our women and put them in chiffon pantaloons - peace and contentment would once more be the lot of the American man". However, I am not so sure that the men of America would relish the change, but when I see some snooty dame walking down the street - her nose up turned, I think of the camels of Sind Desert - how they looked - and also of the contented look on Sgt. Peppers face at the Grand Hotel, New Malair, Sind, India.

So I therefore punch all American Men with their strictly sanitary lives, pasturized milk, good wholesome food, and the drugstores and soap; and think about the boys and play girls of the unsanitary and stinking India - maybe they have something, too. At least those that know the angles have - that I know for sure. So to all the gals in America, I punch your cards because you don't have the fun that the good Lord intended for you to have, and like the story of the three Stenos: "*****and I never Learned to PUNCH one of these Damn Things".

In thinking about Major's observation: We American men place the female high above us on a pedestal of alabaster, and although those of the Orient as well as the Oriental-minded people, feel that woman is after all a chattel - something to use - work and sell - buying as they are needed and having plenty of girl babies for merchandise; this is, after all, repugnant to the average GI except when his appetites are enhanced by being too long away from kith and kin. However one may hold to ideals, they are soon shattered by groups of drunken American women taking over bars, clubs and affairs of men - not needing the companionship - and ignoring some of the mid-victorian sentimentality men have been taught at their mother's knee.

It takes but a step to be like those giant Amazons of the Amazon River Islands where they are released from man except when nature demands the fulfillment from Race Suicide; paddling over to the Island of Men, throttle the dominance of the Moon Goddess. We of the Western Civilization do not be-

lieve those age-old fables - but strange as it may seem - history repeats itself and one of these bright days woman herself will welcome some of the Oriental domination as a relief from too much chivalry of the easy going sappy American Men. So perhaps the Major was right---too much freedom and too little cooperation between sexes in America - too much super-education and not enough knowledge is making us a bit off key to Nature and her demands.

We Americans felt sorry for the Indian women - but perhaps they were more contented than their American Sisters - crowding the bars, clubs and joints whose loud-mouthed scratching voices have rasped the GI on his return home. Too many marriages are wrecked before they start and as soon as the slip is properly foisted off on Grandma, freedom is of the essence, and soon other experiments - but no more children. Therefore it would seem that under it all, the women are ahead of the Frailer Sex, the Men. You will note the falsies - etc. are a part of their equipment, and they, not the men, are on the hunt - superior to men. However, we here in India know that in the end the Moon Goddess controls their every act, and to the Men, the merchandising of feminine equipment is making inroads into the thinking of men and before a boy is out of the first grade in school, the Birds and the Bees have been supplanted by the Monkey Ward Catalogue; and not the harness section either.

So we can only console ourselves that one of these days woman herself will revalue life and build up a standard practice in the pursuit of Man with a new Rule Book. I wonder if they won't even adopt the Oriental SERAGLIO with chiffon pantaloons - a Klu Klux Klan face covering, and a more pronounced education on "How to Hold Your Man" and at least a more cooperating attitude towards the things not only of the spirit but of the flesh as well. And one thing truly, the exchange of woman Gambling for the relief in male Gamboling - those faceless gals that hour after hour pull the handle of slot machines into whose maw they pour their sexual life in dribblets of dimes and nickels, and how much better off they would be, within the Temples, even as number 15 and a sparkle in their eye and a wiggle in the chiffon pantaloons vying with the other 14 gals.

Therefore, India worships motherhood - in act and not in fact as we do in the Occident - after all part of the blame is with the Western men - our alabaster has feet of clay and we merely worship the pedestal. Just as the men of 1917-18 found the marital freedom of the French had its compensations, so the men of 1942-45 have learned that the Birds and the Bees don't always mean babies under the Lilac Bush; and instead of the Puritanical idea of love - (SIN) - the rest of the world knows that it really has its moments - (PLEASURE) and I know that too many of us have Charity where we had Contempt.

We get a loud guffaw out of the flat breasted Missionary women - so sex-starved they went into foreign fields to gain relief. Look at the figures in the toy shop of the Missionary women. I have sent one home to the children - white - severe - flat breasted - drab clothing - nothing to give any native or fellow countryman a lift - none whatsoever. I have been told that these creatures took the freedom of clothing and foisted off mother hubbards so filled with TB. etc., that those children of the tropics died in droves. The sarongs, chiffon pantaloons and light clothing were forced off these innocent pagans and wrapped in filth. We saw them in heavy

black from heel to neck, repugnant to the average GIs sense-organs. And so to those, I punch their cards too - and wish that they too could get a swift kick in their place not covered by chiffon pantaloons.

To those preachers that we have had to listen to in India, I was forced to argue with one - taking his GI Hymnal and showing him that half the songs were about WAR and the other half about Love. So sometime, gentle reader, take your hymnal and if that doesn't prove whatever point I am trying to prove - I'll eat the hymnal. We all shush, shush, shush, but right into our very thinking is LOVE and War taught us - from the Old Testament - through to the new - David, Solomon, Ruth, Martha, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—all teach Love and love thy neighbor. And that is what most of us GIs have learned in this hot sexual country called India.

Because it is only a step to where the Christian Life began - a bit down the coast, so to speak. All religions of India are closely wrapped up in Sex, and so is every other; therefore it's nothing to be ashamed of - for LIFE will go on even if it is back to the beginning of things. I must watch myself - guess I have been in this damn country too long - black is getting grayer and smelling like Roses - if I don't get home pretty soon, it will be getting so that I will be another Hump Happy Old Timer. It is said you don't start to get that way until you have been here at least three years - and the reason there are so many golden-haired labradors is because the British have to stay here six years - and as one of the boys says, "If you pay more than five rupees you are playing the Black Market".

MORE T. S. PUNCHING.

Up near Penetola a group of men assembled. They had been coming in for months, and it was so hush--hush that we down at the Polo Grounds could only go on the rumours, and that it was one of Uncle Joe's pet projects. It wasn't American-Chinese Component; it wasn't the Y or the X or the P. But soon some of the boys would drift up our way to see a movie - and we of course found out just how, and I am glad I am going to use the term because that is what those boys were - PISSED OFF.

I don't know all the gory details - but they were VOLUNTEERS. After the Spanish American War to volunteer was really out - it passed out down on the Mexican border. I saw it really go overboard in 1917-1918, but to any goop that volunteered like I did, for I am the old Dodo Bird that still asks for a job - you hid out, did anything but stick your chin out - like the Birds and the Bees. No 1st Sgt. up to the General could give you any build-up, like, can you drive a truck, Soldier? - can you type, Soldier? Do you want to GO HOME, SOLDIER? - that was what really was the laugh, for the more you stuck your chin up and said, "I WANT TO GO HOME - WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO GENERAL, COLONEL, MAJOR, CAPTAIN, LIEUTENANT, SERGEANT, SIIRRRR?" the farther you got away from it.

Well, these poor dupes were told that all they had to do was to do one more job, so from the South Pacific they were carried - in bad ships, bad trains, bad food, bad equipment, poor this and that - and were known as the Merrill Marauders. They had cholera, malaria, danga and all the other things

to work on them and they died like flies. Sure they did a bang-up job, only to do more bang-up jobs, and they as far as I know are still over there in the jungles with the Chindits. And so let this be a warning to all youngsters - don't volunteer and expect to get what you are after. I volunteered to fight and all I ever did was to punch TS cards for 33 months, and strange as it may seem, I spent \$11.40 on 10,000 dollars worth of insurance, and all I get back is 28 cents on the \$1000.00, so please, mister, punch my card.

Every time a new batch of men hit the Polo Grounds, and that was about every 10 days, we would fix them up for the Hump - a case of beer - and a carbine with 40 rounds of live ammunition. I begged, pleaded, - I talked to every big shot that came through, "Please Mr. General - give me a break - let me train those Humpers in the care of and the use of a firearm" - but my wails were unanswered. So the boys were told - you can't take the beer with you so you have to drink it up. Did you ever try and drink a can of beer - from that famous spring in New York? It must be good, for that is all we ever got - Rueperts. You first snuck up on the can, then with one motion poked a small hole with an ice pick (I never knew what the pick was used for but that was that) suddenly a gush - a jet - a stream spurted from the can and if you were sharp and had a big mouth, you would get a part of fuzz in your mouth - you would dream of Tap Beer - and then after a case of this you would really get an edge on.

It seems that most of those that received a case and a carbine and the 40 rounds thought that all the jungle was about them, little dreaming that across one tiger-thicket to another, literally thousands of men were sleeping in the same kind of tents - moldy and black and holey with water dripping from the ever-condensation of the atmosphere. Bang would go the carbine, and "Hi Sarge, for God sake, a guy was just shot", and so be it. 1:30 A.M. or 4 A.M., the Old Sarge would, like an old hen, rush out and gather all the little boys together, show them where the brains of some guy were still hanging from the tent out in the Bashaw area.

So it went. However, my fears were not unwarranted, and that I will punch in the next little story. But first I will tell you of a new High or Low that the old Sarge got into. I was always the first up and the last to bed, and there I would lie in that brown net with the million of anopheles that would bite whatever stuck out, and often I have seen EM sleeping on the porch with no protection except for the netting, that would look like a transfusion where the rear hit the narrow cot.

Often I would have to prance up and down, quelling this or that, and when it really got so that no air came through, and the charpoy (Rope Bed) with the cotton mattress - this becoming so filled with the stuff that exudes from the pores of the skin, I would hie myself to the shower and there in the suit the Lord gave me and an Arrisole Bomb - whose DDT assisted in keeping our little brothers away, take a early A.M. shower.

One night one of the boys in Barracks 3 came down, "Sarge, for God sake, make those Medics shut up - we can't sleep and they won't let us." I went down - it was pitch dark - and with the slit trenches half filled with water and really deep, it was worth your life to walk but the Old Sarge

had to go.

Most of the liquor that was punished in India was Gordon's Gin - Dikkom Death - Bull Fighter - and some stateside that came once in awhile. However, the Medic had solved all drinking concoctions - Medical alcohol and grapefruit juice and the Officers Ice. I went in; two of the boys were Catholic; another was of the Jewish persuasion - and me a Protestant pup. Well, the boys saw me and before I knew it I had an ice-chilled drink of Alkie and Grapefruit juice, and me from North Dakota. One was just a starter, and soon we were in the midst of metaphysics - the immaculate conception, circumcision, and Masonry. Being an old fraternity man and having gone through many a midnight session in the bathroom, in purple striped pajamas, as the brothers came in from their dates, I was in fine fettle.

About X A.M. I staggered out, missed all trenches, made the inspection of all guards, dropped into a sound sleep, and the next morning was informed by the Medic's next-door complaining buddy: "Gee, Sarge, I never knew that you were so damn smart - you had all the brothers on the spot". I told him nothing to it - being from North Dakota and the U of Minnesota - and a good Beta, it was easy as pie. However, the two Catholic boys were from Georgetown, and did put up some darn novel arguments - and would have won - only I talked louder and longer???? And so to those I kept up that night I punch your card - and besides, the drinks were the finest I had in India - believe me. Thank you, boys.

The real TS is, of course, those poor devils that went into China - and there were thousands - that had little or no training in the use of the carbine. It was true that some had dry firing, in basic, but if their basic was like mine at Kerns (KP) it's a cinch that they had none. I had proven it time and again with those that came in and got the case of hot beer, with a carbine and 40 rounds. They were eager to find out how the darn thing ticked. The Japs had nearly cut our main rail line between us and Calcutta. We were sweating blood, knowing from what had happened to those in China that the Ground force was grounded and the fliers, brass, etc. flew out - and most of us didn't like it.

So Lord Louis came into the base - he was serious - and he did a fine job of punching our cards. We didn't feel too happy. However, he was a handsome, nice appearing chap, and tried so hard to assure us - reassure us and in the end he too flew away. There were several outlying bases that cost Uncle Sam plenty that were blown up and the GIs left to get out as best they might - so we were set to sweat it out.

But then came the battle of MYITKYINA - pronounced as near as we could say it, Mish Now. Vinegar Joe had prodded Chiang to do something and he did. The GIs captured the darn town six times and turned it over to our noble allies, who promptly lost it six times. So strong was the stench that he was placed on the scapegoat and shipped back home. The whole sordid thing still stinks even above the rest of the stinking mess. It was one Combat Engineer Battalion that really proved themselves. They had never used the rifles given them (Carbine); they had never been trained as combat engineers, but shipped in and sent in, with no real training; they never got started, but were annihilated nearly to a man. To those brave men, I punch your cards.

I wish that the Brass had given the Old Sarge a chance to train a few men, because he still believes that a trained man is a safe man - one that understands his rifle, carbine, pistol, tommy gun, tank, or wrench, is sure to return. It's the untrained mob that gets the business; to send that type of man to his death should be punishable by death and no other recourse. I am still thinking of those that lost their lives in the Great Fire---those untrained men that jumped to their deaths in the Gates of the Mountain fire during the fall of 1949; those that sent them should be forced to be shot; for unnecessary, needless deaths - because the Brass trained them on paper and not in combat, (Fire Conditions).

To all GIs living and dead - I salute you - and will punch your TS card because somebody must punch mine in return. Yes, it was a sure bet that the Japs were going to cut the Assam Bengal RR at Imphal, but the Japs didn't - thanks to those Aussies, New Zealanders, British Tommies, Merrill's Marauders, to the Cochran's Gliders, to the Chindets, (these boys hated Japs, Chinese, Indians, but most of all the Burmese) - and so, dear reader, if the super brass hadn't played the damn fool, we would have had VJ ending from one year to a year and a half before it did.

And so it goes even today - the Super Brass are again selling a bill of goods for not only Britian, India, China, and our Own. Super Brass sold that little man Vinegar Joe Stilwell down the river - and so the world has lost China to the Communists because of it. Therefore I will punch your card, gentle reader, just in case you haven't heard about the so-called COLD WAR - and until it becomes a shooting war (Heaven forbid) we will be sucked dry, with another 29 to face, doing again and again those things history tells us is wrong to do; hoping against hope we won't have to fight. I for one say, let's be realists and take what we want; sock the rest in the creek and remember the Old Indian Fighter and mountain man when he leveled old sharps on the Squaws and Papooses - "Nit makes Lice".

CHAPTER XIX

V. I. P. CIVILIANS - AND MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING.

Yes, we had Senators galore, but none that hit the base carried as much fear among the Brass as the one that never left the states at all - B. K. Wheeler. However, I will class those that I met or avoided into two classes, political and social. Since there were but a few that I met that were really political I shall mention them first.

Porky Pocrant was a dandy and would write up nifties that were hung on the Orderly Room and Mess Hall Bulletin Board. Anything that affected the Brass and often we would hear from him about the Brass that hit the base. He was head of the Transient service. I am not trying to tell of the mean things that were done to folk because the CO didn't like this one or that. So sometimes I would have to wag the BK stick to save some kid from trouble.

Congressman Judd from Minnesota knew that something stunk in China, and he forced F.D.R. to allow him to come over. He found out and we that know the answers could tell the same; at the present writing the American People are still wondering why Uncle Sam sold the Chinese down the river. I can tell you - the Generalissimo, his wife, the Madame and the Sungs, etc.; they sold their own people down the river with the help of the Top Brass in Washington. He told me however, that Mike Mansfield of Montana would come over to whitewash what he found. He also told me that Pat Hurley wouldn't be able to do anything, either. The Chiang Kai Sheks had to reform and assist their poor people; one Brass had to get rid of his girl friends and quit his grafting - our poor country! Mike came over later and I missed him. We of the great unwashed didn't have much chance of seeing the Brass very often. I think the Congressman's name was Judd and he was from Duluth. He was a doctor and spent some time in China with a medical mission.

We also met a chap that was on the staff of the Ambassador to Japan. He met us at the Beacon in Karachi. I asked him if it were true what the Press story broke about the return of the Americans via the Grisholm - that the Missionaries made asses out of themselves by kissing the ??? foot ??? of the little Yellow ??? Brothers. He said "Sarge, I cannot answer that question because of my position. However, I can say that the press didn't tell the whole story or half of what we saw". After the meeting he told me that it was a sorry sight to see those Americans bow and scrape before the superior beings - the Japs.

In listing the VIP among the profession, I will say here and now above any man or woman that hit the Polo Grounds, or any other place, Joe E. Brown was the finest, and the best we as soldiers, and myself as just a poor old gent, ever heard. He not only lived America but he was the friend of the EM. In his book "Your Kids and Mine", he mentioned his stay at the Polo

Grounds - he mentions Mike Maroscia; however, he got Mike's name a bit off. This I will say - Mike was a Chicago Italian kid, not too bright in some ways, yet over-all pretty darn fine.

When Col. Renshaw figured on how to raise the morale of the 1st Transport Squadron, it was suggested that a barber - a real American barber, be secured and the Col. went for it. We fixed up a place where one could get a shave and a haircut. The Col. would be in every day and during one air raid left the chair, half-shaved and tore out to his Pee shooter, made his flight, and returned to have the shave finished. The Col. was a stocky chap, very handsome, with a black mustache. He lost his life trying to get the Rotation policy working; that is, relieving those that had been in India over 2 years, to go home. He went to Delhi; on his return ran out of fuel and crashed and died. We buried him in the growing cemetery a few miles from Chabua. I had charge of the firing detail. He was a wonderful man and when we lost him, the squadron went down hill but fast, because of the phony Brass that came along.

So with Joe E. we had a fine man, I suggest that all read his book. His show was clean, and funny besides, he used nothing in his script that could offend. He didn't crack dirty jokes proving that those false fronted cows from Hollywood and the Bob ???? White ??? - I mean Bob Hopes, were not so sharp - they got laughs but at what a price of corn. God bless this little chap. I have a letter from him that I cherish along with his book.

Noel Coward came and saw and conquered. He was very gracious and easy to meet. However, he was more of the "whisk me to the officers bar" and the poor lowly worms of the EM could take the crumbs. His songs were fine and most of his stories were interesting rather than smutty. We thank you, Noel, in spite of your cultured English; you at least tried to be entertaining when one might say most of the boys that were with me had been there 2 years and nothing was funny.

We skip to the other two men we met - Pat O'Brien and Keenan Wynne. They brought the Sweetheart of Charlie Chaplin; in spite of her being a bit high hat - and Officer's darling - which I don't think she gave too much thought, Paulette looked her years. She didn't do so sharp on the stage. Her hair mouse-colored - and her face likewise; disappointed the rank and file because she had been there a few nights before on the screen - beautiful and lovely in the pink of youth. Here was a tired little old lady whose antics were forced, and the line of chatter was rather boring on the order of "Whose dat keen dame I seed yu wid".

However, Pat and Keenan were tops - Keenan had laryngitis and these two hung around the kitchen; being chilly and damp, they had fun writing notes. Dorso and the gang were swell to them and the pair were really enjoying themselves. Thanks to you three folks - at least you tried.

Jinx Falkenberg and Company made a pass at us but it wasn't too passing. They were on the MAKE order and whatever they had we - most of us, didn't see their show. However, we did have to put them up and feed them. But if I ever want to feel like a Bell Hop again, I should take care of those with the big name.

There were some of not so big with the names - like Joe E. Brown they hiked, rode and waded miles to bring greetings - I wish that I had the names of one such trio older than many of the stars. These gentlemen, an accordionist, a rope artist, and a monologist were most happily received. These with Joe E. served well in bringing clean, wholesome fun to men weary with their lot---rotting for nothing in the jungles.

To Lily Pons and Lily's piano playing husband, and all the others that came through, we thank you, but you took up space, and didn't do too much entertaining. You were like wilted hothouse flowers on a day-old grave. Thanks for the effort but, folks, why didn't you stay home?

There were others too numerous to mention; Ann Sheridan was one and not too gracious, peeved at her accommodations at Chabua, beefed all the time and never gave the boys a bit. It was strange--after 6:00 P.M. each night mosquitoes bit, we had to dress up with trousers rolled down, sleeves rolled down, lotion on our necks; uncomfortable no end. But let one of these Bang Tails hit camp---they ran around with brief garments and not much of them. It seemed that the anopheles didn't bite females - or so it appeared.

However, there was one show - a First Transport show - it was sired by Captain, later Major Robertson, a showman from Broadway. He was the guy that painted the scenery, or designed it; at all events was on the stage. We had just built the Bamboo Music Hall and it was decided by the Brass that a show had to be put on. Among some of the boys I shanghied, were several that played musical instruments. The morale was bad and this shipment was the deadeast beat bunch I ever saw shipped by boat, and rail from Bombay; yet they sang as they marched up from Chabua, several miles down the road - didn't even have a ride by truck. One boy, Bob McCollom, made me thrill. So with George Davis, the boy from Brooklyn, Dalton Savage on the bull fiddle, George Winston, with Jack Sydow, Al Holden, John Cobb, a guitarist, John Huphel, Al Roth, another Broadway boy - boy, even yours truly was a star in the deal, we called ourselves Assam Dragons. They had music, dancing and jokes. Later when they went on the tour they called themselves Hump Happy. I still can see George, I have mentioned him before, but his take-off on a woman MC, Madam Slapperbelly was something to see, Sydow with his strip tease was wonderful, but when Sydow, Cobb and Huphel did the Andrew Sister act - it was out of this world.

Major was killed in a plane crash and thereby wrecked the show, but what really wrecked them was General Hardin and the other Brass that I will mention now. That great heel in the press, Eleanor's boy friend of WPA days, Melvin Douglas, he was so jealous of these boys that what he did with them shouldn't have had to happen to a dog. As I said about George, he was beaten down. Douglas sent several units he had recruited in the states and built around a girl that he carried with him. Yike, how we despised that joker and I hope that those that read this will remember that phonies are always with us. As the CBI Roundup so aptly put it: "In fact, the whole show, with its latrine lyrics and gent's room jokes, makes a Minsky burlesque look like the Legion of Decency selection in comparison. But it's just what the doctor ordered for the entertainment-starved Yanks in the CBI". These boys traveled the length and breadth of CBI, China, Burma, and clear to Accra, Africa, but the wooden-headed General Hardin wouldn't let them hit ETO. This was really

a show, they would set up in any place and put the whole thing on. I was in the chorus and had a bit part before they went on tour.

Here is the song we sang:

We're in the Army Air Corps.

We're not really soldiers,
We're not really sailors,
We know nothing of war
When you talk of battle
You can hear our knees rattle
We're in the Army Air Corps.

We work in Hydraulics
Have lots of gay frolics
We have leisure galore
Place bets with our bookies
And always play hooky
We're in the Army Air Corps.

We have no ambition
We have no commissions
We've never done this before
While in drilling we wobble
When marching we hobble
We're in the Army Air Corps.

We'll work in the kitchen
You won't hear us bitchin'
These are the horrors of war.
But if you're lookin' for fighters
Get some other poor blighter
We're in the Army Air Corps.

I was as happy as any draftee
Till I was shanghaied by the ATC

General George and his hired hands
Took us off to these foreign lands.

We're not really soldiers
We're not really sailors
We know nothing of War
We're aircraft mechanics
Now ain't that a panic
We're in the Army Air Corps.

Tho' we're not really soldiers
And not really sailors
And we know little of war
When the battles are over
And we're back in clover
We'll cheer the Army Air Corps.

Now there were several on the scripts, one was a Secretary to a Senator Harry S. Truman of Missouri - I remember it was Walsh. He was a short, chunky chap, and was real keen in the writing business. It was wonderful on the opening night - all the Brass from miles around were there. We had cock-tails for them but the gang that really loved the show were the enlisted men. They were wowed, each number was better than the last.

Here is the Cue Sheet:

	Act. 1	
Serumgard	Anthem	Full Up.
Overture	Foot and Spots	
Davis	Foot and Spots	
Bary		
We shall endeavor	Plant	Full Up.
" " "	Artist	
" " "	Heckler	

(Pull Mike)

**

Sydow Opening

Foots and Spot

		Chorus - with Overture

Photograph		Over and Foots
Off stage Ann.		

Cowboys		Foot on Ann then all out
		"Lemme out" during Ann.

Perfect Night		Off stage Ann (announcer)
		Foots and Spot

Winege (George Winston)		Foots and Spot.
Davis and Artist)		
Plant)		
Lemme out)		

Madam Sshleperbelli		Blackout Ann
		Mike out then foots then
		full stage for models -
		over and foots. Through
		routine then blackout -
		pull curtain and mike -
		Strip Ann Off stage
		Set Tableau
		Tableau Foots and Spots.

Act II

Band (Short Chorus)	Full Up.	

Davis (Artist)		Full Up
Start Band Ann		
Water Bucket		
Completes Ann		

Band		Full Up

"WILL"		
Davis Ann	Lemme Out	Full
	Plant	
Artist		

Sydow "Raven"		Full up then Just Spot.
Davis Ann	Plant	
(Artist)	Water Bucket	

Newman	Artist Climax	
Davis Untro	Bucket Climax	Foots and Spot.
Artist		

Resthaven		Foots and Overture
		Hindu

Dr.
 I wont
 Pump
 I wont
 Banana Girl
 Pump
 I wont
 Banana Girl
 Banana Tree (Pull)
 Blackout

College Days
 Davis Ann

Best Girl

Full Up
 Then foots and spots
 Over

Climax

Plant

Over.

I note I have a card on Al Roth, WOR Artist Bureau, at 49th Street, 1440 Broadway N.Y., P. E. 6-8383. The Newman mentioned above was the Grand Opera Star I also mentioned in another story. When the show was over we knew we had something. The Andrew Sisters was the finest bit of pantomime that I have ever seen and when it was used in a picture they missed it completely; these kids looked like girls and were they ever keen. All that these kids put into this show went for nothing after dear Melvin Douglas took over the Show Business. I am sorry to say that I can never forgive the Super Brass and the middle Brass and all phony Brass that we had in the CBI.

I also want to mention a grand lady - Kate Lawson of the Red Cross. She was an actress and a good one; played with Marie Dressler. It was her work that made the costumes and assisted these boys in doing a job. I also want to mention another hooper - Harry Miller of New York. Harry and his wife used to hoof across the country - he was a writer of music and put shows on on Broadway - he was a wonderful chap. He told me that he saw "Oklahoma!" put on in one of the Chinese Bases and he thought it was a professional show, however, it was all home grown. He and the Vishnu boys played around until he left for China; he and I came home together on the Gen. Haas.

Back Home Again From
A SENSATIONAL TOUR
of India, Arabia, Central
Africa, and North
Africa.

Hump Happy

To Be Pre-
sented For Four
Nights At The Bamboo

Music Hall - Polo Grounds

June 8, 9, 10, and 11. 2000 hrs.

Admission Free

Polo Grounds and 13th Personnel

June 8 and 9

6th Personnel - June 10 and 11.

CHAPTER XX

REMINISCENCES OF WORLD WAR I

The GI is a strange contrast of hard boiledness and weeping sentimentality and to prove what makes this father, husband, brother or son act as he does, I will try in these following pages to show his reaction to MUSIC. His love of a snappy parade, its glitter, the cupid-kneed majorettes, the flash of a Drum and Bugle Corps; or when he is dragged to a movie with certain songs or music, will be seen blowing his nose, or wiping his eyes. Of course, it's the smoke etc., etc.

But to this day, although I sing in church choirs, it is very difficult to sing certain songs. I am thinking now of that bleak chilly day that the Leviathan nosed into the docks of Liverpool. 10,000 men from the Northwest; big, strong handsome fellows, the like had never been seen in Merry England since the days of Sir Francis Drake. Over the dirty waters of the port the sea gulls proclaimed the British viewpoint "Ye Bloody Yanks have come too dum late." Homesick - Christmas Eve - and as the long queues of men poured from the Leviathan - marching up in endless lines to the future no one knew; seeing buddies leave that were never to return, and above it all the utter homelessness of the entire picture, I guess it must have been in the minds of many, but I suppose that those tuneless thoughts were merely expressed in my bull-like voice - and so gentle reader, "SILENT NIGHT" swept over the entire ship and dock. Behind me I heard a second to my voice, and there on my right was a General singing, and crying as were all the rest of us—not in tears but from the heart.

We all landed in Winchester, the old capitol of Merry England that housed King Alfred the Great, Henry and his re-discovered Round Table that he had for the King of France, and Charles and Cromwell, that Prohibitionist of the 1600s, going after the slot machines, etc., by shooting out those beautiful windows of the Cathedral, housing his horses in its large building. However, the frugal inhabitants of Winchester leaded them back in the windows, although not as the Saints pictures but in a Jacob's coat of many colors.

Being on the inside track (2nd Lieut.) and dad had given me a nice little sum to spend on uniforms, I arranged to take some of my EM buddies on an eating trip. We were supposed to be on a baggage detail. As we stood in the main street of Winchester we soon saw the four Regimental Bands, seated just below the statue of King Alfred the Great. All at once they struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever". From four side streets appeared the colors of North Dakota, Montana, Washington and Oregon and behind them came the thousands of men, big men, handsome men. Thrill it is when the band strikes up that piece; I still see the color, the beauty, historical significance, King Alfred, the Tudors and all the English saw the might and

power of their grandchildren, proud in their might, never forgetting to be superior; they saw in fact, Bunker Hill, Sergeant Jasper, Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, and they also saw that this might and power under the Stars and Stripes had come as a savior and not as an enemy.

These men were marched through the Cathedral - where they saw Sir Isaac Walton, the last of the Saxons Kings, and William Rufus and many more historical names, and as the sun peeked through the multicolored windows the organist presented a recital just for the "Bloody Yanks". He played "Anacreon in Heaven". It happens to be the tune that Francis Scott Key used for the Star Spangled Banner at the battle of Fort M'Henry. I have heard this many many years at retreats. From North Dakota, Minnesota, on the Border, but always at home. This was the first time we had heard the song on foreign soil, played by those that sneered at us because the tune was a drinking ditty, and really not in keeping with a National Hymn. However, this organist was indeed a man of great understanding, making a break in the hitherto wall of the English and allowing us to be taken into their family once more, regardless if we did come from the wrong side of the fence. Therefore it is little wonder that most GIs love intensely the National Air, and we protest the nightly signing off so many radio stations use: a cracked, beat-up record of this song that means so much to us.

"And thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our Motto "In God Is Our Trust".
And the Star Spangled Banner in Triumph shall wave
O'er the Land of the FREE and the HOME of the Brave."

Several years ago, and during the visit of the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway to Helena, and only a few months before their homeland was overrun by the Hun, the writer was asked to lead the singing at the Civic Auditorium. He was to lead in "Je vi elsker dette landet", the Norse national anthem, and the Star Spangled Banner. As I stood before the vast crowd before me, I insisted that instead of the 1st verse we so often stumble over, they sing with me the last verse, the one I quoted above. Behind me on the stage sat all the Brass in Helena and the State of Montana, including the two guests. I never heard the National Anthem hummed better - but guessed the voices besides my own that carried the words. You are right - Olaf and his good wife, Martha, they knew them, believe me, and they didn't stumble over them either.

Shame on you that read these lines - learn your native song, at least the first verse. Maybe it is high, but the tune was a drinking song and those that used it sang with loads of steam. They had a tenor with a high sweet voice carry the air, while the rest of the voices sang the baritone and bass. Try it some time - just for fun - and don't let any high-hatted critic laugh you down, because it is the blood, sweat, and tears of this Star Spangled Banner that allow them to be snooty.

Again the mode changes - and in far off India George Davis always

insisted that the "Old Sarge" lead the group in singing at every opening the Star Spangled Banner, and believe me, those thousands of boys sang it as it was never sung before, because they learned what it means - our beloved National Anthem, "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Bands play an important part in the GIs life, no matter if it was the fife and drum of the old Continental, or "The Girl I left Behind Me", and "Shoo Fly, don't Bother Me" of the Civil War, or a "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" of 1898, or "Over There" - "I can't Get 'em up", "Buddies", "The Caissons Go Rolling Along". However, certain tunes of the old Army meant certain regiments. The 26th Infantry, for instance, played "Happy Heinie", until some dude in Washington thought it wasn't nice. I saw the combined bands of the 16th, 18th, 26th, and 28th Infantries march the boys out of the Argonne. These men didn't have it soft - they were stretcher carriers in the old days before USO and Special Services, only about 20 men out of 120 were left. One trumpet player was so badly shell-shocked he couldn't play his horn - he shook so - but somehow he managed and we heard "HAPPY HEINIE" as it was never played before. How these tired men, deathless men, rocked from about 1100 men to a Battalion, to in my regiment, the 16th, 200 men and two officers, while the 18th had only 90 men and no officers. Yes, we have stupid people in high places - but that afternoon Happy Heinie was a symbol that we receive a sort of a "Medal of Honor" and we loved it.

In my Regiment, the 1st North Dakota National Guard, while we served on the Border, turned to a piece called "The Salute to the Sultan". It had a tom-tom trio and we all would give a Sioux Indian yell from Colonel to smallest buck. I can still see us as we marched away from Retreat, and old Vandyke bearded Lieut. Colonel Grafton, in his high quivering English voice would call out: "POSS IN REVIEW, FIRST COMPANY FIRST BATTALION RIGHT BY SQUADS". The band - it was a darn good one - would play that Salute to the Sultan and as we marched by the Colonel, the tom-tom would begin and there would well up in the throats of those proud young men the call of their Indian Brothers that had, only a very few years ago, swept Custer from off the face of the earth.

Yes, Regimental tunes play an important part - the "esprit du corps" that cause men to go beyond the limits of human endurance and perform those feats of arms that are, "Above and Beyond the call of Duty". We carried this with us through the days at Camp Green and into the Mineola and Merritt, and as we went into our "Waterloo", La Cortine, there I saw grizzled Col. Frane - hard as nails - weep like a child as his beloved men were sent into many famous divisions. We had become a "Replacement Division" and as the Salute to the Sultan marched each enlisted group to their train, and the Company Commanders with their staff remained behind, it was to us worse than when we left our homes, for we knew that many of those boys we had worked, fought, played with and loved would never return. General Liggett, as well as Machine Gun Parker agreed that the men from the 41st Division could be equalled, but never surpassed for that something called "Esprit du Corps".

The 163rd Infantry were quartered next to us - that is one Battalion with their Col., old John McGinnis - he was just as crusty as our Col. Frane. His band was a wonderful organization and nearly as good as ours - they played the "Old Grey Mare". He had his clock set about 15 minutes before

ours - so in the early morning at Camp Green North Carolina - when that last 15 minutes of sweet sleep, before reveille, would be broken by that darn band playing "The Old Grey Mare" this went along with their Battle Cry, "Powder River - a mile wide and an inch deep"-"Let'er buck"-"Ride her Cowboy"-"Whoopee"

Yes, "Over there", "Katie", "Some one else may be there when you're gone", "Somewhere in France", and the gamut of songs were written - they were much more singable than those of WWII. The WWII boys sang, "I've Been Working on the Railroad", "Sixpence", and in our outfit we sang the "Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder" that seemed to me to be the one song that all Air Corps men loved the best. We stood in formation at Kerns, Utah when old Converse Lewis had his Memorial Services; we stood in the rain and he stood in a nice dry place. But the large well organized band did us a great service playing the "Air Corps Song". However, with the caissons - and "Anchors Away" of the artillery and the Navy, never equalled that ditty of the Marines, "From the Halls of Montezuma".

Taking a group of replacements up to the front by train was a job I once had. Many had been in hospitals and were returning to their outfits. One youngster came by where I sat in the "Officers" compartment - we traveled in style - the boys in 40-8 'er. I didn't notice him at first, until he stopped, saluted and said in a tiny, well disciplined Recruit Marine voice, "Sir, does the Lieutenant come from Minnesota? Sir, does the Lieutenant?" I spoke up and said "Son, (I was perhaps about 3 years older) come up here. What's your name, where are you from - Minnesota?" Then like a flash I knew the boy - he was a freshman we had taken into Beta Pi that winter when I was a rugged GI from the border, swaggering about the fraternity house. Well, I made him at ease - gave him some dough. We hadn't been paid in 10 months - remember, you lucky WWII guys???pay day every month or so??

When I got home, a few months ahead of "King Kelly, the Marine Recruit", I described our meeting overseas, in all its gory details. I was away for a few months and when I returned we made King Kelly stand as we sang, "If the Army or the Navy ever gaze on Heaven's scenes". One day King came to me and invited me to his home for dinner - his dad had died while he was overseas and his mother, a strikingly handsome lady with snow-white hair, had broken her leg and was on crutches. King, when he introduced me to her, said "Mother, this is that damn hell of an Art Serungard that tells those damn lies about me. I want you to know he never has and never will speak the truth but I sure used the dough he gave me on our trip to the lines."

I was a dumb, newly arrived officer when I hit the lines right after Soissons; wore my brand new uniform, and brought fresh from the SOS the going song, "Mother, Take Down Your Service Flag, Your Son's in the SOS". I had just landed in a company with one officer and 50 EM holding down a battalion front - it was rugged; so when a patrol was called, a few men from every company were taken and I was placed in charge of 30 men and one sergeant. We went through the lines - we were at what was called a Rest Sector - it was during the time that the French held it. Farms were cultivated between the lines and those of the French that were in either army visited home.

It was all changed when we Yanks landed - trigger happy - short handed - no food - miles and miles of trenches had been abandoned and with more barbed

organized a drum corps and marched with the 2000 men on the Base, together with what transients could be made to go (All EM) and it is little wonder we all enjoy those drums???

So it goes. "Yankee Doodle", "Johnny Comes Marching Home Again", "Over There", "Off we go into the Wild Blue Yonder"---it is all there within each ex-GI's heart - he cannot get it out of his system.

However, there is one tune that stands out above all others - I have heard it at Fort Snelling with a blizzard ringing through the old barracks - I have heard it at home - on the border - those wonderful desert nights - I have heard it in France - India - always the same tender notes. For years and years I have assisted in seeing those that belong to that part of America known as Ex-Service men also hear it for their last time. Last year over 38 funerals---many from overseas. I can see the peaceful Forestvale - those giant blue spruces - a gentle breeze - flowers nodding in the sleepy sun. Three shots like one have echoed down into the purple evening.

At the head of the "resting place" six Stars and Stripes flutter on their staffs. On their left - the Bright Blue of the Spanish American Wars, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, The American Legion, Disabled American Veterans, The Marine League, and the Baby Post of the Legion---Vigilante #117 all-woman's Post.

A uniformed Legionnaire steps up, placing his lips on a bright gleaming bugle. Out pours that song of songs. Meade Swingley - within his heart he remembers the pride of his race - they had ridden the dim trails of yesterday - had heard the death knell of his people's greatness - now he in turn is proudly reaching for the Stars; not just another Indian, but to the wide world a Buddy - a Friend. Belonging, truly indeed AN AMERICAN CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and from his quivering lips to the Western sky the sounds give this message - that has such a tender meaning:

SOLDIER REST, THOU ART BLEST,
BY THY GOD, SHINING BRIGHT IN THE WEST,
HE IS NEAR, HAVE NO FEAR,
GOD IS LOVE.

U.S.S. GENERAL W.F. HAAS (AP 146)

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR SUNDAY 24 JUNE 1945.

Follow daily routine at sea except as follows:

- 0515 (Approximately) Morning alert.
- 0900 Mass for Catholics in the Troop Officers' Mess.
- 0900 Protestant Services on #5 Hatch (Chaplain Sheldon -
Presbyterian)
- 0945 Mass for Catholics in the Troop Officers' Mess.
- 0945 Protestant Services on #5 Hatch (Chaplain Taylor and
Hudson) Baptists.
- 1000 Christian Scientist Service in the Library.
- 1400 General quarters and drills as ordered.

NOTES FOR GENERAL INFORMATION AND COMPLIANCE.

1. Pending revision of the sweep down schedule ship's company sweepers will sweep down the superstructure deck at the following hours this date:

- 0800
- 1100 (Or immediately following church services)
- 1600

The morning washdown will be held at 0800 in order to have the superstructure deck ready for church services.

2. Cleaning station assignments of the gun platforms will be revised and published in the near future. In the meantime it will be the responsibility of the officer of the deck to see to it that each gun watch cleans up all litter and removes any loose gear from the platform at the time they are relieved. The J.O.O.D. will inspect all gun stations at the time of relieving the watch to make certain that the watch that is being relieved has complied with this order.

(Signed) W. W. White
W. W. WHITE.

CHAPTER XXI

THE LOG OF THE OLD SARGE.

APO 882 1306 AAF Base Unit.
Karachi, India.

May 12, 1945.

Put in for discharge today. Assisted Major Hughes on Rifle Range at Malir. On Friday shot the carbine.

May 13 Not much happened.

May 14 I went in to Calcutta. Went to the Rifle Range. We, the Major and I, visited Sgt. Pepper at the Grand Hotel. Had a drink; he has quite a spread there. What with a darn good rest and all the drinks and gals, it is better than going to Lahore and doesn't cost as much.

May 15 Went out to the Range. Quite a place, we had to pass over the end of the runway where the boys are taking P-shooters up.

May 16 Range again.

May 17 Range and at the same time there were rumors that we will move over to the 380th. When we returned from the range we stopped at Pepper's and had a few drinks with the Major. When we got back to Headquarters Squadron, my boys had left for the 380th.

May 18 Nothing to report. Capt. Hibble has gone and we have his jeep. We eat at the Base Squadron mess; have to go between the two bases, 380th and 1306, for meals and whatever else.

May 19 He is still gone, getting things OK and shipshape. Am in a room with T/Sgt. English, Sgt. Weatherby, S/Sgt. Clark, S/Sgt. Payne, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Capps. Nice place; have a swell water-cooler made from an old icebox with coils and ice we swipe from the officers. Now go to the Engineering Mess Hall for chow.

May 21 Hurrah! have my release and cleared the field - went to all the places. Given a beautiful cocktail set and tobacco jar by the Squadron.

May 22 Am on the backlog P and T. Snooty Capt. Sloan jimmied the detail, wouldn't let me leave. Weighed in.

- May 23 Prepared for last concert. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.
- May 24 Concert. Bought Ganesh at the store at the Terminal Building, with Iverson and the chap from Georgia.
- May 25 Hot and blowing.
- May 26-27-28-29-30 Ran around like a beaver. Beans helpful but helpless. Dear Sgt. Kwait did me dirt and didn't call me for a shipment.
- May 31 We were to leave on the 1st, but left tonight at 9:30. C 54 cargo. Adj. Krause, Amous, Ivy, Ellis, Driscoll, Arthur and George were there to see us off. Nodine is leaving with me. We were at the Red Cross as all good commandos should be when the call came. Away we left. The light fades away as we rush East. Nodine is as excited as I am.
- June 1 Arrived at Barrackpore, 4:30. We got rid of the parachutes, and left on a long car trip to Camp Angus, in a command car, through teeming Calcutta. Across the Hooghly River and thence to a camp in a mango grove. There was Barbara, the old maid that walks like a crab - (sideways), with uplifts, and the former Capt. Hanson still on her mind, in charge. We slept in hot tents. The Hooghly is in front of us, with funny native ships going up and down all the time. We are started to be processed. The toilet is a concrete box with lye and is it a hot box??? Showers not too good. We are to take a physical. Went under the mango tree and they took all our stuff away from us.
- June 2 Moved across the road to Happy Valley - Harris, Chet, Art and me. The place is like a hot box. We can see large stores of beer stacked up every which way.
- June 3 Drew some clothes, shots again.
- June 4 Got hot and had usual amount of showers. Had some beer. Ice we got from a little Wog - cost us \$4.00 American for a chunk no larger than would fit in a helmet. But the beer was swell.
- June 5 Had another beer party with the remaining two cans; same cost for ice. Have met a gang from Chabua, am having willies again. Got paid, for the rest of the month. (May, 1945) one batch left for camp Kanchipuram. Called out two bunches for Tuesday.
- June 6 Had clothes washed. Awful hot, showers at the Red Cross. Burned my fanny on the hot-stove-lidded toilet seats. Bugs. Last night tried to rain. Party in next tent. Noise like 1st night in Happy Valley, all-night orgies. Moved across the ditch, moved back-- wrong place. Had nice shower, went to bed.
- June 7 Washed, went to breakfast, came back, went to latrine, got bath, had orders we were to pack up. Should have gotten them last night. We are to go over to the other field. Found that we were on orders

to move to Kanchipuram. We should mention in passing that mess hall was pretty rugged, and greasy and smelly - close to latrine with the hot seat. Boy, what a smell. We were marched by another hospital opposite from the one we had the shots in. There we entrained on landing barges, from Angus to the other camp. No cover, and believe me, we were happy that there was no sun this A.M. One S/Sgt. named Henderson was drunk. Our new place is a dilly, GI tents and hot. The mango grove helps a bit. When we got our cots assigned we drew Henderson. We lost Reece, Stewart, and Harris. Harry Miller is over here ahead of us. Hope we will go on the same boat. Took a wash with Chet before we walked around and saw what we were in for. We went over to the Red Cross, a large rambling building. Had some rotten coffee and jelly sandwiches. Saw one good looking girl. Rest fussy old maids. Saw woodpecker, red-headed and yellow beak. Large grove of nasty mangoes. One hit me on the head. Saw a large herd of cattle. Cool tonight - almost cold, Henderson is finally sobering up.

June 8 Had breakfast, hot cakes and coffee. Met new officers, also had orientation lecture (Bull) by large 1st Lieut. Will try and write Mary today but don't think that it will reach her before I leave. Should be out of here in about a week. There is an India Police Camp and they are doing basic. One English Division have replacement here as well as American replacement and returnee camp. Indians have some. The English have about 15,000 men. We have about 500 here in this camp. Our group is about 100 men. Partially rotation and part returnees, (42 and over). It is getting hot as hell this PM. Rubbed Ganish good. Got ration card and went over to the PX. No GIs, all Indian help and insolent. Quite a walk there. Lay around most of the day. Flavan is our 1st Sgt. He knew John Lanardos when he was in China. Went over to the Red Cross tonight. May go to the picture show. I am wearing my fatigues. Not as hot but keep uniform clean. However, they are badly crushed and wrinkled in my bag. Got hold of a carton of P.A. No news as to when we leave. Now 27 days since I started this coming home business. I am tired and disgusted. I wonder what it will be when they turn these kids loose. We went to the show; saw a technicolor we enjoyed. "Something for the Boys".

June 9 It was hot today, had a short rain this A.M. Fixed the sides of the tent frame to tie the ropes to. They have a frame outside like a corral fence. Our floor is made of jute sacking, treated with tar. Had bath and another rain. Cooler now. Henderson was sober today. Very intelligent. There is a chap named Fisher, Kabala, Henderson, Chet and me. We sleep on rope spring???beds. Trees here are beautiful - mangoes well formed and very green. I sure miss my family. I do love Mary, I wonder if she loves me?? What will the changes be? I do hope and pray that everything is well. There is a rumor we leave the 12th which is 3 days longer. Or in other words we have been here 5 days before we move.

June 10 IT WAS HOT. Showered, read Capt. Cautious, no formation until

8 tomorrow. (To change money) A new gang came over today from Angus. About 200. We have now about 650 to 700 men. Went over to Red Cross, got another book. Drank my last beer. Had some ice cream for supper. What a line to sweat out??? Came back after Red Cross, stumbled around, went to sleep and nearly got caught with GIs. Took shower about 3:00 AM to cool off.

June 11 A.M. What a line, started about 5 or 6 for chow. Got up at 5:45. Hot cakes (Flannes Toppies) not so good. Only gave one at a time. There goes a flying roach, the nasty thing, I wonder if I had one in the hot cake. Nasty things. Wogs out drilling. What stinkers, they keep us awake all night with their drums. Formation at 8, it is 7 now. 8 A.M. and we line up to turn our money in, 320 rupees. Had two lines for noon chow, we lined up nearly to Chabua. Went to PX to change the moldy P.A. - got a carton of Kentucky Club, not too good but fresh. Hot all PM, took 3 showers, went to show and saw Dagwood and Blondie. Came home, went to bed, couldn't sleep. Had a swell talk with Harry Miller about old stage and Broadway folks. Very interesting. Had a nice talk with two Scotch soldiers from the Royal Scot Ref., have the mark of St. Andrew on shoulder patch. Have been up in the Aircan front for many months. Returnees from the 1st Division British. All going home, some time yet, we don't know when.

June 12 Tuesday. Rotten breakfast, got several more books. Natives are drilling. Native police - funny little fellows. Saw Mohammedan pray this A.M. After chow we went to get rest of PX supplies. I had 2 rupees left. Bought 4 cans of beer, 1 can of fruit juice. Still constipated. After chow we went to the Red Cross. Read J.C. Carson by Mulford. Good book. Then to bed, but Hot.

June 13 Had breakfast, had formation for pay. Got 320 rupees, \$96.84, met some kids from Engineers - one from the 43rd division. Will try and not spend any more money on myself but keep it for the family. I wonder how the children are. We are supposed to go on the New Amsterdam, we have no news as to when. I hope soon. I did something I shouldn't. I loaned a chap \$5.00. However, I got \$2.40 per diem extra I hadn't figured on. This means I have on me \$93.34 and 3 rupees, or about \$99.00 all told. The chap that I loaned the money to is a negro, we have quite a bunch of them. He is a gambler, or thinks he is. The mango grove is the seat of several big and I do mean BIG games. Craps, 21, poker. It teems with the rattling of the dice all day long, and has been since we first came.

I have enough tobacco to carry me for the month. Had a shower and Chet and I are seeing the boys go over to chow. No idea when we will leave. Met a chap that had \$3700.00 saved from his per diem at \$7.00 per day, saved over \$5000 since he came to India, Burma and China. Saw a rotten picture, "Cinderella Jones". Then to a hot bed.

June 14 Up this A.M., still no movement rumors of when. Had haircut with

funny shears, like pinking shears, and they sure pulled. Wog barber. Pulled it out and I need every hair. Had a talk with a chap from China; my, the tales of profit and corruption to tell the folks back home. Home folks would never believe it all. Chet and I are at the Red Cross. Those funny looking women, one blond with a snood. Another like a ship in a desert, a lady camel. Don't know what we will do tonight. My, but it is hot. I washed my sheet and pillow case under the shower - stayed under the shower all PM. Read Slogum House. It was a dandy story about the pioneers. Read about the Pacific Ocean. I am sure sweating.

We left the Red Cross because the wind came up. Fixed my mosquito netting as the wind blew. We soon went to bed. Middle of the night an argument started across the street and after some large mental strain, I roared the punks down, and quiet reigned once more—and so to sleep. Woke up several times as it turned hot and cold, but at last another day dawned.

June 15 Breakfast and no news. Loafed in mango grove for awhile. Lunch, still no news. And read lying naked on a blanket near the hot steaming smelling tent. Took several showers, had lunch, still no news. Am fairly nuts myself about the family but poor Chet and his wife - I sure feel sorry for him. We went over to the Red Cross waiting for a show - anything to kill time. Dice and card games going strong. Note praying natives each morning. Saw some more of those beautiful herons. Also heard Bag Pipes played. Two dogs caught and killed a jackal and held another and the native killed it. Buzzards cleaned it and ate it up in a few minutes. We saw "The Unseen". During the spooky picture a call came for the MPs; we saw a fire and it proved to be the stockade. A person set it on fire and we understand that one of the prisoners was killed by the MP Captain.

June 16 Just 2 years from the U.S.A. Breakfast, H O T. Stayed around the mango grove for awhile. Watched crap games. Read Cardigan again; washed clothes under the shower ala wog. Took three showers. After lunch went to the PX, bought beer and fruit juice. Heat, my word! After chow at night a storm came up, it nearly blew our tent down. Never forget S/Sgt. Henderson and his filing system. Roof of mess hall blew off. No tents blew down, but nearly. What a nice night to sleep. Andy Fisher and Henderson went over to the Red Cross for coffee. Used sheet for covering, it was so cold. Rumor is that Monday is THE DAY.

June 17 Sunday. Had chow; got shot records - have four of them now. Monday seems to be the day. I hope. No new rumors. Church--- Chet and I decided to go that evening. A chaplain, Willes, a regular Holy Roller meeting. Five brand new chaplains from the states right out of the seminaries. Father's Day. Story preacher told, when talking about Father's Day. A girl suicide in KC wrote to her dad, told him she would meet him in HELL. What a laugh. They had several poor 18-year-old kids hit the sawdust trail and confess their sins, with shouting and yelling of the

communicants. Chet and I were disgusted. We went to bed.

- June 18 Woke up, no movement of troops, meeting at 1. We had our shot records and pay books. Had good chow tonight. Met 1st Sgt. from other section, says bed and hold numbers will be given out at the meeting tomorrow. General Haas is the boat. Move out on Wednesday. We still don't know. Rain tonight and we are planning on going to the show. Went to the show, storm came up and the lightning was terrible. We didn't stay but came back. It only rained a few drops. Then to bed.
- June 19 Tuesday. Had breakfast. We have rumors of getting out Wednesday. Long line at mess. Powdered eggs, half-fried bacon, bread and jam, poor coffee. I ate bread and jam and coffee. Now 8:30. All the boys are reading, I am not. It is getting hot already; what a life. Had short arm at 9:00 and froze from 2 PM; waited in mango grove, a load of K Rations.

"Gamby", Chinese way of out-drinking each other. Gingham at 4; we had the formation, got 56 - 125 list. Chet wasn't on this or the 372 list. Hope he makes it. They are calling out the group; we leave at 6:30 tomorrow by train to the docks. I don't know how long, we received our tags. They are calling at 5:00 AM. Poor Chet wasn't on any of the lists. But was on a special page, #1, was his number. We went to the show, it looked like rain but we sweated it out. Chet leaves at 7:30, I at 6:30. This is the President W. F. Haas, a new boat, glued by Kaiser---I hope it holds together till we get home. We saw the "Son of Flicka", then to bed.

- June 20 Day of days. Up at 4:45, shaved and had breakfast. Filed out to the road to await the trucks. It is 6:20 - Chet leaves on the same trip. Got down at 7:30 by truck to the railhead. Leaving at 9:30 - or are we. Fooled around; no, we are going to back down - no, just wait---we have the 1st graders in coach. There are about 11 coaches, 3 for officers; they have smaller compartments. We have wooden seats lengthways of the car and one in the center. A baggage compartment. The other coaches have about 60 per coach. This coach seats 77. We are on the main line waiting orders. We hope this is the last of Kanchipuram. We are going again, 9:40. Part of the stockade was burned, prisoner was killed the other night. More may have been injured. The depot of Kanchipuram 9:50, 21.4 to Calcutta. Gobs of natives streaming on the trains, hanging on the outside of the trains. Along the tracks many palm trees; in distance large number of factories. Naihoti Junction: 10:02. Stop for awhile, many children call for Backsheesh. Building plastered with patty cakes mixed with coal dust. Fingerprinted and everything.

We left at 10:30; Kankinar Ichapor, 10:45. Barrackpore, 10:50. We stopped, Indian jumped in front of the train, isn't dead yet but most of him is plastered all over the tracks, 11:05. Tittagrur 11:10; Sodepore 11:15; Acarpur 11:18; Bolghurgag 11:21; DumDum 11:27; Danga 11:36. Millions of birds of prey - Native

tannery. Saw baby taking bath from spigot in yard. Below, a woman taking water from said bath for cooking. Yum Yum. Bellegring Junction 12:09; naked boys running - water buffaloes, temples, swastika. Miles of washing hung out. Every water hole men, dhobie wallas, washing clothes. Straw huts galore. Mast for Radar. Always barred windows. A canal locks. Kalighat 12:15. Park of cannons, barbed wire, search lights, miles of Bamboo mat roof. Docks in sight. Still here, 2:55, arrived 3:45.

Marched with bags over two blocks - on a barge 4:10; some job. We were photographed as we climbed on board. A long line on to a tub, thence into the place where the W.F. Haas was anchored. I hardly made the last few feet as the gang plank, a long stair, was so slanted that if it hadn't been for a pull and a push behind I would never have done it. Hot no name. Then there went a bag into the Hooghly River. Poor chap. Now down into D 2; it seemed endless - nearly all in. Had fine chow for a change. Chet is in B. We are in the General W.F. Haas, holds about 3400, we have about 4000, over 132 patients; holds 67. Haven't any bunks, about 20. Went to bed after sundown. It was terribly hot, we expect to go to Norfolk, Va., via Red Sea and Suez. A teeming overflowing ship. Many junior officers in the hold. Haven't been put on detachment yet.

June 21 Got up when the call came. Dog Two, had first piece of ham and apples in a long time. Fine bread for a change - coffee wonderful. We are supposed to get 2 meals per day. Those on detachment get three meals. A lunch, cold tea, baloney sandwiches, soup and fresh tomatoes. At 1, we swing into the channel past the docks then down the river. We expect to be out in about 24 hours. We saw where they built the funny wog boats, and also some other craft. One batch of natives in rowboats pulled the last of the backsheesh on us. We tied up about 3 and then we had a fine supper. Pulled out at 9:30 and tied up at 11:30.

Sat up with Chet until 9:30. We came down about 10:00. It was hellish, it was so hot. Three tiers of bunks, canvas on steel rims. You can barely squeeze between. We sleep head to foot. Not so hot as the feet are far from sweet. Dozed off until 3:00, gave up and shoved up on deck. You should see the way we sleep, naked, sweating and the size of some of them; those on #1 are about 6 inches above the deck, #2 about 3 and #3 about nose high, and #4 still higher. But up on deck it was as bad - men wherever you stepped; it was like a nightmare. We have a 22 foot channel with 20 foot draft, this boat draws about 15 and there isn't much clearance. Rumor has it the West Point is aground. This was proven a lie. The 1st Sgt. we have is a Master and a prime P; if we don't obey, he claims it's bread and water for us. Funny man.

June 22 Had a wonderful breakfast. I sat up from 3:45, ate at 7:00. We started at 8:15; have one more tide to aid us going out. Stopped

at 11:50. Had chow: soup, sandwich, orangeade and tomatoes. Ship got underway about 6:30; land opening up. Been awfully hot. Four boys this A.M. started barbering on deck. We stopped at 9:30, still in the river. Several ships tied up; went below at 10:00, stayed in the latrine for about 2 hours. Cool. Went to bed. Used only shirt, no blanket. The fans and air conditioner don't work very well. Cold water only a little while each day. Canteens can be only filled at the latrine, or 1st Sgt. spank.

June 23 Still anchored. Had fine breakfast of baked beans (navy), oatmeal, bread, butter, coffee, apple. Day before yesterday met some of the Ledo band. Nice fellows, played in the evening. We got underway at 8:00; saw old Pop Day, also Max Kornblatt. Has promoted a Special Service Assignment. Passed several tramp steamers, all rusted, one at 8:25. Chet getting a haircut by GI barber, on wooden box and clippers. We are now at sea and just dropped the pilot. Small launch, had hard sea way. Have to wear life belt and complete set of clothes all the time. 10:40, several more freighters anchored out here waiting to go in with the tide. Just announced over loud speaker "Now here it is". Next port of call Ceylon for fuel. Then to the U.S.A. Had chow: soup, ham sandwich, cold tea. Just pulled up coast, 11:45. Passed a destroyer.

Trincomali, Ceylon. Went to quarters, no smoking. Salt water showers - not so hot because there was no salt water soap. However, my feet are clean. They have bothered me since Kanchipuram. Try and wash out my only suit of fatigues tomorrow.

June 24 TWO YEARS IN INDIA. We are beating it down the coast. The sea is threatening. Last night at sundown, most beautiful pea green light above. Cloud bank this A.M. Squalls. The Corvette is having a time keeping up in the heavy seas. We had a lovely breakfast. The 1st Sgt. has made everyone sore at him and they won't co-operate.

I got up at 4 because I was pouring with sweat. We have a long trip to the water cooler which is over by the opposite bulkhead and what with all the bags, and men sleeping - and the way they have of looking like a slab on a morgue - and the dim night lights only making it worse, --- except for the snoring. Whoops, just stumbled against something and it wasn't an arm. Sorry, old man. When you get the drink which is brackish and warm, you have to stumble back again - so I stumbled up on deck at 4. Well, at 5 went down and stood in line until "Now here it is. Chows down for Dog 2". That is us. Hurrah!

Well, the water came on at 6:20 and I shaved in the latrine. Believe me, that is something. They have the toilets bulkheaded between them and the washroom and showers. There are guards there. The negros, most of them, are in an upper deck and they don't smell any too sweet either. Religious services. We didn't go as it was so crowded. We have nowhere to sit - and very few places to stand at anytime on deck. Chet and I are on some improvised seats.

His is a De Hy potato can and mine is a crate. We are near where the garbage is shoved off and it smells too much for those not so rugged as we so we have it at least for ourselves. However, the rain is pouring down. Don't think I will wash clothes today. Had boat drill yesterday. Took 8 minutes to empty the holds. It is now 10:30 A.M.; had chow, sat on deck, took a few hours sleep. Here it is, says the loud speaker, Dog 2 form for mess on Starboard side aft. Then supper and read in the toilet until nearly 2 - then slept for about 3 hours; gosh, it is hot. During the P.M. when I was sleeping the rugged 1st Sgt. sounded off. Ha, Ha, I was asleep. Silly man.

June 25 Another day at sea. We should arrive about 4 this P.M.; was going to wash my suit - it can nearly stand alone - but gave it up as a bad job, have too many ahead to even try. It is at the rear of the ship and a bench with buckets. We get water from a valve and take scrub brushes and salt water soap and GI the clothes. Will try early tomorrow. There went some flying fish. They are more like skip jacks than anything but they sure can sail from one crest to another. Whales have been sighted and several steamers. "Now here it is, the smoking lamp is lighted" we can smoke on deck now. Had nice breakfast, s on s - didn't like it so didn't eat it. The coffee was good. Dreamed of Edith and Forrest and John Henry, last night, about a dog that they had lost; saw the old car. Poor soul. It is very bright now. Had soup, sandwich, cold tea.

Now 12:55. Will go down and put in for PX supplies. Sighted land about 2:00, now about 3:00 P.M. They are pulling in harbour - not very high, more like Cliff House. Had good supper, meat, potatoes, bread and apple butter, limeade. Will take a shower, smell sweaty. Saw palm, looked like coconut. Many naval craft as this is the seat of the British Navy in South Pacific. Small carrier. A large war ship. 8:45, partial eclipse of moon - still on and very beautiful. 9:45, went to bed.

June 26 Had breakfast. We pulled out at 7:20. We were tied up to the dock and a long oil line was put in us. Several ships alongside. One had a party going on, we could see the brass hats in launches and heard the screams of the gals having more than the law allows us to have. This was last night and so I put it in today. I forgot, there are two nurses and one other that seems to be in their charge. I had fairly good sleep last night; however, after a shower (salt water) went up to look at the moon. Up at 5 and sweated the wash line out for nearly 2 hours. Had chow, not bad, went to wash clothes---1 sheet, 1 pillow case, hose, 3 hankies, 1 fatigue - don't wear any underclothes. Came up to the usual place to sit, on the spare anchor near the garbage rack. Had abandon ship drill. Long lines sweating out ice cream, not me. Saw more flying fish. Orchestra practicing time 3:15. Hot as hell used to be. Clothes not dry yet. Running into rough seas; stayed up on deck for awhile. Going due South and now due East at 9:00, so to bed. Seas were acting up when we went below.

- June 27 Beautiful on deck this A.M.; fairly calm and seas light with moonlight. Had nice sleep. Had ham with breakfast, shaved at 5:45. Corvette left us at 8:10 going home. We are North and West, sea fairly calm at my usual spot near the garbage. Going to wash clothes again tomorrow. Had lunch - went to berth to sleep. I am in number 3 tier. A fat old man is above me and his canvas is torn. The bulge that hangs over my middle is astonishing that it don't go the whole way. He has to crawl up three bunks and is only about a foot from the top side. There is a well from the top deck clear down below us. We have a gob of barrack bags piled on the cover of the hatch. Quarters sounded and they have started chipping the decks with a pound and a pound - Hell of a noise when you want to sleep. Have had fairly cool day. Chet and I at our old place. Getting ready for chow. Got PX supplies today - matches, tooth powder, box of tobacco (PA). At 1900 set watches back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Had chow and sat up on deck until dark. Saw phosphorescent light along the side of the ship as we slipped along. Also many flying fish.
- June 28 Another day; fairly cool sleeping, had to get up at usual time 5:00, to wash and shower at about 5:45; sweat out the water. Had chow. Chippies at work, also washed down our side of the ship, port. Had chow at about 11:00. We all have to wait; sometimes we are early chow and sometimes late. Ship sailing due West. The gang is near me at the spare anchor; am sitting on one of its large prongs; will take a shower real soon. Had chow, went on deck - read a book by Wolf. Changed time $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, passed ship at 8:55 P.M., all lights lit. We are in the Arabian Sea - going to squall. Chet got caught on the chipping detail. They took his meal ticket away from him to prevent him faking.
- June 29 Up, washed, ate. Chet chipping away. Hard luck, Chet. Had lunch. Did some bunk fatigue. Waves bad, ship rolls. Up at 4, have chow, sat up on deck until dark. Time change $\frac{1}{2}$ hour - this makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours since Ceylon. Went to bed - the ship pitches badly and the waves hit the side of the bulkheads and believe me, I worry about this Kaiser-glued ship. I hope that the plates stay hitched. We are below water level and a long way to hit the top side.
- June 30 What a night! the waves went high and the ship pitched - got up at 5 - had breakfast - washed. We were met with much water breaking over the side of the ship which was riding high. We are on the bow of the ship. When nearly to the dining room, as we have to go to the stern of the ship, while going from the main deck to the officers deck that we must pass to get to our dining hall, saw two of the three nurses screaming and carrying on something awful. They were together with two GIs and a Major - were taking a nutty nurse home to the states. She had blown her cork, tried to kill herself several times, in Calcutta, before we had sailed. Well, she did a swell job this time as she had jumped over the rail and we were in this terrible storm. The ship immediately started circling where she had jumped; no soap - they were doing this for two hours - from 6:40 to 8:40 - then went on. The cause, as I

understand it, was this gal had gone to a swell hot party with 19 nurses up at Ledo. She came home in a Jeep with her boy friend and the 19 went home with a drunken pilot. He crashed and 19 were killed, they were all tight. She blew her cork and was up for a court-martial. Now I hope these other two Angels of Mercy????get court-martialed - the dirty bags. This is the second person they have lost over the side - one at Ceylon. This is the second suicide - a Wog on the train and this girl. Seems like there is also a married man deal mixed up with this nurse.

We are on course again. All morning the seas are still heavy. Had chow and read up on deck. I am full of salt - my hair, body, and inside. Chet F.O.ed this P.M.; is he ever burned! wouldn't give him a meal this noon, 'cause they only chipped 1½ hours, instead of 2 hours - Chicken????He was returned his card and then he didn't show up for the P.M. shift. 7:10; the generator went out and no lights - it sure is a spooky ship. GOD, but the damn ship pitches. We had chow at 5. Passed the room where the nurses lived; it smelled of stale powder, quite a tale about her. The boat is now going again. Went to bed - what a roll. The old chap on top side of me sways and creaks, his fanny is now only about three inches off my chest, the sag has pulled the ropes loose on the canvas part.

July 1

All night - all day it sure pitched. Up at 4:30, sweat out the water line at 5:45. We didn't change time last night, understand that the Captain flubbed his dubb and went 500 miles off course. Boat barely moving - couldn't go out on our hatch. Water breaking over the bow in tons. Had breakfast, not too hot, nor too many had any. Didn't go to church. Had noon meal - not very good - in fact very poor indeed. Officers got chicken, even those that are supposed to have signed up with us. Looks bad to stand alongside of a squirt Capt. or Lieut. and him guzzling chicken, swell portion of it (in fact so much he can't eat it all) and eat a peanut butter sandwich.

Just had a surge that nearly threw me out of the bunk. Water over the bow - broke up some of the machinery. The boat would come clear out of the water and bang flat with a splash. The wind comes across the port quarter bow. Chet, Harris and I are near the garbage spot; smells bad but we can always find a spot to sit on. Believe me, through this storm there were not many that slept on deck. However, good training for sea-sickness as the officers' chicken have their guts in the GI. Our supper was a mess also. Now about 5:45. Beds can only be spread on starboard aft and that is tough as Brother Bierlien from Penn. is down. Retired watches ½ hour at 1900 or 7:00 o'clock. This is 2 hours since Ceylon. Sea is still rough where the waves are a light molten color with bluing interspersed. It colors the monstrous waves. Went to bed about 9; some of the waves are still breaking and twisting this old skow.

July 2

Wave movement over. Got up at about 5:30, washed at new place on

C Deck - swell shower as not many know about it yet. We were #1 compartment to chow today. Washed clothes, two pair socks, shirt, pair of khaki pants. Not very clean, rather white from the salt water and soft soap. Had sandwich at noon, slept for awhile this P.M. until call to quarters. Got up on deck, clothes still wet and streaked. Had supper. We are all at the same old place - still land far away. Now 6:30 P.M.; set time back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, now 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We passed Adan at 1100 tonight - I went to bed - hot as Hell.

July 3

Saw dim shore line after I had washed and shaved. Had breakfast. A school of porpoise play, theirs is an undulating grace and they ride the crest of the waves in series of two, threes and fours - just like a bunch of runners over the hurdles. We come real close to Arabia and it is a very forbidding country, I can assure you. Looks as bad as what we saw of it from the air two years ago. Had a sandwich and now 12:15 noon. Saw a tramp steamer. It is strange how the radar works on this ship. There is a sort of a wide band that is on the forward mast - it goes round and round - and when a ship comes near its beam, it stops and points in the direction, even when you cannot see the ship, some 15 or 20 minutes away. The tramp I mentioned was a two-stacker going the other way. Now another two-stacker about 4:45. Had chow - now on deck. We can see land on Port Side - pretty wild and rough. We passed another boat at 9:30; a lighthouse about 11. I took a shower at about 8 and came up on deck about 9. It was hideous in the hold when we tried to sleep - stayed on deck until 12 - finally slept.

July 4

The great and perfect American day. Got up at 5:30 then had a good breakfast - cornflakes, bread and butter, BEANS—I didn't eat any—but enjoyed the cornflakes. Up on deck last night, saw the phosphorus flames again - beautiful. Washed down the deck. We did get the Anchor again. The sun beats down, the sea calm. We plow through the undeterminable sea to Suez Canal. When, that is the question. We had a wonderful feed this noon. Bierlien and I were together. He is a tall homely chap with a sort of an Abe Lincoln face and when he has his shorts and shirt and Indian sandals, he looks like one of those American prisoners we have seen in the pictures with the bottle of rice.

When Dog 2 went down together, we had soup, chicken (Roast) mashed real potatoes, chicken gravy, corn, cranberries, sweet pickles, stuffing, wonderful chocolate cake, (2 pieces for me) a fruit drink; when we went up on deck we were given ice cream, a Milky Way and a package of Luckies. I lay down for about 2 hours. Had a sea water shower and went on deck. We ate at 5 but I was mainly interested in a cold drink. Had a fire in #3 hold. Am on deck at our usual place. The Red Sea is showing us what it is, with large strings of yellowish red stain - very funny. I believe it is a fungus or seaweed type of thing. The sea is calm and very little movement. We have gone 515 miles. We will, or should, get into the Suez Canal by late tomorrow night. At that rate we are sure to make it by then. We saw gobs, and I do mean gobs, of

jellyfish, they were about the size of a dollar or larger - have a pretty blue color. Set watches back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour making 3 hours since Ceylon. Max Kornblatt has a boxing show on now; then to bed. Hot as hell.

July 5 Very miserable, up at 5; had a salt water shower bath - foot still bad. Had chow, ship scuttled across our bow at 7:20. Now at sick call. Ship on Port side painted white, a tramp, other ships earlier. Went to sick call this A.M.; hit it about 8:30, have ringworm between the eyes, also right foot infected, have fungus growth. Had it painted. Chet was there, too. Will get the attendant's name later, I hope. Saw prisoner named Gillan, he was from Jawana. Tried on 92 changed to 93 - poor devil - not a bad looking kid. Booze; is from Oregon now only 16 months from 6 years, not bad - hope he comes out of it all right. Had lunch, took a few minutes sleep, got a package of our Adventure and mixed it. Went sick call. Lots of dust, more jellyfish and yellow stuff, what the Jews left on the Red Sea after the Egyptians chased them. Set the watches back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour tonight, it is now 6:30. We set it back at 1900. Water very calm all day, now a little wavy. Lots of dust on upper structures due to desert dust. We cannot see land, however. Hit the Canal tomorrow. It is $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Ceylon. Now to bed.

July 6 Not too bad sleeping, hot. Washed up, showered and on deck by 6. Low-lying hills on both sides of ship about 10 miles or more away. Saw light, ship passed at 8:20 going East. Had breakfast and had foot and eye painted. Washing down the deck. Long line for Coca-Cola. Not me, I don't like lines. Very cool, put on jacket to fatigue. Wind was very fresh and had goose pimples instead of prickly heat for a change. Sun bright now. We are all over on Port side now, Egyptian coast on the right - left is the Arabian. Passed another ship on Port Side 8:35 - 8:40 another freighter, also saw two sailboats. Shore line very rough. Loads of cool wind. We are getting close to the canal. 9:45 saw a tramp - Rig Jacob's ladder on Starboard side. Small boat signaling. Picked up pilot at 10:00, a small tugboat, also a small steam launch. Heave anchor at 10:30. About 10 freighters on this side of the canal. We hauled up three boats, one on Starboard, two on Port side. Natives sold fake jewelry and were everywhere on board. Pilot went to town and came back. Boat blew its fake whistle as this is a diesel motor. This was after chow and we were ordered to prepare for sea detail, and it is about 3 after 2. We haven't started yet to move, but the anchor is being pulled up.

This is the city of Suez. Large cranes and some tall buildings, natives running everywhere. It is a barren country and rather hilly - flat to the West and North. Pulled out at 2:30, at about 4 tied up. A ship and cruiser Amsterdam with guns, etc. We moored to one side. All around one could see the effects of the German air powers, as there were loads of ships that were burned at the docks. Got a fake 100 franc bill from a native for \$1.00, worth about 50 cents if it were good. These boys with coat slung

on side with boat taking the mooring ropes to tie the ship on one side of the canal. This is on the Port (left) side. Ship passes on right. French hospital ship passes. A freighter at 6:00. Another ship at 5:25. The French ship at 5:35. Sam steel (British Lib. Ship) Glenoble Brit. 6:25. There is a ship right behind us - we are getting ready to move. 6:30; have been in lake for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours; it is now 8:10, no sign of the canal. Had fights tonight. Real cool breeze. Supper tonight, wieners, sauerkraut, potatoes, bread and jam, grapefruit juice. Entered canal at 8:35, or about two hours. Trees on the Port side. Lots of lights; anchored while boat passes. The canal is merely a ditch dug in what appears to be dhobie clay - pretty poorly made - not too wide and deep enough for two ships to pass - some places not that deep.

July 7

Got up, washed, shaved. We were about 16 K from Port Said. The scene changes, flat and dark swampland, trees growing. Saw the Mediterranean Sea, with funny sailboats. We were for a time in a large lake in about the center of the canal. There we passed many ships. Also saw the markers, the tide affects the travel somewhat. Soon we hit the city. Passed the Franconia, a huge troop ship, then a hospital ship and another troop ship - nurses wave the glorified you-know-what. Loaded with British troops. The second ship was the largest that we have seen. We passed a vessel tied up but burned; we are tied up in front of the U.S. Navy Building. Ship launches pass by. Natives dive for money. The sea is calm - and we had a grand breakfast. Another Saturday but no beans, hurrah.

Much activity here; saw a high electric sign (not on) "Dancing tonight, Variety Show, Great Eastern Hotel". A large Johnny Walker sign. We moored at 7:00. Empress of London came by filled with sailors and women. There goes a Capt., Major. Started out at 1:10. The streets around where we were moored were teeming with people. Lighter than what we were used to seeing, still a Wog town. A tree near a lighthouse has beautiful red flowers.

Many of the girls are as broad as they are tall. The Casino Palace Hotel faces the Mediterranean Sea, has palms, beach chairs, bathing huts, statue of the man who built the canal, in bronze, De Lesseps. Several ships are sunk in harbor on Starboard side. We are now going full speed. It was rumored that our next port will be Norfolk. While we went through the canal at night, we slipped along and seemed to be letting the land pass by us. Many camps and we at times saw camels and troops. Also we had palm trees along the bank. Fezzes everywhere. It was beautiful at night with the lights as we were leading several ships and were the first one in line. Their lights and the moon, as we could see with the camp lights, made a beautiful sight.

July 8

Woke up late at 5:30; had a time getting water. Had breakfast. Still cool. The Mediterranean was beautiful this A.M., was fairly choppy last night. One guy did us the honor to heave his shoe laces several times. Sunday today, usual day. The decks are

lined and there isn't even stepping space. Men fill up the spots with their blankets. We have been going down on mess hall deck now and then. The sermons were made by two preachers, and a priest. Most generally the preachers have the usual southern drawl. Had a sandwich and cold drink. The officer opposite me had veal, made most of the GIs sore. Noted Birdseye peas, frozen beef, etc. Slept most of the P.M.; foot and side getting better. Got up, had a cold shower, got up on deck, was called for taking a Yank upstairs by one of our eager but ancient buddies. Gave it to him and today's news - not much.

Met a chap last night that volunteered for the Erich Servery party. He was thinner than he had been. Saw a pair of stainless steel spurs that a sailor was making. Tonight we had spaghetti, beans, diced beets, I didn't take, Coca Cola, bread and a slice of luncheon meat. Water is oily and blue. Set back our time $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 1700, this is 4 hours, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours left to make up. Before we went to bed stopped by a Bingo game that some of the colored boys are running. Chet played, while it cost only 5 cents per game, he didn't lose much. I talked to some of the colored boys - one from the Persian theater, one from Alaska, and Ledo, home on points, one boy from Dakota, harvesting wheat, they didn't get paid but had a good time - Uncle charged the farmer so much an acre. Earlier I talked with a chap named Newson from St. Louis. He was with the Mars Task Force - was wounded and hospitalized a long time. Now to bed - not bad sleeping.

July 9 Got up at 5:20, sweat out the water and chow line. We were lost, no coffee, very poor this A.M. Got foot and groin painted, and now the sailors are cleaning up the deck. "Now here it is, a clean sweep down fore and aft, man your brooms". Water everywhere. 8:40 A.M.; sea fairly rough, nothing in sight but the sea. Went down and slept until 3. Got up, had rotten chow. Now on deck on the anchor. Set the watch back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, now only 6 hours to go. We are passing land, an Island, it is Malta, at 7:10. We have been 2 days at 2:00 P.M. today. Should be Malta. We are passing on the south of it. The island proved to be Sicily instead of Malta. At 9 saw coastline faintly - same on the Port side. Could be it was Malta. Saw three ships - one was a flat top. So to bed. The damn crab turned off the fan, it was warm, stuffy, but cool on deck.

July 10 Got up at 5:30, washed, went on deck. Saw a fair sized mountain on Port side. Must be Tunisia, about 6:00; also a vessel in the distance. Passed 4 ships and at 6:30 passed a town; at 9, eight ships in convoy. The first land was Cape Bon. We spotted more land at 9:15. Large liner came by; all this was on the Port side. We passed 15 ships - 12 on Port side and 3 on Starboard side. Now two islands on Starboard, beautiful, - small but looked like they had buildings on them. One had a lighthouse. Sea a little rough. Wind brisk from the West, sea blue with an occasional whitecap, sky deep blue. 9:50: passed another ship, freighter on the Port side, passed small village on the Port side. Coast has low hills, some vegetation, but rest looks like desert. Chipping. A boat at

10:30, another at 11:45. Had lunch, tomato juice. Sea ruffled a bit. No whitecaps. Set back watches $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 1900. This makes $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours left from U.S.A.

At long last we saw a perfect sunset in the Mediterranean. The sun a giant ball of fire with a calm sea, oily and blue, with no waves. The golden path shaded into pastel colors - around the horizon was all colors of the spectrum - purple, reds and yellow, the blue of the sea broken up by the white of the ship's wake, blending with the greens and yellows to build a wonderful effect. It was fairly warm but shirts could be worn. Bierlien, Gutch and I went down on the quarter-deck and looked North and West; on the Port side was Algeria. We had a lecture at 7 about the Mediterranean, with several good stories some of which were real darn good. (1) Shorts issued to the British so that they could run. (2) The business man that sent his family to Miami and the epidemic. Apropos of them is pronunciation of a word. (3) Mary and her vivid imagination and that part of the man that would increase 8 times its size. Went to bed after taps; slept very well.

July 11

Got up, had time to wash and shave, had breakfast, didn't go to medics - think I am over ringworm. Washed clothes. Sea still calm but sky is overcast. Had a talk yesterday with a chap from the La Roma; in the water 9 hours when the ship went down. Got some PX supplies, got a carton of cigarettes for Mary, and matches, will get them tomorrow. Shorty Kornblatt gave me a package of give-away PA from Joe Collins, a Kaiser Company in Vancouver, Wash. Now 9:00 A.M. Yesterday there were some whales on Starboard side. Night before last several porpoise danced around the ship. Two boys got into a fight yesterday and one is locked up on bread and water. S/Sgt. (Negro) in charge of latrine detail nearly died on rotten wine at Port Said. Contained opium, etc.; pumped him out and he can talk now. He is the dude that owes me the 5.

Had a long talk with a Master Sgt. that had charge of a CO of Wacs at Fort Ogelthorpe, Georgia. We had quite a visit. I wonder why the army took those women in? He told me a tale that would raise your hair - of dirt, filth and just utter abandon. Latrines were filthy. Well, we didn't get the cigarettes. Beirlie gave me a tube of toothpaste. Got my clothes, still damp. Had a meeting at 3. Big inspection on Friday. Set watch back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, makes 5 left to go. Went down on quarter-deck with Beirlie. Saw porpoise jump. Rather dull evening. Went below at 10:00.

July 12

I was awakened about 2 and the old-timer came out of his sack. And next I heard someone prowling and I got up and went on deck. We saw the early morning haze and the ROCK faintly, yet unmistakably looming through. The lights were at our starboard side. I went below, shaved and came back up on deck to watch the sights. It was the Prudential Life Insurance sign, but it didn't have the Neon sign, so we were told. We ate, had bacon, powdered eggs in an omelet, fried spuds, coffee, cornflakes. We went to our usual place, Quinn, Bierlien, Harry Miller. We saw the Rock, also the

mainland of Africa. We ran out of Spain and Africa - still could see the coastline for a long time when, like Tom Sawyer, it just dropped into the sea.

We are in the Atlantic at last and I do mean at long last. We have been running for the past $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, it is 8:10 now. Sea not smooth but not very rough, just sort of choppy. Set watches back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour; this is $4\frac{1}{2}$ left to home. It is very cold. Bierlien and I were on the quarter deck, then went down below. Not many on deck tonight, I can assure you. We are flooding the Atlantic because the sweat has been stopped and I can assure you that there is only one release for sweat besides sweating. So the latrines are heavily overloaded and the odor is really something. Went below before taps. It sure is chilly for all of us children from India.

July 13

Friday the 13th. Since the water is on now 24 hours, had no trouble to wash and shave. Went up to our usual place to sweat out the line. I can assure you it was darn near up to the hold where we went down in the stern part of the ship. Or as they say, Port side Aft. Bierlien and I got in OK and had cornmeal mush, powdered milk, powdered eggs, 2 pieces of bread and no jam or butter, poor coffee. I didn't take the meat. Came up on deck by the anchor but it was too chilly so went below, to the quarter deck. All the willing workers stay down there. Went down to the library but didn't take any books out. Had to move around quite a bit - saw a large school of porpoise. Came up on main deck, finally sat down on Port side near wash racks. Got noon chow at 11:00. Pretty soon "Now here it is. Dog 2, prepare for inspection". We are supposed to have inspection today and tomorrow. A lot of fooling. One old 1st Sgt. got busted by a long-tailed inspector. We expect to get in a week from today - with 24 hours at Mead or some camp nearby, and then home I hope.

Well, I ran into the usual Friday 13th luck. Got put on the chipping detail at long last, for Monday. Went down to chow and weak bean soup, bread without butter, weaker lemonade. Went on deck, it was cold, read the news. Went down onto the quarter-deck where Grath, O'Shea, Quinn and Beirlien shivered. On Port side forward we hit a squall, saw a double rainbow. Set watches back another $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, makes only 4 hours left. Ship not going as fast, waves breaking badly. Am now down in the compartment - bed ready and so I got 2 packages of P.A. from Maxie Kornblatt. Most of these old birds are asleep. Taps a long way off. It is 8:10; only about 50 minutes before lights out.

July 14

Bastille Day - also inspection; had easy wash and shower. Had beans, rice, apricots, coffee, two pieces of plain bread. It was cold on deck, blanket felt good last night. It was 68 on vent thermometer last night. Had jacket on this A.M. Saw freighter. Stood down on quarter-deck with Bierlien. Walked and talked to a 22 year old Captain from a combat unit. Gutch brought up two large size sandwiches, he has been on KP. We went and got them and ate

them there; were made of good ham. We didn't have too much chow this A.M. so the sandwiches went swell. Woke up at 3, got up, had chow, which wasn't very interesting. Went out to the stern and sat mid the washing. Bierlien then went down with me to the quarter-deck. Chet, Bierlien and Gutch came up with more sandwiches, wienies for himself. Smelled the crew all frying steaks through the vent - it sure smelled good. We didn't get any but stood around the vent and sniffed.

Passed the sister ship of this tub, all camouflaged; changed time $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, now only $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours in time change. It was rumoured that we passed the Azores last night, but they weren't sighted by anyone. Talked with negro about Legion, etc. Heard about the men getting a 30-day furlough when they get home. Question whether we will get it, as we all requested discharge. Captain of this ship is W. S. Keller of the class of 1920 Annapolis. To bed and taps.

July 15

Up and washed, at ten to six was on deck. Saw the Azores; much overrated Islands in that we didn't pass as many as the GIs claimed, they all had it straight from this or that ship's officers, relayed by many underlings. They were hazy and we only saw one of them and they weren't nearly as beautiful as when I saw them in 1919. Had breakfast, and on deck. Went to two services, that is, we sat down on Main, and they had two preached over ship's loud-speaker system. Read the Bounty Bay, had chow, not too good, then to a few minutes rest. Had a shower and dressed, had dinner - not too good - cold cuts; we had bad beans that tasted spoiled. Heard rumour that we would leave from Norfolk for home direct with a 30-day furlough - don't believe that, however. I talked with a wounded man, elderly chap, that the ship's doctor refused to release from KP although a land mine had torn his arm and leg nearly off. It looked very serious. The GI doctor had given him a release. I hope that he doesn't run afoul of the damn old Red Cross and get his claim all balled up. Turned watches back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 1900 - this is 3 hours left. Stayed up on deck until 9 and then went to bed.

July 16

At 5:30 washed and went up on deck - the usual place. Bierlien and I ate the morning meal together. Went down to quarters to go on detail - so far we weren't supposed to know what it was to be but I knew - we all expected something horrid. There are about 42 men on this detail. We went, as I said before, on the chipping detail - went to work at 9 and worked until 11. In case you never were on this, we had a hammer with a sharp edge - we pound away on the paint on the deck - clang, clang, clang - and then the paint would chip off; and we wore goggles to keep it out of our eyes. We sat on our fannies and some squatted - I didn't. Then we worked until 3:30. We had a rotten lunch in spite of the fact we were to have gotten something extra. I painted what we had chipped with yellow zinc paint. Saw a life raft and several flying fish. We also saw a school of dolphins, also a barrel. Went down to the showers and had a warm bath, in a pail. However, I felt better but my aching back! Oh, how I stooped over and painted that nasty yellow paint. It was for nearly 5 straight hours. We set our

clocks back at 1900 one hour which leaves $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours - and about 9 went to bed. It was much warmer and sea was fairly wavy.

July 17 Still stiff. Got washed and the breakfast wasn't near enough to go around. No more black coffee, darn them - oatmeal, a sort of meat cake and potatoes - not too good - didn't get bread. We had a meeting of Dog 2, warned about getting stuff censored this P.M., but mine has been censored anyhow, so gave it a never-mind. Sea very calm with here and there a bit of yellow seaweed. We started chipping and worked for 2 hours, have $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours left in this tour. We may get off tomorrow. Had chow, a very thin steak, some potatoes, not too good - whole and partially sprouted, lukewarm tea sweetened????, and soup, two small crackers. Got up on deck and at present time - 12:25 - am on the aft sitting down, legs are very sore from cramped position. All A.M. sea was perfect, just a few ruffles and squalls. Saw a whale about 9:30 and 10:00 and a freighter passed us filled with troops. Changed our clocks back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour at 1900; only 2 hours from home. Went to bed, felt perfectly rotten due to something I had eaten.

July 18 Washed and shaved, had breakfast, didn't have to work so I won't wash clothes but send them out when we land. It is now very warm. Sat around all P.M. There was a show at night, a Happy Hour Show, it was called. Saw several batches of flying fish. The sea was warm and calm, and slightly undulating - it was beautiful. Set the watch back $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, went to bed at 9:30; it was getting to be hell again as there is about 85 men in the compartment. Got warm about different things - my, my, tsch, tsch.

July 19 Another A.M. The usual struggle to wash. Went on deck, saw a ship then 4 and a flat top and three more. Had chow near second or third place - not too hot - S on a shingle - I didn't eat it. Had a piece of toast (stale bread) spuds and coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Went on deck-went to Dog 2, then had noon chow, got orders that khakis would be worn when we landed tomorrow, all hope. Went to bed and before I did, had a shower and washed feet in hot distilled sea water. Everyone was excited due to the fact that we would land tomorrow. However, must tell you about the rain - it caught us at chow time and what a rain it was, believe me, we had loads of laughs about it. We changed time about 1:00; saw some more flat tops and 3 other ships today.

Must tell you about the boiled ham that the ship's company threw overboard today. I saw 15 boxes marked 84 pound each and there were in all 1500 pounds of darn good boiled ham thrown overboard because the navy wanted new stock when it got in and anything over they threw overboard. They opened each box and threw out the hams so that the fish would be sure to get them.

July 20 The day of days*****????? Well, about 2:30 the old Sgt. above me started to stir - then, and from then on the creak and groans commenced. I washed up again about 4 and rolled over and in about five minutes thought it was morning and I got up, it was 4:15.

Washed and shaved, etc. It rained. I went back to bed and packed up my B bag and went on deck. We could, through the rain, see the Buoy lights and finally we saw several warships aft - flat tops. We got into dock about 9 - the Wacs and Red Cross were there. There was a band and they waved. For several minutes fellows threw coins, etc. Then we lined up for a physical - then we got our bags and we being the head of the line got ice cold orange juice. Kidding them was a grand pastime for the boys. We had a large breakfast - ham, powdered eggs, spuds, coffee, bread and jelly. Saw a flat top at 7:00, very strange LST Boat.

We went below and started up with our barracks bags and were off the boat at 11 - it was some job - I am surely sweating. Wore old khaki. I am so softy I want to bawl all the time. It was a regular three-ring circus with the boys. One of the N P screamed all night. Another poor POW is worse. We got off the boat first and it was about 11:15 - the building was a large shed where we went through and were counted and the trains were on several tracks for us to board. Met a chap named Snooks that used to be in my old Company in last war. We left after the Red Cross gave us orange juice; it was nice. We left at 1:20. GOD, it's grand to be home again. We are in the first car and the engineer is pouring it on. This is Norfolk. We are going to Patrick Henry - Hurrah! Orina, 1:40, stopped 1:55. PATRICK HENRY.

We were marched from the train, our bags having gone on ahead in trucks - a large band led the procession. Then to a theater - here we were told what to expect and names read and what barracks and where we were to be assigned. We were all restless. I was in the first row. Yes, I am going to Salt Lake - from there we will sweat out our discharge. We fiddled here for quite a spell. We were told that we would receive a swell American dinner - a special dinner with all the milk, steaks, etc. It was quite a walk over to the main dining-room but we, as weak as we were, made it. The KPs were German PW. We saw some Italian PW marching around. All the policing was done by PW. The buildings were many and set out in among the tall fir trees, and on stilts as there is much rain and cold water in the winter. Well, we hit the dinner. We had buns, butter, coffee, ice cream, with FRESH SALAD, pickles, asparagus, corn, mashed potatoes, and S T E A K and cake.

Then I slipped over to the telephone building and put my call in for Home and MARY. The telephone building was surely crowded and there were three lines and they were long. A GI saw me and said, "Sarge, go over to that fourth line that isn't there hardly, and that girl will understand English. Those other dames don't speak anything but the South in your mouth". So I went over and started the 4th line. This girl appeared to be about one degree smarter than a MORON. The other girls would hardly pass a 1st grade exam. Well, I told her what I wanted. She had a hard name and kept saying HEELEEEENA. However, I told her that my wife was an operator in Helena and that I was sure that she could reach her. So they quoted 2 hour delay and I waited right there. Well, finally I

heard (2 hours after) HEELEEENA, MONTANA, BOOTH NUMMBA AAATE.

Well, I flew in and then heard Mary for the first time in two years, it was wonderful. I talked to Dorothy Ann and Siver. What a perfect thrill, in spite of all the stupid southern accents.

One of the boys in the ship came down with elephantiasis. We went over to the PX, quite a place. Met Chet, Bierlien, Gutch, Quinn. We had some beer, finally went over to USO, had nasty HOT DOGS, poor coffee - we all walked around this place. Many men coming and going - some for overseas and some from overseas. Had a swell bath. Bierlien put in another call. Chet's wife is in bed, poor devil, he was thrilled to hear his boy, Butch. He is going to Fort Dix, Bierlien to Indian Town Gap. Then to bed.

July 21 Got up and shaved and had a swell chow for breakfast. Then we had sort of inspection. We went over and had a poor haircut. At the main PX they had lots to sell but I didn't see anything I wanted. Was going to buy a piece of luggage but they wanted \$21.50 and it didn't look that it was worth it. Hope that Mary can meet me in Salt Lake. Had chow at noon - pork chops - PWs wait on us - came back for seconds. This camp is beautiful with tall pines and oak. Are to have a formation at 1:15. Saw several beautiful gray squirrels running up tall pine trees. The prickly heat is bad. Had formation at 1:15, a M/Sgt Brown in charge of us. Had swell ice cream sundae and coke with Bierlien, Gooth and another Sgt. Then to supper.

The boys got off at 7. Chet was glad. He had his service record, and 2 other men, on the 6:15 orders - they are down for baggage. Now 7:15. Well, Chet, Bierlien and Gooth left. It was a mad scramble due to lack of time and White, M/Sgt. didn't use his head. Should have had a 1st Sgt. handle men - there were plenty of them but the powers that betook M/Sgt. and most of them were technical men and didn't know how to work things and so there was several minutes delay. We are supposed to be out of here 24 hours after we hit. Well, we were scheduled for 12:30 but didn't leave until 2:30. The band had to stay up and march us down to the train. I was slated to go into one of those new type GI Pullmans but didn't because it was too crowded. We pulled out at 3:00.

Well, as I said before, we marched down with the band playing. Bags went on ahead. We had a Lieut., Colonel, a couple of Captains and a Sgt. or two. The new car holds about 30 men. We had 31 and it had to be me. It was always my fault to see that everyone is fixed up before I am, so I was left holding the bag. I was bumped by the officers from the bunk that I picked out. Well, I went to the other coach on this train. I got an upper, it being the old type of coach - the army one looked swell. But I am just as well satisfied, however, in spite of the rotten deal I got.

July 22 Richmond, Va., 5:45. Gladstone 9:45. We have a express car fixed up as a cook car and are fed from there. It is a very long train.

I was up at 8 A.M. Allers Creek 9:35, Riverill 9:45. Beautiful rolling country, well wooded. Breakfast was egg omelet, bread and butter, jam and coffee - orange in cook car. The help comes from Patrick Henry; met some perfectly grand fellows. We are going to Douglas via St. Louis. Hurrah! we don't go southern route, thank heaven. A lovely river on the left of us. Heavily wooded country. 10:22 Lynchburg, Va., 10:45 Holcolm Rock, 12:00 Dillon. Stopped for quite a spell. My prickly heat is very, very much better since I took my shirt off. I am wearing my undershirt and it is wearing out. My hands are both awfully sore. We are on the C. and O.R.R. and there are many, many curves. Have a darn long train. Springfield, 12:37. Lunch at 1:30 - pork chops, spuds, tomatoes, orange, chocolate milk. Iron Gate 1:37. Girls and how. Clifton Forge 1:00. Now in West Va., 4:10. Hinton, W.Va 5:00, Cotton Hill 6:30, P.M. Following the James River. We go up and it goes down to the Atlantic. We are going into the mountains - the scenery is beautiful here. However, the river isn't very clean. People seem very prosperous. Fishing, haying, cliffs.

We expect to be in Salt Lake Thursday. Will phone when I arrive - you know to whom and for what and where and when. Many of the places look like Montana. Met Major Meltz from East Helena - had a long talk with him. He came all the way with me on the boat and we didn't know it. Mount Carbon 6:50. Montgomery, W. Va. Nice town and good looking people. Handley, West Va., 7:05 P.M., Cabin Creek Junction, West Va., 7:20. Charleston, West Va., this is the first large city. Beautiful buildings and many, many plants; late evening sun shower - beautiful and cool. Now my heat rash is much better. Had fine coffee this evening. Supper at 6:00.

Huntington, West Va., 9:00. 2 glasses of milk and a popsicle and 2 peaches - a very nice war-mother gave them to me. I have moved into another berth. The Major arranged it for me, although another boy took it, the Major was adamant and I got it. So I stay, so instead of a rotten deal I am in the pink. The boys in the GI coach are beefing as it is noisy and dirty and the riding is rough. Well, I got a lower on the other hand and not crowded because I am in here all by myself. Went to bed at 12 midnight.

July 23

About 3:35 - I looked out and sleepily saw Cincinnati, Ohio, - I dozed back in blissful slumber. We are now in Indiana and just passed a little circus called the Austin Horses and two very mouldy elephants, but I can't see the name of the town. We are now at the depot. Just crossed the Wabash river - Vincennes, Indiana, Noble, Indiana 8:05. 10:37, just outside of St. Louis.

We are in Illinois and have been all morning. Have a diesel engine pulling us; am rather dusty. 10:47, crossing old Mississippi river. 12:36 started, some of the fellows got whiskey also buckets of beer. In fact, everywhere we stopped, we got something to eat, sending youngsters out for stuff to eat. I wish to note that all through the trip here we noticed how well dressed the women were, proving that wages have been good, no matter how poor the town looked.

Many real short shorts, and how. Even in the "Mountings of West Virginia". But here we were in the outskirts of St. Louis and we didn't see much. I didn't go out as my prickly heat is bad again and beer, etc., makes it worse. We won't go through the main depot here.

Lockland, Mo., 1:07, we are in Missouri at last. Valla Ridge, 2:20; Beaufort, 3:10; Gerald, 3:27; Rosebud, 3:33; Bland, 4:05; Belle, 4:18. We are on the Rock Island. Argyle, 4:55; Eugene, 5:50. A tunnel. The boys are singing. Eldon at 6:15. We stopped for 1 hour, left at 7:50. Got ice cream, a bottle of grape soda, and papa talked with the natives - all had sons in Navy, Army, Air Corps and Marines. All had South in their mouths. Heat rash some better. Had chow at 7:40; roast beef, mashed potatoes, peas, good coffee. Resting now, 7:55. You should see the line swinging into the cook car and away up in the next car to get chow. We would come through and get plates, cups, etc. - first the one guy slaps the main meal on the paper plate, then comes the bread and butter or jelly, cookies, and then the coffee that spills and burns unless you know how to juggle it back to your seat - then to find a place to put the stuff so that it won't spill. Eating with wooden throw away fork, using that to butter the bread and wolfing down the meat.

Kansas City at 12 - Douglas Wednesday. I hope that Mary still loves me---I am as nervous as when she came to me at Bellingham 20 years ago. I thought of this and that and finally went to sleep. Heat rash was bad. K.C. We stopped a long time and I walked about the platform, same as when I was there those many, many months ago on our way to India. When we lost the chap there and had him returned drunk with a bad knee, and mean. My heat rash isn't so hot - arm pits look like I have had the smallpox.

July 24

Somebody threw a Readers Digest, Oct. '43, at me. It was midnight at K.C. - I could hardly stand the prickly heat so I dressed and got up. Many of the fellows went after food. I got ice that was on the trucks and packed it under my arm pits. Had a swell visit with our porter - very intelligent negro. We left at 2:45. Back to bed. Dorrance, Kans. 8:22. Just finished breakfast, we are on the U.P. Crops look good here, but not so good in Western Missouri, yesterday. The corn here is higher and greener. Walker Army Air Base, 8:55; Victoria, Kans., 9:05. Country still looks fine, lots of winter wheat and fall plowing. Ellis, Kans., 8:40; left at 8:57; Oakley, Kans., 11:45. Lots of combining and gobs of grain on ground - not enough storage space for it. We had a fine dinner. Cinders all over and I am very warm. We have been in Kansas for some time. Well, tomorrow we will be in Salt Lake. Charon Springs, Kans., 12:47 - hot and cinders. We are dirty and how.

Kit Carson, Colo., 2:40; Hugo, (5034 Feet) Colo., 3:50; Denver 6:55: Now 5:55, changed time 1 hour. Left at 8:12; had pie and milk in Denver Depot. Some MPs wouldn't let us out without tie,

etc., but the Major pulled his rank and we went out. Remember the Selgroves, well, I met a nephew on the train, had a nice talk with him. Had doughnuts and a drink from Red Cross - they had stuff at Denver station. This was the second time in our trip across the country that we were taken care of. Selgrove is from Choteau. Supper: beans, tomatoes, milk, chocolate, bread and butter and fruit cocktail - glorious. My prickly heat is leaving. It was some sight to leave Denver, and the sky and all the mountains made it look wonderful as we headed for home. It is cool and we can see the mountains - from whence cometh my strength. Rock Springs, 6:45; Green River 7:05. We stayed here for a spell and we saw some Wacs, etc. Had a hardy breakfast - several oranges and gobs of cookies. There was one like an oatmeal cracker but thinner and more like a chocolate one.

We went through Aspen Tunnel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. Supposed to be in Salt Lake at 12 noon. We will see??? Lost the Seattle bunch at Green River - lose the Calif. at Ogden. Evanston, Wyo., 9:40; Devils Slide, 10:53; believe me, it was some slide and no mistake. Morgan 11:00. Wonderful crops here, snow in the mountains. Ogden, arrived at 12:00 left 1:00. Lost the California, lost the brother-in-law of Claudett at Ogden; just another Heeb. He goes to Camp Beal. Many troops here, some going to the Orient, many sailors and the 2nd Div. The place was teeming with trains coming and going.

Salt Lake at 2:00. I lost my bag and we had a miserable time; however, we got on the last load. Got out and were processed and sent over to another barracks. Just as I was going into the area I heard my name and there was Smokie Kratcher that I left here three years ago - not 33 months ago. He said I was wanted on the phone. I had just had my eyes on getting a phone for Mary, but here I answered the phone and boy, oh boy, she was here in Salt Lake. I could hardly believe it. However, she couldn't get a room so, strange as it may be, I got an overnight pass and went into town. There she was at the Hotel Utah, and was she ever good looking and awfully sweet. We got fixed up for a swell apartment in a nearby place - I can't remember the name but we had dinner at the Hotel Utah. Was it ever wonderful. We called up the family. Well, the next day I went out and was processed. Had physical; phoned her and told her that they would get me out in a short time. Billeted in about the same old place I was at 33 months ago.

Treated fairly well and the food was pretty good. The days were beautiful and it wasn't very long before I was paid off and sent for her. She came out in a taxi and we went into town - took a bus for home. Had a swell time and got home in darn good time.

Arthur met us at the bus station - a very scared youngster, he didn't remember his dad. Got home to the new house and the girls had flubbed their dubs as they hadn't cleaned the house up after a party and the youngest daughter had added fuel to the fire by having Juanita in bed with her. Mary was sure mad, so it was just as if I hadn't left at all. I wonder how things will turn out.

This is near the end of the Log of the Old Sarge. Have heard from some of the fellows and now it is nearing the end of my evening and so I will call it a day. I can say this much that I am more in love with my wife than ever and I do hope that I can in some way make up for the three years lost. However, I do know that the time was spent in helping to get this place for her, and we have a lovely old fashioned home - lots of room.

I arrived home at 9:00 on the 28th of July.

P. S. Mary says that the hotel we stayed at in Salt Lake was the Carelton.

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